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THE

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WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., EDITOR

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METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1914

Art. I.—COMPARATIVE RELIGION, SO CALLED

The term "comparative religion," derived by abbreviation from the older term, the "comparative study of religions," has been heartily welcomed by no competent methodologist. Despite this fact, there is reason to fear it has come to stay. Precisely what ought it to mean? In a recent international congress in Oxford this question called out an interesting discussion, but no agreement was reached. On the proper use of the term no one has written so often or so copiously as Mr. Louis H. Jordan, recently of Oxford, yet in his latest published lecture he regretfully affirms: "There is as yet no consensus touching the true frontiers of the subject. Its relations to anthropology, ethnology, mythology, etc., have still to be authoritatively determined." What is the difficulty? The present writer suspects that the prime reason for the uncertain and vacillating use of the term is to be found in the fact that a persistent attempt has been made to include under this one name the results of three fundamentally different mental procedures in the study of religion, to wit, the historical, the systematically descriptive, and the philosophical. The proper products of the first procedure are (1) correct histories of particular religions; (2) correct histories of movements, ideas, or institutions found in more than one religion; and (3) correct ideas touching the history of religion universally considered. The aim of the second procedure is to acquire and set forth in logical connection all facts needful for a correct understanding (1) of a

particular religion at a chosen date; or (2) of forms of religious life found in more than a single religion; or (3) of religion universally considered. The third procedure seeks to furnish a true insight into the origin and nature of religion, the psychological and other forces maintaining it, its normal development into distinct forms—personal and social—and its ideal consummation. The study of religions and of religion according to these procedures, singly and in various combinations, is fast producing, not a single resultant science or body of doctrine, but a group of such, and a group of great extent and complexity. And inasmuch as most of the writers who have favored the use of the term "comparative religion" have wished to designate by it a crowning branch of learning inclusive enough to take in all assured results of the historic, systematic, and philosophic study of the agreements and differences found in religious phenomena, each such writer has more or less unconsciously shaped his work according to his dominating interest, whether this was in the history, the usages, or the philosophy of religion. Disagreeing thus in interest and in aim, their books could not be expected to present a uniformly bounded subject-matter.

Another reason accounting in part for the difficulty experienced in naming the crowning result of an all-sided study of religion is to be found in the fact that from its very nature religion represents but one of a pair of concepts, neither of which can be understood apart from the other. The counterpart of religion as an activity of man is a reciprocal activity on the part of God or of supposed gods. The religious subject is man, the religious object God. The personal bearing of the worshiper always implies a personal counterbearing on the part of the worshiped. Religion, therefore, can be treated anthropologically or theologically. It can also be treated in innumerable ways variously combining the two methods or standpoints. On this account the crowning fruit of the historic, systematic, and philosophic study of religion, considered as a body of doctrine, had no clear and distinct name even before the champions of the comparative method made their appearance. Many writers tried to make the term "theology" cover all that can be known of religion, but their effort was both in-

effectual and confusing. The term "comparative," when applied to religion, is as indeterminate as would be either of its correlate terms, positive or superlative. To many minds it first of all suggests the series: positive religion, comparative religion, superlative religion. And to such minds the positive or the superlative variety seems more readily conceivable and definable than the comparative. Moreover, when all necessary explanations have been made, the ordinary student feels dissatisfied. All fruitful investigation, he says, is comparative in proportion as it is inductive. Only by comparison can oysters be distinguished from clams, or a daisy from a sunflower; hence comparison underlies all the work by which the classificatory and descriptive sciences have been built up. Only by comparison can men ascertain what effects are, or are not, alike, and then, proceeding on the principle of like effects demanding like causes, discover previously unknown natural laws. In philosophy, too, in order to make any progress the thinker must compare concept with concept, function with function, and system with system. Why, then, he says, is comparative religion any more called for in the nomenclature of instruction than comparative astronomy, or comparative navigation, or comparative philanthropy?

Three recently published manuals bear the name comparative religion, but though each is from the pen of an expert in the field, they give little evidence of progress toward a clear-cut conception of the meaning of the term employed as title. I allude to the manuals by W. St. Clair Tisdall (1909), F. B. Jevons (1913), and J. Estlin Carpenter (1913). Not one of these writers defines the place of his line of teaching in the organism of recognized sciences, or attempts to state its relations to contiguous branches of learning. Moreover, the first writes as a Christian apologist, the second as an up-to-date anthropologist, the third as a wonderfully equipped master of the pious usages of mankind. Each gives us a valuable production, but neither in subject-matter nor in expressed estimate of the aim or outcome of the study do they, or even any two of them, agree. Jordan, in his encyclopedic work on the Genesis and Growth of Comparative Religion (1905), defines the study in the following carefully selected terms:

> Comparative religion is that science which compares the origin, structure, and characteristics of the various religions of the world, with a view of determining their genuine agreements and differences, the measure of relation in which they stand one to another, and their superiority or inferiority when regarded as types.

Now, of our three new manuals none answers to this definition, or to any part of it. No one of them even presents as the units to be studied and compared "the various religions of the world." Tisdall has one short chapter on Christianity in its relation to the ethnic faiths, the others being essays on the "Origin of Religion," "Belief in a Divine Incarnation," "Sacrifice and Sacrament," the "After-Life," and a "Conclusion." Jevons heads one of his chapters "Buddhism," but he attempts no comparison between Buddhism and any other of the various religions of the world. His other chapter headings are: "Sacrifice"; "Magic"; "Ancestor Worship"; "The Future Life"; "Dualism"; "Monotheism." Carpenter equally fails to compare religions. His chapters are superscribed as follows: "Introductory"; "The Panorama of Religions"; "Religion in the Lower Culture"; "Spirits and Gods"; "Sacred Acts"; "Sacred Products"; "Religion and Morality"; "Problems of Life and Destiny." Each chapter is a treasurehouse of allusions or statements touching ideas or usages in some sense analogous, yet often diverse as possible in time and space and in religious significance. In Allan Menzies's History of Religion yet another conception of "comparative religion" is presented. Here it is no distinct science, as claimed by Jordan; properly speaking, it is merely "a stage" in those successive and cooperative studies out of which a strictly scientific knowledge of religion is slowly emerging. The same view reappears in George W. Gilmore's article in the New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia, vol. iii, and this author says:

> Scientifically considered, "comparative religion" is the second of three stages of study—the history, comparison, and philosophy of religion; but because of the newness of the discipline, and because the collection of data is still in progress, the term as popularly employed includes all three stages, and this usage is, for the time at least, justified by the state of the science.

According to each of these writers comparative religion is nothing more than a transient makeshift, something destined to

pass away as soon as the data in this field are once fully "collected" and "scientifically" dealt with. But despite this agreement, they quite disagree in naming the ultimate scientific result aimed at, Menzies naming it "The History of Religion," but Gilmore, "The Philosophy of Religion."

The least discriminating of all uses of our term is that which would make it include every branch and form of the study of religion. I know of but one university chair in all the world which has given countenance to such a conception; the one is in Chicago. Its occupant announces that the work in his department is devoted to "the three branches of comparative religion, namely, the history of religion, the philosophy of religion, and comparative theology." This is remarkable in every aspect. Surely there are histories of religion not included among those written in conformity with the demands of the comparative method. Furthermore, if the philosophy of religion is a branch of comparative religion, what disposition shall the encyclopedist make of the other branches of philosophy? And if comparative theology is a branch of comparative religion, why not comparative soteriology as well? Also comparative pneumatology, comparative eschatology, and the rest?

The Continental writers in Europe—Dutch, French, German, and Italian—have made reasonable use of the comparative method in this field of study, but always under titles less open to criticism than the term here under consideration. Their example might well be followed. And until Jordan's long-promised work shall appear, and it or some other shall give to this term a hitherto unattained precision of meaning, it is to be hoped that journalists and teachers will follow the leading of the new Encyclopædia Britannica, which in its comprehensive survey of all human learning has not a mention of comparative religion, and only in its "Index" volume this one allusion, "Comparative Relig., see *Religion.*"

William F. Warren.

Art. II.—LEAR—PESSIMIST OR OPTIMIST?

To enter this cavern-drama requires courage, knowledge, insight. It is dark, with devious paths, and its baffling mingling of the just and the iniquitous seems to defy a moral solution. It may be recalled that Catullus, in his story of the venture of Theseus into the cave of the Minotaur, pictures his use of the thread, the gift of Vulcan, and tells how he wrought his purpose and returned unscathed from the underworld combat:

> Guiding his feet unsure by the filament slender,
> Lest as he threaded paths circuitous, ways labyrinthine,
> Some perverse, perplexing, erratic alley might foil him.

In this vast and labyrinthine drama how much do we need a clue! I do not know how else to suggest its impenetrability, its awful gloom, its flashes of appealing grace and its pitiless deviltry, its lawlessness and its loveliness. What have we here?

Two plots, main and minor, interwoven with surpassing skill, even though it has been said that only one is necessary to the tragedy: the story of a king and his daughters, borrowed from Geoffrey of Monmouth, the story of the king of Paphlagonia and his two sons, as given in Sidney's Arcadia, and the episode—Edgar as Tom of Bedlam. In all this you note an old king who claimed a monopoly of wrath, three daughters, two of them she-bears, the third an angel, three suitors, a man whose name should have been Loyal, but who went by the name of Kent; a tender Fool, whose pathetic humor adds tears to the tragedy; an indulgent father with two sons—the one true-born, the other a son of lust, servile courtiers and honest servants; and for the frame of nature a palace and a hovel, a blackened sky, a storm-swept heath, a pair of stocks, a bit of poison and a dagger and a battle plain, a beetling cliff and a wild-flower bed stripped of its blossoms to make an imitation crown—and for harrowing close a rope knotted about the white throat of the fairest of Shakespeare's women. And is this all? Out of the murk and the thunder you descry Nemesis, but with what appear random blows; almost equally distributed between

folly and guilt, some of them welcomed, others well-nigh inexplicable—justice to the fore and mercy an alien.

Its stupendous power, defiant both of imitation on the stage and of reflection in the study, has been long felt, and with not less emphasis, but more, as the ages have rushed on. Hazlitt and Shelley and Dowden put Lear at the top of all the plays of the immortal dramatist. Ten years ago Swinburne wrote (December, 1902, Harpers), "If nothing were left of Shakespeare but the single tragedy of King Lear it would still be as plain as it is now that he was the greatest man that ever lived." Tennyson said, "No play like this anywhere. Not even the Agamemnon is so terrifically human." Seven years ago Maeterlinck placed Lear at the head of all like things on earth. He said that Lear is the youngest of all great tragic poems. If Shakspeare were to come back to earth he could not write Hamlet or Macbeth. "He would feel that the august and gloomy main ideas upon which these poems rest would no longer carry *them*, whereas he would not have to modify a situation or a line in King Lear." In 1898 Brandes wrote, "Lear is the greatest problem Shakespeare had yet proposed to himself—all the agonies and horrors of the world compressed into five short acts." If all this is so, our difficulty is more than doubled. Yet one can gaze at a beetling cliff, though he may not climb its frown, so we continue to lift our eyes to this wonder.

That we have come to a better understanding of the problem which Shakespeare set for his dramatic stage is evidenced by the change of taste and valuation of the play on the part of the writers and stage-goers in the past centuries. Soon after the middle of the century in which Shakespeare died there grew up a sort of suspicion that all was not right with the conclusion of the play. Tate—Nahum, I mean—toward the end of the seventeenth century rewrote much of Lear and gave it a happier ending, and this held its ground for one hundred and sixty years. Why this was so it is not quite easy to guess. It may be the theology of an age which held that repentance for sins made good in the life of the sinner and that after his new life was begun the wrongs from which he turned had no more power over him, and that the age

did not, could not, know how intimately society is responsible for much of what we call individual wrongdoing—all this and more went far to queer the vision of the dramatic evolution of such a mingling of guilt and folly. So the public demanded another sort of ending, one in which evil got its dues and virtue its reward. In asking how far the older theological view may have veiled the truth of the inexorableness of social as well as personal law, we are tempted to look back of the day of Shakespeare to the times of John Wycliffe, whose thought may have carried over to the ages following. We recall that he tied up the right of rulership and property-holding with the *character* of the owner of power; only good men had such right. How far this notion may have survived through the dolorous days in which the Roses warred in England, whether the success of villains or the few triumphs of the good made the deeper impression, I do not say; but that there was a demand for the reward of the righteous and the punishment of the wrongdoer no one can doubt who studies the easy consent with which the audiences hailed the happy ending of Tate's Lear. We know that spiritual recovery does not always attend that of the body. But the sociologist and the biologist were not abroad in the land then. However, not all accepted the happy ending of Tate. Writing in 1711, Mr. Addison felt "that King Lear is an admirable tragedy . . . as Shakespeare wrote it, but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty."

The seventeenth century had two great and good poets, Milton and Bunyan. Milton was too close to the era of Shakespeare, and himself, especially in the first half of his life, too fine a defender of the value of the classic drama not to refuse any such cheap modifications of the play as those offered by Nahum Tate had they been proposed. It was not till the old age of Milton that Tate wrote the milder ending for Lear. And as for Bunyan, one has but to read his "Mr. Badman" and see how the greatest of all Tinkers refused to bend to the growing desire to soften the stony ending of Lear. Let me quote a few words from his Badman to make plain the noteworthy common sense of Bunyan. Badman was a middle-class unprincipled scoundrel. He grew up from boyhood a liar, a

pilferer, given to cursing and drinking and a profligate life. The loose blackguard married a gentle girl, whose life he contrived to make a hell. As Bunyan puts it, "he went to school with the devil, from his childhood to the end of his life." Badman contrived to thrive upon his neighbors and grew wealthy. Yet Bunyan did not have the thunderbolt fall upon this rascal. No devil came for him. He went out of life as quietly as a saint could desire. "He died like a lamb, or, as men call it, like a chrisom child, quietly and without fear." How near to Shakespeare we must reckon the inspired Tinker, for here is the primrose path ending in the everlasting bonfire. And there are Goneril and Regan. There again the way to Emanuel's Land was through the Slough of Despond and the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And yonder are Kent, and the Fool, and Cordelia, exiled and broken-hearted and strangled; yet we would rather plunge on with Christian and perish with Cordelia than flourish with Badman and the wicked sisters. So Shakespeare and Bunyan agree. Yet I am not a little puzzled to note that it was in the era of Bunyan that Tate foisted his soft nonsense upon the English stage.

The eighteenth century wore away with divided mind as to the worth of the bitter end of the drama. Dr. Sam Johnson was ill-affected by the gloom of the close. "Cordelia from the time of Tate has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add anything to the general suffrage, I might relate that I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor." The wiser nineteenth century began to find out that the master knew what he was doing, and at Covent Garden in 1838 the acting copy of Lear according to Tate gave way for good to the original, and since then has been the only one allowed on the stage. So this age is one with Shakespeare in its recognition of the law that somehow ties up in one guilt and folly and, it might be said, ignorance. This day says that the individual is responsible for his personal acts, and it also says that he is bound up in the inextricable net of social relations. Whether this double view of life relieves its mystery is not now the question. It is sufficient for the moment

to note that it makes it easier to follow the evolution of the drama. Beyond that I cannot go.

A brief word may be allowed touching the union of the two plots. While their mingling does not tend to unity of action, there is yet a powerful unity of effect, for while their likeness, that of the "breach of family ties," is a fundamental one, there is no monotony in the development of diverse incident. If only one monstrous act, that of Edmund, for instance, were presented, we might face the incredible; but where another story shows Goneril and Regan, the abnormal becomes credible and the range of the tragedy takes in a vast moral horizon. Then the mighty master of dramatic evolution has so intertwined the two that the unity of effect is tremendously increased. A chief link is the connection between Edmund and the bad sisters, which becomes the Nemesis in their overthrow. He is the main bond between the two plots. Note others: the feigned madness of Edgar presses Lear into insanity; in sympathy with Lear, Gloucester loses his eyes; and in turn, Cornwall, Kent's afflicter, is punished; Edgar becomes the judge of Oswald; finally the last of one set of characters, Albany, turns for aid to Edgar, the last of the other set of sufferers. And thus the double plot is welded into one vital organism.

Now, turning away from the unfolding of the plot, we may take up the main characters and examine them more intimately.

We may dismiss the easy-going and inconsistent Gloucester with a word. He is typical enough of the father who has not known the obligations of fatherhood, who says kind words, but does not make a good fight, who has so little appreciation of the moral order of the world that he is the same man who makes a scene of levity when introducing his bastard son, and when meeting his true son as the beggar man, himself now blind and an outcast, he reckons his sufferings without their connection with his moral life; "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods; they kill us for their sport." His dying hour, when his heart "burst smilingly," was the noblest of all his days, as told by Edgar to Edmund just before his death. He is the weak man in an age of iron.

In Edmund we have an illustration of what violation of social order will do in setting a man on his life road too proud not to

have shame, too able not to have ambition, yet too sorry a victim of another's sin not to feel that he and the social order are always at odds. We know partially what and why he is. In him heredity and environment have combined to develop another Iago.

With Cornwall go the two sisters, alike and yet different; for upon close inspection they are unlike. Goneril is the colder, Regan the more passionate; Goneril is the more dangerous, Regan the more detestable; the former given to initiative, the latter to imitation. Goneril is the far-sighted sister, Regan (how one dislikes to even name them in this antiphonal of evil traits) the weaker, but more immediately vindictive, apparently afraid that she will fall short of her abler sister in her imperious deviltry. Goneril is quickest to foresee the results of the abdication of Lear. Regan puts them aside for the while: "We shall further *think* on it." Goneril cries out, "We must *do* something, and in the heat." If others suffer pain, it is nothing to Goneril; she is ice and iron. Regan seems to have delight in inflicting pain. Coleridge notes that when they come on the stage we have "pure horror." The Fool said they were of a height, and one tasted as much like the other as a crab does a crab, yet I believe that the weaker is the crueler, the stronger is the guiltier, both of them she-wolves. But let me drop the contrast.

With Kent we come to the sunrise of nobility. I have been led to think that Professor Royce may have had him in mind when giving what he calls his definition of loyalty as what a man is at his best; loyal to loyalty. Kent had small notion of a divine providence such as gladdened Edgar's eye. His loyalty is a sort of desperate instinct. Kent knows no higher power presiding over the events of the world than fortune. All the more he clings to the passionate purpose of right-doing. He has the hardy temper which makes evil endurable, even the shame of the stocks. There, with the moon overhead, his legs between the beams, no man near, Kent falls asleep thus:

> All weary and o'er watched
> Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
> This shameful lodging.
> Fortune, good night: smile once more: turn thy wheel.

Kent would serve where he stood condemned. To him Lear was ever his lord and master. After his banishment for plain speaking he returns disguised:

Lear. "What wouldst thou?"
Kent. "Service."
Lear. "Who wouldst thou serve?"
Kent. "You."
Lear. "Dost thou know me, fellow?"
Kent. "No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master."
Lear. "What's that?"
Kent. "Authority."

So on to the drear end the unchangeable man holds life as less than nothing if not spent for his King.

A word upon each of three others: Cordelia, the Fool, and Lear.

Cordelia is called the "Antigone of the English drama." Her character is very simply drawn. There is nothing of the subtle which accompanies ofttimes the complexities of civilization. In this awful drama each person carries a certain quality. "Goneril and Regan; the destructive force, the ravening egoism in humanity which is at war with all goodness; Kent a clear, unmingled fidelity; Cordelia, unmingled tenderness and love" (Dowden). She is little seen and does not often come upon the stage, nor does she speak long lines. We get hints of her movements, note letters from her, hear of her angelic spirit hovering over the misery of the distracted father, even comprehend that her own exile has become a means of the development of her character—from what seems to have been a likeness to her blunt father to such tenderness and loving-kindness as are nowhere else to be found in all literature. She combines what we seldom behold, the union of truth and love. And if in the opening scene she was all truth, and her love was silent, in the end she was all love. What to say, when Shelley and Swinburne and Mrs. Jamison have joined Hudson in framing her as the incomparable daughter, I scarcely know. Quoting the last-named writer, a sympathetic critic, let me confess my impotence to picture:

An impersonation of the holiness of womanhood, herself alone is her own parallel; and all the objects that lend beauty, when used to illustrate other things, seem dumb or ineloquent of meaning beside her.

With Shakespeare we find Sophocles in noble agreement. His Cordelia is named Antigone. One can never take up Lear and begin to reflect upon its awful-glorious plot without taking a flying leap back to the child of the palace hung to a tree for death by exposure, and going through life with the name Œdipus, or "Swollen-foot." He innocently slew his father, married his mother after having put an end to the Sphynx, whose riddle he answered, and finally mingled the memories of murder and incest with the gladdening presence of his daughter Antigone. After the death of her father the fearless woman put her will against the edict of the new king of Thebes and buried the dishonored body of her brother Polynices. When the king, Creon, asked her of her disobedience of the laws, this is her answer:

> Not through fear
> Of any man's resolve was I prepared
> Before the gods to bear the penalty
> Of sinning against these. That I should die
> I knew (how should I not?), though thy decree
> Had never spoken. And before my time
> If I shall die, I reckon this a gain;
> For whoso lives, as I, in many woes,
> How can it be but he shall gain by death?
> And so for me to bear this doom of thine
> Has nothing fearful. But, if I had left
> My mother's son unburied on his death,
> In that I should have suffered; but in this
> I suffer not.

So in sheer loyalty and devotion and love she joins Cordelia and Pompilia.

In the tragedies there is necessarily a limitation of the comic spirit. But in Lear the Fool is one of the highly important persons. In him were combined characters well known in the Elizabethan drama, the Jester and the Fool. The latter was oftener the buffoon, the former a "professor of wit." The fool was the clown, the jester a philosopher. The Fool of Lear seems to be

wearing both suits and acting both roles. "He emphasizes the tragedy of events, and relieves it." His main effort in the first appearance is to chide his master for his folly in giving up his kingdom. He fairly harps upon it and suggests that the king "resume" his throne. He is the vocalizer of what is running through the king's mind. He therefore moves in vital connection with the plans and passions of the drama, that is, so long as he can mirror the mind of the king. When there is none to mirror, the Fool's work is done. "He makes his folly the vehicle of truths which the king will bear in no other shape, while his affectionate tenderness sanctifies all his nonsense." Professor Hudson's remark is worth our memory, that our estimate of the drama depends upon our estimate of the Fool. Superficially he is a blemish. Yet the use he is put to is of deepest significance, for Shakespeare deftly objectifies in him the flashes of conscience and wisdom which now and then break out of the half-free mind of the old king. He is used to bring Lear from his high willfulness and folly to a sense of the reality of things! When the king begins to doubt whether he has acted wisely or not, the Fool at once puts the truth in his plainest way, and upon the king's threat to have him whipped for his talk the Fool claims the right of free speech. This makes the king think, and by degrees he reaches a degree of merriment which, however, borders on madness. Thus the Fool is in a deep sense the personification of wisdom; the mental mirror of a half-minded ruler. So long as his master is rational there is place for the Fool in the evolution of the play, but when Lear becomes wholly irrational, and life and love are over with, he disappears from the stage. There could be no conceivable service he could render when Lear has gone mad. A noteworthy feature of his character is this: that, while his heart is breaking, he never reminds us of his own sufferings. He shares the sorrows of others. Upon the going of Cordelia he "pined away." He is not only conscience and wisdom to the king, but becomes an integral part of the grief-life of Lear, Kent, and Cordelia, and when exile takes Kent, France takes Cordelia, and insanity takes the king, there is nothing left to live for. But in all he never complains. I said that when the king turns madman the Fool's part is played out. Yet

there is one more bit of service he is to render. His first duty was to chide his master for his folly; his second to comfort him in his distress; now, when there is nothing left for the mind and the heart, he serves the clay, for when all is topsy-turvy and he has said, "I'll go to bed at noon," he passes on, his tongue ceasing to wag, his final act being to come at call of Kent to assist him in carrying to some resting place the worn body of his crazy king.

The marvelous interpenetration of laughter and tears has its dramatic crown in Lear. When the arraignment of a joint-stool as Goneril occurs before the mad king, poor Tom, and the Fool, "We do not smile," says Dowden, "we hardly as yet can pity; we gaze on with suspended intellect, as if the entire spectacle were some mysterious grotesque hieroglyph the secret of which we were about to discover. In the smallest atom of the speeches of Lear, of Edgar, and of the Fool, and equally in the entire drama, tragic earnestness is seen arrayed in fantastic motley. It is as if the writer were looking down at human life from without and above life, from which the whole appears as some monstrous farce-tragedy in which all that is terrible is ludicrous, and all that is ludicrous terrible."

What of the insanity of the old king? Was he mad at the start? If not, when did he become mad? What drove him mad? A great crop of theories can be gathered upon this subject, but it does not appear to the writer that the answer to any of the above questions will lighten up the deepest darkness of the tragedy. One has said that the king was mad from the beginning; for his behavior toward Cordelia is that of a man with a totally depraved judgment. Another concludes that his insanity was due to his loss of power; and another that it was the result of the harsh treatment of his ungrateful daughters. Dr. Brigham has endeavored to show that it is a case of genuine insanity from the beginning, and that ill usage only aggravated his disease. He is led to regret that he was not treated as insane from the beginning, yet he does not excuse the two daughters. A fine touch is noticed when on the down grade toward madness the king puts all the blame not on himself, but on his daughters. And it is worth referring to, as

proof of Shakespeare's intimate knowledge of the field, that he makes Lear conscious of his distressful tendency when he cries out his fear, "O, that way madness lies." But when fairly caught in the storm he loses all concern and fear of his condition. One quality is never lost sight of: Whatever happens to Lear, he is not allowed to suffer from the shame of a crippled life. Lear is "every inch a king." In keeping with this preservation of royal dignity Shakespeare will not have the old king outlive his dead child. It would be hard to have the weak old man, broken in body and mind, live on to be pitied and coddled by a court that had never known him in all his assertion of real power and impressive mien.

A practical question brings "Lear" down to our day: Is Lear a study in pessimism? In the House of Mirth the toils gather about the beautiful Lily Bart, and finally an overdose of the poison drops does its deadly work. She was not a criminal, only one who veered from the true path a trifle, but in the court of folly she was adjudged a lawbreaker. In "The Doll's House" Nora forged a note to save her husband's life, and with this bad-good start she went toward her sorry end. The pistol shot that silenced the voice of Hedda Gabler was prepared from the beginning of the play, so Ibsen would say to us. Is law so inveterate, so inescapable, so ironlike in its grip that not only sin, but folly, and even ignorance, carries doom in the beginning of its alphabet? Ibsen describes life as a prison cage, and says that "At him through the prison grating stares an eye with terror in it; and its gaze sends shudders through him, at which he is sore affrighted." Is there no distinction between black and white, between the good and the bad, and does it not matter whether life's soil have this or that kind of oats? A recent writer, W. W. Kenilworth, has tried to revamp Oscar Wilde, and declares that "however he may sin, the sin of torturing such a soul is far greater." It is said that when Professor Walker, of Saint David's College, described Wilde as a regenerated soul, "As beautiful as a floating bubble played upon by the sunlight," Andrew Lang, whose good Scotch sense had not left him, cried out in stinging scorn, "In the name of the prophet —Bosh!" Is hard crime the only cause of doom? Has folly

no penalty? Will ignorance have no serious consequences? Can a man eke out his existence in isolation from his fellows? Has society no obligation? Anyway, what is the use of living if we are so shut in by mystery that we strike aching brows upon stone walls at every turn? Some would try to account for the sad ending of the loveliest soul in the drama by attributing to her the fleck of a stiff and stubborn will, and obstinate and even undutiful defiance, thus thinking to explain the end. Others say that Cordelia was one who suffered for the sins of her fellows, herself an innocent. Are there any consolations in such a terrific close, and with the fall of the curtain what assurance have we that life has been worth while? It has been declared that Shakespeare wrote this mighty play at a time in his own life when the clouds hung low over him. Is he thereby forced to strike an untrue note, and did he lose his grip upon his usual sane judgment of life? Was he so soured by his own black thoughts that he deliberately changed the happy ending of the older play or story to his own doomful close, or did he follow a truer evolution of life in so doing?

In the eleventh edition of the Britannica, Hugh Chisholm has a significant statement when, saying that there is a tendency to pessimism in "Lear," but less so than in "Timon," he adds: "Then the stretched cord suddenly snaps . . . at this point only in the whole course of Shakespeare's development there is a complete breach of continuity. One can only conjecture the occurrence of some spiritual crisis, an illness, perhaps, or some process akin to what in the language of religion is called conversion, which left him a new man, with the fever of pessimism behind him, and at peace once more with heaven and the world." This may or may not be. However, it is worth considering if we wish to rectify the statement of Professor Lounsbury that in Lear Shakespeare painted the world as a moral nexus—all sin leads to suffering or is an insoluble mystery. It may be Shakespeare did not see straight in his pessimism, and required the light from above to chasten his vision and to correct his moral perspective. As to the supposed spiritual change in the life of Shakespeare toward its close, by which to account for the tendency to pessimism, Boas is

of the opinion that he did pass through some sort of a crisis about the year 1605, or at least fell under the spell of an influence which led him to change the original version of the old story of the happy ending of Lear and to give it the somber ending as we now have it: "Shakespeare, when he wrote King Lear, was not in the mood that welcomes a smooth close to an eventful history." Whatever the moral crisis through which Shakespeare may have passed about the time he wrote this and others of his tragic dramas, we are not at liberty to think of the file leader of English thought as a pessimist. Nor may any of the present day use his name as a bulwark for the thin line of their defenses, nor hide behind his name, nor evade his truth. Yet this is attempted. In his Philosophy of Nietzsche Meneker calls it "a modern substitute for Shakespeare." Is it because Shakespeare saw mystery in life and Nietzsche saw none? Nietzsche declared he sought answer to only one question: Is it true? To him the words "good and God" have no meaning whatever. The elementals of his philosophy are these: 1. The only inherent impulse of man is to keep alive. 2. All schemes of morality are man-made and mutable. Each age has its own. 3. All ideas such as humility and sacrifice and brotherhood are enemies of life. Are these the highways of human progress? One has to search hard to discover them in Shakespeare. Is this neurasthenic and dyspeptic, the user of drugs in double doses—this man whose closing years were spent in an insane asylum—to set the pace for modern thought, or shall we be content to follow the sane and benign leader of Stratford? No man in a fit of pessimism, a mere brooder over the ills of life, a moral charlatan, a man out of touch with his fellows and aloof from God, ever wrote what Shakespeare wrote, nor could such an one have produced Horatio, or Kent, or Desdemona, or Cordelia. It is not pessimism to prefer death with the good to life with the bad.

Nor is this the same as saying that Shakespeare always sought to teach a moral lesson. The true signpost is set up by James Russell Lowell: "It is doubtful if Shakespeare had any conscious moral intention in his writing. . . . We say he had no moral intention, for the reason that, as an artist, it was not his to deal

with the shows of things, yet with a temperament so just, an insight so inevitable as his, it was impossible that the moral reality which underlies the mirage of the poet's vision should not always be suggested." Nor is it well to delve in this mine for parallels for present-day treatment of life unless one moves with cautious tread. In a late article upon "The King Lear Ideal and Why it Failed," Miss Jane Addams runs a parallel between the indulgent parent and the indulgent reformer, and selects for her illustration the ungrateful reception of the philanthropy of the Pullman Company on the part of the workmen. Historically considered, the relation of Lear to his children was archaic and barbaric. The time may come when we shall look upon present-day industrial relationships as equally barbaric. The philanthropist thought he knew the needs of his men better than they knew them, and so denied to them the right of a free industrial organization, hence reaped the ingratitude of his industrial children. Lear had so long felt himself the noble father that he had lost the faculty of seeing himself in the wrong. In like manner the philanthropist, in his pride of conscious power, lost sight of the underlying human relationships of the model town. He did not discover the effect upon the town of the sweep of a world-embracing moral impulse. In such statement of principles there is much pithy virtue. But to force an analogy is not to gain the goal desired. In one instance the gifted lady appears to miss the mark. While she chides the workingman, along with Cordelia, for a certain coldness and lack of generosity, she notes what effect the larger life of the Continent had upon the exiled woman, and says she had taken it for herself alone, not including her father in the good she got. So the workingmen are securing the good of the new life, the larger world-view, and are not including their employers in the ever- widening range of the new blessing. It is enough to say that the reformer appears to have forgotten that Cordelia had been thrust out of England, *nolens volens,* and that when she returned she did so, not for herself, but for her father. She says:

> O dear father,
> It is thy business that I go about. . . .
> No blown ambition doth our arms incite.

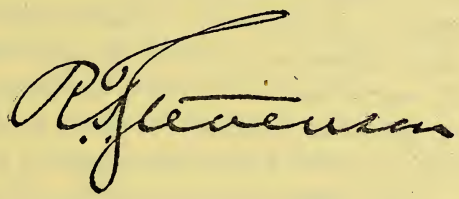
And again:

> We are not first
> Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst,
> For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down.

It may be that the emancipation of the workman will have to include the employer or be subject to reactions, and cruelties even, but it does not follow from any analogy drawn from Lear. No, to Shakespeare life was too full of mystery for even its most expert interpreters ever to hope for rules of solution. He did not look upon life as a puzzle to be resolved before men's eyes. The sculptor who laid down his tools after completing the immortal Laocoön was content to let it tell its own story. No more did Shakespeare care to inscribe beneath his giant figures of pain any interpretative description of his work. He saw life crammed with mystery, with good and ill at times inextricably and perplexingly mixed. From the beginning the tares and the wheat have grown together and probably will do so to the end; then the judgment. But how impressive it all is; and how fascinating its dread power. From the opening of the play we are strangely moved and affected. There is the partition of the kingdom already accomplished; the sudden freak of willfulness in which the old king demands some show of gratitude from his daughters; the reaction in the mind of Cordelia following the voluble protestations of her sisters. Such an air of the improbable envelops it all from the start. Lear is hungry for what he does not get until it is too late, for between the love for which Cordelia had no words at first and the love which she gave with her life at the end of the play all the rushing torrent swirls to doom with irresistible power. In a deep sense the successive steps of the action are consistent, but with life's mystery for the subterranean stream. In the beginning Lear's will is supreme, yet it is an unreasoning will. To break it down is the ordeal of the drama. He is stripped of affection, then of power, then of home, then of shelter, then of reason, only to learn when time cannot be recalled for any recovery of its olden tendernesses, known and appreciated, that true love is more precious than thrones. He does get a glimpse of this, but only to renounce it and life together.

There are two "Amens" at the close, one of cursing and one of blessing. One is when we see evil is self-consuming; the same, too, when we see virtue strangled. To the doom of Goneril and Regan, and even that of Edmund, though he expires with a ray of nobleness about him, we cry, "Amen." And when we watch the old king bending over his dead child with glass in hand we breathe an "Amen" which means that with the others alive the world would be unintelligible, and yet with Cordelia dead we have for refreshment to our memory this loyal soul of love,

> One daughter,
> Who redeems nature from the general curse
> Which twain have brought her to.



Art. III.—GYPSIES AND RELIGION

The appearance in our cities of an evangelist who prides himself upon being Gypsy by birth and upbringing, and who received the call to service when an unlettered lad, living the wandering life of his people, is an event of some historical significance. The Christian community throng to hear him, and are enriched by his message; his mission, indeed, seems rather to be among the saints than the sinners. While he awakes enthusiasm and stimulates religious life, conversions are comparatively few and the accessions to the church are insignificant, in number at least. He marks a definite change in the theological attitude of our Protestant churches; and his work must be regarded as primarily intensive rather than extensive. The theology he preaches is a theology of life more than of doctrine; he wholly drops the old outworn terms that meant so much to our forefathers of the Reformation, and speaks to us in the language of to-day, a language permeated with the scientific activity and realism of the age.

The Gypsies came into Europe at the same time as the scholars from Constantinople who started the Renaissance, that influx of pagan thought and ideals which found its reaction in Protestantism. The Renaissance defied nature and extolled the senses; it was a return to the life of the Muses and the Graces. The Greek temple was no place for worship; it was not an auditorium, but a shrine. The highest in the life of Greece was in the open, among the trees and under the blue sky. With the Hebrews, the temple and the synagogue were the holy places and religion abandoned the groves and the glades as homes of paganism. Both the Reformation of Luther and Calvin and the Counter-Reformation of Loyola and Xavier were a reaction against the Renaissance; they were a return to the holiness of the temple, a call to the Christian auditorium. The God they proclaimed was a God of the sanctuary, whose favor was to be gained by right doctrine and instruction in and through the sanctuary, and by special observances, at stated times.

Romany, the true name of the Gypsies—which is a nickname—is generally supposed by scholars to be identical with Romani,

people of the Eastern Roman empire, who were not Saracens nor Goths. We can trace them back to Armenia, historically, and all the linguistic and other indications would point to an Indian origin. The Western movement of Mohammedans which culminated in the capture of Constantinople in 1453 drove before it this restless race of wanderers, one division passing up the valley of the Danube and reaching France by way of Bohemia—hence the name "Bohemian"; the other division taking a more southerly course by way of the Levant and Egypt until they arrived in Spain. The Spanish Gypsy in known as *Gitano*, or Egyptian, but he calls himself *Zincalo*, a term supposed to come from a Greek word, *apothinganoi*, "touch-me-not," applied to certain heretics, people who were out of the fold. This is the German *Zigeuner* and is found wherever the race wanders, in some form or other. In Hungary, where the Gypsies are found in great numbers and have profoundly affected the national music, the Magyar name is *Cigány*, which comes closer to the Greek than the other forms. Of course, the lisped Greek *th* in *apothinganoi* becomes a sibilant in most other European languages; hence *Cigány*.

When George Eliot was writing her Spanish Gypsy forty-odd years ago, the origin and psychology of the Gypsy people were not of prime interest to her. Certainly she did not regard them as coming into the sphere of religious inquiry, except in a negative way. To quote from one of her characters, the Gypsy chief, Zarca:

> Yes, wanderers whom no god took knowledge of
> To give them laws, or fight for them, or blight
> Another race to make them ampler room;
> Who have no whence or whither in their souls,
> No dimmest lore of glorious ancestors
> To make a common hearth for piety.

There were two motives at the back of this literary effort of hers. A visit to Spain had greatly interested her in the romance of the peninsula, and she longed to give this a poetic expression. Again, she had been pondering over the subject of Destiny and the call of Duty to the individual. She states in a paper found among her manuscripts:

> My reflections brought me nothing that would serve me except that moment in Spanish history when the struggle with the Moors was attain-

ing its climax, and when there was the gypsy race present under such conditions as would enable me to get my heroine and the hereditary claim on her among the gypsies. I required the opposition of race to give the need for renouncing the expectation of marriage. I could not use the Jews or the Moors, because the facts of their history were too conspicuously opposed to the working out of my catastrophe. Meanwhile the subject had become more and more pregnant to me. I saw it might be taken as the symbol of the part which is played in the general lot by hereditary conditions in the largest sense.

Her interest in the Gypsies was thus entirely of a secondary kind. She obtained the main facts of their history and habits from a learned German writer, and took care that she was not inaccurate in her details. But the other two questions are always in the forefront of her treatment; the individual in the face of Destiny, as represented by hereditary claims; and the witchery of the Spanish landscape, aglow with romantic memories. George Eliot was a devotee of a cult that would make religion come wholly within the sphere of the intellect; to wit, the creed of Positivism. The Spanish Gypsy is a tragedy in terms of this cult. It is a deification of Duty. She says in the same passage from which I have quoted:

There is no moral "sanction" but this inward impulse. The will of God is the same as the will of other men, compelling us to work and avoid what they have seen to be harmful to social existence.

Now Gipsy Smith's religious message represents the reaction against this excessive intellectualism, this reduction of the deepest things of life to the logic of humanity. His Christianity is no elaborate scheme of salvation, but a simple mysticism, the presence of the divine life in the human heart. The only deity that will appeal to a Gypsy soul such as his is a God of Nature and Life, after whom the whole creation yearns.

The troublous times of the Reformation were unfavorable to the Gypsies In the easy-going times of the Renaissance they were granted a place in society as vagrant peddlers and tinners. This trade indeed became so entirely theirs that the terms *Caird*, Gypsy, and tinner—changed to tinker or even tinkler (Zincalo?)—came to be synonymous. This is why we are inclined to class John Bunyan as a Gypsy; otherwise how could he have been a tinker's son? His astonishing imagination has in it something of an

Oriental glow, differentiating it from other Puritan literature. His Pilgrimage is God's life in the open, such as would naturally have come from a soul whose ancestors from far back had refused to sleep elsewhere than under the blue canopy of heaven. And we must remember that the sermon entitled "The Religion of Common Life," called by Ruskin the finest pulpit deliverance of the nineteenth century, was the masterpiece of a Gypsy, the Rev. John Caird, D.D., who became professor of divinity in the University of Glasgow, and later its principal. When he preached it for the first time at Balmoral Castle, in the year 1856, before Queen Victoria and the prince consort, it made a profound profession. Caird's dark complexion, raven-black hair, and glowing eyes betokened his race. I remember him well in the university chapel.

This famous sermon, which would not have been printed but for the royal insistence, well repays analysis. Taking as his text the passage in Rom. 12. 2, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," the preacher proceeds to declare that, while it is comparatively easy to be religious in the church, the greatest difficulty of our Christian calling is to be religious in the world, to carry our good and solemn thoughts and feelings into the throng and thoroughfare of daily life. It appears sometimes "as difficult to maintain the strength and steadfastness of religious principle and feeling when we go forth from the church into the world as it would be to preserve an exotic in the open air in winter." We are prone to make religion altogether "a Sunday thing—a robe too fine for common wear, but taken out solemnly on state occasions, and solemnly put away when the state occasion is over." It is thus jostled aside in the daily throng of life as if it had no business there. But religion, he goes on to say, is primarily for the ordinary man. The salvation the gospel offers is not the prize of a lofty intellect, but of a lowly heart. The rude, the untutored, the toilworn, if they have wit enough to guide them in the commonest round of daily toil, have wit enough to learn the way to be saved. For religion is the *art of being and of doing good.* "Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books—religion is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances; these are necessary to religion . . . but . . . is mainly and chiefly the

glorifying God amid the duties and trials of the world." So far is religion from being incompatible with business activities, it "consists *not so much in doing spiritual or sacred acts as in doing secular acts from a sacred or spiritual motive.*" (The italics appear in the printed sermon.) Again,

> The heavens are not open to the believer's call only at intervals. The grace of God's Holy Spirit falls not like the fertilizing shower, only now and then; or like the dew on the earth's face, only at morning and night. But at all times on the uplifted face of the believer's spirit the gracious element is ready to descend.

There occurs a rich passage almost at the end of the closing paragraph:

> The world's scenes of business may fade on our sight, the noise of its restless pursuits may fall no more on our ear, when we pass to meet our God; but not one unselfish thought, not one kind and gentle word, not one act of self-sacrificing love, done for Jesus' sake, in the midst of our common work, but will have left an indelible impress on the soul which will go out with it to its eternal destiny.

This is almost exactly Gipsy Smith's message, who in his trilogy of three prime requisites in the Christian character lays emphasis first on Loyalty—"for Jesus' sake"; then on Purity; and, lastly, on Wisdom. The call is rather to those within than those without the church.

Great as was John Caird as a preacher and a thinker, his brother Edward exercised a still wider influence as a teacher. During several decades at Glasgow University, in the important chair of moral philosophy, he molded and inspired the students in a wonderful way—he was *facile princeps* as an intellectual influence in the institution, nay, even in Scotland. After infusing a new vigor into philosophy, touching it with Oriental imagination, and replacing for good the humdrum Scottish philosophy of Reid, he removed to Oxford and became the successor of Jowett at Balliol College. This, the most influential scholastic post in the British empire, was actually held by a Gypsy! These may be regarded as brilliant, though not solitary, exceptions to the general character of the Gypsy, who rejected even a common education and preferred to live as a letterless vagrant, never allowing his children to enter a parish school. Naturally the race found its proclivities bringing it more and more into disreputable associa-

tions and habits of life, among outlaws, smugglers, and pickpockets. The trade of the women, as fortune-tellers, also proved a dangerous one in the seventeenth century, when witchcraft was so summarily dealt with. Living along with "the beasts that perish," they were placed almost on the same level, as Ishmaelites and reprobates, under God's ban.

The eighteenth century brought a change for the better. The evangelical message of the middle of the century was not addressed primarily to the well-educated, but to every man or woman, however degraded or unlettered. Rousseauism glorified the unspoiled savage, who lived close to nature, and whose soul was unwarped by human tyranny and civilized depravity. When, by the end of the century, the poet Cowper was content to live with and write about his tame hares, and Robert Burns called a little fieldmouse a "fellow mortal," it was evident that humanity was getting closer to the animal creation. Gipsy Smith declares that the learned zoologists and ornithologists know very little really about the birds and beasts which they write about. "I know their ways and their natures thoroughly," he is wont to say, "because I have lived so close to them. They have been my friends and companions." It is plain, then, that a century which came to a close with a Wordsworthian creed, discounting learned lore and declaring that books furnish

> . . . a dull and endless strife.
> Come! hear the woodland linnet,
> How sweet his music! On my life,
> There's more of wisdom in it,

prepared the way for a better appreciation of Gypsy ideals of life. The writer who has been chiefly relied upon as an exponent of Gypsy life and ideals is the unique George Borrow, Bible colporteur, philologist, and adventurer. An Englishman of extraordinary physical powers and vitality, he had an additional faculty of reproducing his experiences in attractive written form, and his works have become classics. It is a delight to read his pages and get a closer hold upon humanity through them. Living at a period when the science of philology was hardly out of its infancy, he launched too boldly into linguistic theories and discus-

sions, and much of the philological material upon which he prided himself is unsound and misleading. But he gives us life in rural England and on the continent of Europe eighty years ago, as it existed among wanderers and peasantry, in a way that is inimitable. And yet Gipsy Smith does not care for Borrow's handling of his people. He thinks that Borrow was interested more in the less admirable traits of Gypsies, and that he did not understand them at their best. There is truth in the criticism. Borrow's conception of religion was of a curiously formal kind. Though he carried the Bible as its accredited agent to foreign lands, Bible truth does not seem to be an integral part of his make-up. Rather does he appear to belong to that by-gone school of religious thought who regarded the Scriptures as a kind of mascot which would effect marvelous changes on individuals and society without having entered into the life and personalities of its exponents. Borrow never seems to think or talk Bible outside of his professional capacity as Bible agent. In all essential respects he is a thorough humanist whose interests are bound up with the everyday man as he appears in odd and out-of-the-way corners of the earth. His Protestant religion is coldly theological and practical; it is not a life that may grow and be nourished outside of catechisms and doctrinal explanation. Indeed, the atmosphere of Borrow and of Gipsy Smith cannot be said to have much in common. Gipsy Smith has little use for theological terms, and enunciates his religion in the language of the home and the street. Borrow is mute on religion when he deals with the ordinary experiences of travel and accidents by land and flood; it is a separate strand in his life, associated with opening the pages of Holy Writ. For instance, the power of God as enunciated by Gipsy Smith is his mystic hold upon the human heart, to be expressed in terms of Loyalty, his first essential of the Christian life:

> **Take my will, and make it thine;**
> **It shall be no longer mine.**
> **Take my heart, it is thine own;**
> **It shall be thy royal throne.**

But Borrow in handling the theme of the divine power would go at once to the Scriptures and show how the power of God was

manifested in his peculiar dealings with the children of Israel in Egypt, in the wilderness, and in the exile. He held it to be his first duty to translate the Scriptures into the vernacular in order that the way of salvation might be explained to audiences who were unacquainted with the sacred text.

Borrow's translation of the Gospel of Saint Luke, which came out at Madrid in the year 1838, was the first work that ever appeared in Romany. It soon became popular. The men prized it highly, attracted perhaps more by the language than by the doctrine, for they enjoyed the rare pleasure of reading something of worth in their own tongue. With the women, who could not read, its attraction was of a different kind. They looked upon the book as a sort of talisman which would preserve them from all harm and mischance in their thieving expeditions. It was prized even above the famous Bar Lachi, or loadstone, which they are always so anxious to possess.

The Gypsies in the past have been marked by a strange inconsistency of life. Thieving used to be with them an art and a profession; and, while the women remained chaste, their language was often far from pure. In these modern days when law reigns, and all are equal before it, these sons and daughters of Hagar have opportunities of living in accordance with better ideals. Practically they have ceased to be a separate race in the United States, having been absorbed by the great army of tramps. When Borrow presented them with a Bible in their vernacular, that was to himself somewhat of a mascot, they usually received it as such. It is Gipsy Smith's creed, on the contrary, to declare the Word of God as something innate and vital, wholly without the sphere of the occult and the magical.

In the Zincali, one of Borrow's most interesting books, there is an interesting story of one of his experiences as a preacher. To the bigoted Spaniards and the world at large some other motive was required to explain his appearance as a simple Bible agent than the desire to benefit the multitude. It was supposed that he was a circulator of base money or a counterfeiter. He had begun to hold meetings in a quiet room in Madrid, and his congregation was almost entirely composed of women. One day they arrived

attended by a Gypsy jockey whom he had not previously seen. This man's first act was to take him aside and ask him for the loan of two ounces of gold. The request was promptly refused and the man was told to sit down among the audience. A few days later, in the house of a Gypsy, when he was preparing to give his usual Scripture lesson, the jockey was again present and repeated his former request. Without staying to answer, Borrow went on with his discourse, speaking in Spanish:

> I chose for the theme of my discourse the situation of the Hebrews in Egypt and pointed its similarity to that of the Gitanos in Spain. I spoke of the power of God, manifested in preserving both as separate, distinct peoples among the nations until the present day. I warmed with my subject. I subsequently produced a manuscript book, from which I read a portion of Scripture, and the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed in Romany. When I had concluded, I looked around me. The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a fearful squint; not an individual present but squinted. The genteel Pepa, the good-humored Chicharona—all squinted. The gypsy fellow, the contriver of the jest, squinted worst of all.

There is always something of the hard, cameralike attitude in Borrow's relations with Gypsy wanderers, although he was accepted as a brother by some of them, notably Jasper Petulengro (that is, Smith). His treatment of the Gypsy girl Belle, unconventional and yet without any scandal, reveals a certain shallowness of heart. It is as if he would handle human souls like pawns in the game of chess. Bible agent and Bible instructor as he was, Borrow was not at heart a truly devout or deeply religious man. His devotion to the Bible remains little more than an element in his British make-up, a symbol of his Protestant patriotism.

Later writers, like Watts-Dunton and Francis Hindes Groome, have struck a more sympathetic note. Both in London and in the Northern capital there has been a cult of Gypsy lore, with a search for heroes, and especially for real heroines, among this strangely interesting people. The publication of Watts-Dunton's Aylwin a dozen or more years ago gave the world one of its finest works of fiction, with an idealization of the Gypsy woman. He follows out the same train of thought in a sonnet that appeared among his Poems, published some years earlier:

NATURE BENIGNA REVEALED THROUGH A GYPSY CHILD

The child arose and danced through frozen dells,
  Drawn by the Christmas chimes, and soon she sate,
  Where, 'neath the snow around the churchyard gate,
The plowmen slept in bramble-banded cells.
The gorgios passed, half-fearing gypsy spells,
  While Rhona, gazing, seemed to meditate;
  Then laughed for joy, then wept disconsolate:
"De poor dead gorgios cannot hear de bells."
  Within the church the clouds of gorgio-breath
Arose, a stream of lazy praise and prayer
To Him who weaves the loving Christmas-stair
  O'er sorrow and sin and wintry deeps of Death.
But where stood He? Beside our Rhona there,
  Remembering childish tears in Nazareth.

This aloofness from the sanctuary, an indifference to the type of religion which identifies itself almost wholly with the sanctuary, is a mark of the Gypsy. Scott, probably from this cause, came to regard the race as emphatically "devoid of any effectual sense of religion"; and Borrow comments upon their contempt for church ordinances. In this they are at the poles asunder from another race associated with dispersion, the Jews. Both races are singularly musical; and Gipsy Smith listens favorably to the theory that would make them the survival of the lost tribes of Israel. But, to begin with, the lost tribes appear to have been completely absorbed by the surrounding peoples; and, if they had held together, the bond of adhesion would surely have been a bond of religious ritual, so strikingly absent among the Romany Rye. Moreover, there is nothing in their physiological peculiarities to relate them to the Semites, nor has their language any Semitic affinities. With the development of temple and synagogue services among the people of Israel, the chosen people established a type of worship which dominates the world to-day. It is only now, in this twentieth century, with a better understanding of God in nature, that we are prepared to join in fellowship with the Gypsy and bow reverently before a "God of the Open Air."

James Main Dixon

Art. IV.—ENGINEERING AND THE MILLENNIUM

If some theologians are right—and we wish not to be construed as suspecting any theologians are, or could be, wrong in these lenient days—and the city of John's vision is a figure of final earthly society, there ought to be in that interpretation much of rebuke to all who have bemoaned the amazing popularity of technical education as a menace to culture. These troubled ones seem to us to be not even Uzzas putting forth their hands to stay the cultural ark, but men who object to the building of a cart big enough to bring home to the temple of human living the complete cultural ark.

We may safely use the term culture in these days as expressing something essentially and inclusively spiritual. We have passed the time when the word fell among æsthetes who stripped it of its spiritual import and left it half-expressive upon the highway of speech. All things crowd about the porch of Spirit to-day. Even our old and much obituaried friend Matter now claims that the age-old reports of his deadness "are greatly exaggerated," the while he knocks disconcertingly at the door of Living Things. The world of the unseen is beginning so to squint at us out of our wood and iron and brass that we wonder whether there may not be more in the hoary mystery of idol worship than we had ever thought possible. Clouds of erstwhile respectable argument have been blown afar by many winds, so that the high sky of Soul is clearly seen to arch over everything mundane and its constellations of light to be the only sun and moon and stars that do illuminate a groping world. We are of the opinion that what really disturbs the trembling guards of culture is the fact that humanity often feels and acts before it can understand or explain. The subtle, heaven-engendered intuitions of the aggregate spirit move to massive ends with no more open vision of what those ends will be than is granted the intuitions of a single soul. We always look for explanations of far-reaching movements, but we have an unhappy penchant for doing our looking on our hands and knees. We seek terrestrial solutions

only, to the exclusion of the celestial, weighing what possible earthly bribes may have caused a trend. Even leaders in so momentous a thing as technical education may do this, and prate belittlingly, as I have heard them do, of the fact that "we give a man an education that he can turn at once into good money." Bah! If that were the best they had to offer, if that were all the dynamic behind the processions of talented youth to and from their houses of learning, technical education could never have become the fashion it is. Heaven has mercifully contrived it that the hope of a millennium is born anew with each generation. Youth ever plights first troth to toil at some solemn, secret altar of high hope, with more heart than it can put into any civil after-marriage at the counters of pay. And when the sound-brained youth of any time unaccountably gravitate to tasks that do not seem to some of us to serve any very high spiritual ends, let those of us to whom these seemings come doubt heartily our doubts, but never aggravate youth dedicating its life. There is a high probability that youth has only gone about straightening the way for a great Coming, while Pharisees of educational custom only hope and wait. If, as Carlyle convincingly argued, every age of culture has been ushered in by an age of achievement, technical education is about bringing in the greatest age of the soul the world has known. The engineer is building a vehicle for the Ark, and when it is done, the Millennial Ark, even, may be brought home while the Davids of all culture sing and dance before it.

It is no anomaly that the spiritual shall grow up out of the physical. It is so in the human individual. It cannot be otherwise for the race. There must be an adequate physical organization of the world before there can ever be fully developed soul-life in it, and the engineer is making that physical organization of the world. And may it not be that all spiritual and mental attainment thus far have only been to give us the moral and intellectual fiber for a final, victorious wrestle with natural powers and the achievement of a physical basis for a millennium? There are not only the individual body and the individual soul; there are the race-body and the race-soul to be taken into account, or the millennium is nothing. When we begin to think about hu-

manity at large, and its needs, we realize that it is still an unorganized fleshly and spiritual mass. As a body in which we are members one of another, humanity has no more arrived physically than it has spiritually. It is a mass capable of becoming a living soul, but needing first an adequate body—a body not of flesh and blood alone, for such hands would be, and are, too feeble for its tasks, and the human mechanism, however admirably suited for mere individual living on a low plane, is utterly unequal to high social living. One human being is as a single muscle and brain cell in the big race-body. It is something in itself and, within very narrow limits, sufficient unto itself. But its own fullness can never come save by articulation with human entirety and a serving of the whole and a being profited by the whole in body and mind. This maturity of the race cannot be conjured out of the air. It cannot even come by preaching and believing. There are physical necessities for its coming, such as a world food supply, a world digestive system of factories and mills, a world circulatory system of enginery and ships, a world-cleansing of human habitations to prevent race auto-toxication, a world nervous system which will put the benumbed portions of the race in vital, immediate touch with the race-brain and the race-soul. We no longer believe in an ignorant perfection or an unsocial perfection. The race as a whole must have time to think and to aspire, and power to volitionally serve; and the only way these things can ever come is by that physical organization of the world, through harnessed natural powers, which will make it possible for the race as a race to quit drudging so much of its life away and at the same time put an end to mental and spiritual provincialism and isolation. These alone will not bring the millennium. There will ever be that citadel of the Spirit which must be won to faith and love. But these achievements will make possible the winning of the disposition and the active dedication of the will of all the world to millennial ends.

To me the surprising thing is the meagerness with which the sense of the fruitage of this revolutionary engineering epoch has as yet come to its leaders. I have read considerable engineering literature, and much of the utterances of those who have ad-

dressed the young men of the profession as they have been leaving school to begin professional life, and in little of it all have I caught any large prophetic note of a beyond for which engineering makes the way. Colonel H. G. Prout, in an address to the students of Sheffield Scientific School, at Yale, in 1905, more than any other engineer whose utterances I have read, evidenced this largeness of vision. In that address he classified the discovery of the manufacture and application of power as as distinct and momentous an ethical achievement as the mastery of fire, the invention of the bow and arrow, the making of pottery, the domestication of animals, and the invention of the alphabet. On this point he said:

> By the development of the manufacture of power man's capacity is suddenly increased beyond any limit which the human mind can foresee or imagine. . . . In the last one hundred years man's productive capacity has probably advanced more than in all the preceding years he inhabited this planet, and the revolution wrought by the development of the capacity to manufacture power has just begun.

He then uttered this interpretative prophecy:

> Not only have we entered upon another ethical period, but upon the most important period [surely he meant to add the words "so far"] in the progress of mankind. . . . The engineer, more than all other men, has created this new epoch; and the engineer, more than all other men, will guide humanity forward until we come to some other period of a different kind.

It is this close of his prophecy which singles him out from the usual speakers upon these themes—his sense that this is only one age among many and a preparation for something yet to be. And one can, by the aid of a little history, get such a vision of things certain to be in that new and prepared-for age as will stir in him vast and unutterable emotions. Out of the conquests and physical achievements of the ancient world broke Greek and Roman culture and a civilization ripe for the marvels of the early Christian church. Out of the next era of achievement, that of the Crusades, broke the culture of the Renaissance and then the momentous spiritual heavings of the Reformation. Out of the achievements of a world-exploring and sea-conquering England broke Elizabethan culture, and then the focussed, spiritual in-

tensity of the Puritan, ushering in representative government and a new moral age. We are again in the throes of physical achievement, only we are about a world-task now. No Cæsar or Alexander leads on to bloody self-exaltation. No Peter the Hermit calls to a sincere but futile and empty war. No bold admiral sails forth to discover and occupy in the name of his land and God. We follow the engineer. The world may not know it, but it has summoned him to make it physically alive and healthy in all its parts; to give it food and cleanness, power and rest, and the capacity to know and feel to the finger tips of its race-anatomy. It has summoned him to the job, not by its command, but by its paralysis and need. And he is answering the need with all his physical and intellectual power. And when this era of achievement shall have come to the full, fundamental as it is to that which will at last break from out its daring and Titanic deeds, what a world this will begin to be! O my soul, to live in such a day! Architecture will be reborn in a past-excelling glory. The whispers of its rebirth already come in the surprising beauties of a Woolworth building, lifting its head of airy grace as a monument to trade. Art will be born anew. And letters—letters that will move the world ten thousand years to come—will leap to utterance out of the knowledge, aspirations, and emotions of that new world-age. Then must occur a transcendent spiritual awakening that will lift the race to its remotest bounds, recreate justice, embody human brotherhood, and usher in the true era of the soul.

Ah! the city which John saw! It was not only a sorrowless city, but a clean city; not only a city of integrity, but of wonderful walls and pavements; not only a city of truth, but of abundant and pure water; not only a worshiping city, but a hungerless city. And it must have been a city with intimate social touch throughout its whole area, for it was a city with no gulfs of separation, having no sea; and a city of possible brotherly knowledge, for it was a city without hate. It will take considerable engineering as well as preaching to get the whole world there. Hail, Engineer, coagent of the millennium!

Rollin O. Everhart

Art. V.—BURNS: THE LYRIST

Nature has a curious habit of dressing her select blessings in rough and unattractive garb and depositing her choicest gifts in unexpected places. This is well exemplified in the life of Robert Burns. There was little that was propitious in his birth. His parents were obscure Scotch peasants; he was born in a two-room cottage of stone and clay; his educational opportunities were scant; his access to the world limited; his heritage—save for his empyrean genius and the gift of character derived from his good parents—was mean, a heritage of toil and poverty. His lot, too, was cast in a remote part of Scotland; he began his literary career at a time when English literature was at low ebb; and it was his misfortune to grow up under a religious regime dogmatic, militant, narrow, and cruel. But if his circumstances were mean, his endowment was superb. There is a startling and unaccountable discrepancy between his humble earthly lot and his transcendent gifts of personality. Circumstances decreed that he should be an Ayrshire plowman; but nature made him a nobleman. The fires of genius flamed in every thought of his brain and throbbed in every beat of his impassioned heart. Providence had showered her gifts upon him without stint. She had made him witty and wise and tender, had lodged with him the secrets of mirth and melody and poetic insight, had commissioned him to enchant the world for all time with laughter and tears, and had decreed that he should unseal the hidden fountains of beauty and truth in the hearts of the humble toilers of earth. But Burns never ceased to be the victim of the painful discrepancy between the mundane life of the peasant and the dream-world of the poet. William Burns, his father, steadily got the worst of it in his struggle with fortune—despite heroic effort and painful frugality upon the part of the entire family. By the time Robert was fifteen years of age he was doing the work of a grown man and was the chief laborer on the farm. The fact that "for several years butcher's meat was a stranger to the house" suggests that the growing boys were insufficiently nourished. The poet later alludes to himself

as having been doomed during these years to "the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing toil of a galley slave." Under such conditions, of course, life for him became a tragedy. Fancy and wit and passion were in riotous possession of the inner man, while the outer man was held in imperious subjection by want and penury and social obscurity. And, be it remembered, the penalty for relaxed physical effort was nakedness and starvation. Burns was from first to last an irrepressible optimist; but certainly never before nor since was an optimist required to do business upon such small capital.

But however courageously and cheerfully Burns himself faced his hard lot, the world can but weep that one so inherently gentle, devout, and gifted should have been obliged to wear away his life and wound himself against barriers that he could not possibly break through or remove; for there can be no doubt that his physical constitution, as well as his poetic endowment, was more or less impaired by the sore hardships of his early life. Another and more serious effect of Burns's poverty and hardship upon him and upon his poetic work was the bitterness of spirit that gradually took possession of him when he reflected—as he did too often—upon the cruel discrepancy, so far as the affairs of this world are concerned, between his fortune and that of men above him in social rank. He could see no justice in this. And so the note of discord intruded itself not infrequently into his verse—and still more often into his letters—and to a degree vitiated the quality of his song. He could not, like Wordsworth, fall back in dignified contentment upon the store of essential joys and blessings that are granted to all men, and, cherishing jealously the sacred gifts of manhood and genius that had been bestowed upon him, make these at once his source of comfort and his title to a nobility that man's hand could neither confer nor take away. Instead, he walked in growing bitterness and discontent, squandered what princes would have given their lives to possess, and lusted after riches which, could he have secured, would no doubt have tended to blight the starry genius with which his brow, among all the millions of men of his generation, had been graced. It is a mistake, though, to suppose that, even in the outward circum-

stances of his life, his fate was altogether hard. He had, for one thing, a good father and a good mother. And for such a blessing many a man would gladly surrender titles and diadems. William Burns was a hero—more of a hero than his brilliant son; for, though cruelly worsted by fortune, he fought on with honor and courage unimpaired. He was a hero but for whom there could have been no Robert Burns the poet. He was a man of industry, piety, intelligence, and integrity. He was a man, moreover, well versed in the affairs of the world, a man of remarkable common sense and of noble ambition "to know the best that is known and thought in the world." Until long after he was of age, Burns had the saving influence of a religious home, the love and fellowship of bright, affectionate brothers and sisters, educational opportunities which, if not extended, were at least sound, thorough, and inspiring. He had, too, the intimate friendship and counsel not only of his wise, tactful father, but of Murdoch, his young teacher, as well—a youth to whom the world must always acknowledge a debt of gratitude. He early had access to many good books—among them the best books that can fall into the hands of any boy—the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton; and, finally, he had the restraining and ennobling influence of honest outdoor toil; if too severe at times, not without the compensating joys that come from daily familiar intercourse with earth and sky and the kindly, innocent creatures that inhabit these.

The fact is, Burns's deepest misfortune was due neither to obscurity, nor the hardships entailed by poverty, nor the sore toil to which his youth was doomed. Burns's greatest tragedy was the keen realization deep in his own soul that he had broken the moral law, and so had violated his own higher nature; for Burns ever preserved a tender conscience. He did not sin without light; and for a nature as inherently noble and intensely religious as was his, this meant enduring torment. Up to his twenty-third year he had observed a strictly virtuous life; but in the summer of 1781, at Irvine, whither he had gone to better his fortunes, he lost his money, his health, and, worst of all, his innocence—and with that his peace of mind forever. He attributes his moral downfall to the influence of a bosom friendship which he formed

with a young man named Richard Brown. "His knowledge of the world," writes Burns, "was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself when woman was the presiding star; but he spoke of a certain fashionable failing with levity, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did me a mischief." It was a mischief the consequences of which he never afterward escaped. From that time on until the end of his life he was rarely free from some illicit amour; and all too soon intemperance linked itself with licentiousness. He recognized and acknowledged his weaknesses and his sins; but he continued to indulge them to the end.

The chief solaces of life for Burns were love, and wine, and song. From the time that he was fifteen years of age until he lay upon his dying bed his heart beat fevered time to one love passion after another; and no rapture of either spirit or sense failed to find prompt expression in liquid gushes of lyric melody. Love and poetry entered his life simultaneously. He says in his Common-place Book, August, 1783: "I never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet till I got once heartily in love, and then *rhyme* and *song* were, in a manner, the spontaneous language of my heart." From that day on he continued to love such female partners as fate or chance threw in his way. He seldom loved wisely; he never loved too well. But whether the passion were brief or long-continued, noble or ignoble, fortunate or disastrous, it seldom failed of celebration in enduring song. Next to the inspiration that he drew from love was the inspiration that he drew from drink. Indeed, Burns has asserted that love and wine are the only suitable themes for lyric poetry. Happily his own work gloriously confutes this; but he has nevertheless written enough bacchanalian poetry to show that he had a mighty faith in Scotch drink. But my purpose at this point is not to censure Burns for his transient, unhallowed, and infelicitous sexual loves, nor to preach a sermon upon the power of Scotch drink to put a poet early to bed for his eternal sleep. It is my desire, rather, to show what a large place conviviality and the love of woman occupied in the life of Burns. To a preeminent degree he drew

the materials from which he created his poetry from his own experience and environment; and love and unrestrained conviviality constituted to a very great degree the real interests of his life. The practice of poetry alone transcends these in importance; and poetry was simply the purified and idealized flower that bloomed in the soil of affection and fellowship. Whatever delinquencies there are in the character and poetry of Burns, they are in the nature of a sort of ill-regulated overplus of just such qualities of temperament as constitute the ideal endowment of the lyric poet. It is not true, as Burns somewhere says,

> But yet the light that led astray
> Was light from Heaven;

but it is true that heaven had so poured the fire of lyric genius into his veins, and had so packed his nature with the joy of life, and the expansive power of sympathy, and the passion for beauty and human fellowship, that the slightest deviation from the higher laws written upon his conscience, a single rupture of the unity and integrity of his life, could betray him to a destruction commensurate with his mighty gifts. So he stood among men as a sort of incarnate possibility of magnificent success, on the one hand, or of tragic failure, on the other. He pursued a middle course, with the result that we see—a tragic failure, but not a complete failure. Given his endowment plus the poise and self-control of a Wordsworth or a Tennyson, and Shakespeare might have had a rival in literature.

Scotland was enough awake to receive and encourage its poet. Broken in fortune and in morals and in spirit, Burns was about to set sail for Jamaica to spend the remainder of his life in uncertain employment in the West Indies. But the first edition of his poems, which he had published to secure money for his passage, was received with such acclamation that he took heart and decided to go up to Edinburgh to arrange for a second edition of his poems. On his way up to the Scottish capital, he was everywhere hailed with enthusiastic delight by his countrymen. One night he spent at the home of a Mr. Prentice. "The poet's arrival was intimated to the invited neighbors by a white sheet, attached to a hayfork, being put on the top of the farmer's highest cornstack, and pres-

ently they were seen issuing from their homes and converging to the point of meeting. A glorious evening, or rather night which borrowed something from the morning, followed, and the conversation of the poet confirmed and increased the admiration created by his writings." In Edinburgh, Burns received distinguished attention from the *literati* and the nobility alike. He was lionized by great and small, men and women of rank and genius vying with each other to do him honor. He was flattered and feted and banqueted; and he was always equal to every demand made upon him—his genius shining the more resplendently in the company of his intellectual peers.

To Burns was granted little time, or leisure, or quiet, to cultivate the art he so passionately loved. His library was the open field and sky; his hours for poetic composition such as he could steal from sleep and sore toil; his audience the lads and lasses who labored with him in the field or shared his rustic sports. During his earlier manhood there were added to the crushing weight of poverty that had always borne him to the earth remorse of spirit for his evil conduct, torturing anxiety concerning the immediate outcome of his follies, and the unhealthful excitement that came from bitter controversy with those in spiritual authority. Later came the distractions of social life and convivial excesses in Edinburgh, followed, as these were, by keen disappointment that no fixed good came of all his sudden and brilliant success. And later still his noble soul was wasted and prostituted by reason of the petty duties and the wild indulgences that naturally arose in connection with his work as an exciseman. Toward the close he was broken both in health and spirits, and he died when he was only thirty-seven years of age—died before some men of genius discover their powers and begin really to live. But what he lacked in leisure, and culture, and length of days, he made up for largely in freshness, spontaneity, closeness to nature, originality of method. The subject-matter of his lyrics issued hot from his own heart, or came to life under his own eye as he walked the moorland, or followed the plow, or shared with his companions the homely scenes of rustic life. Incident and imagery sprang simultaneously into being without effort on his part and

were instantly welded into unforgettable music under the open sky, later to be committed to writing and laid away in his garret chamber. His very finest poems came into being in this way—"To a Mouse," "To a Mountain Daisy," "The Twa Dogs," "Poor Mailie," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Epistle to Davie," "To Mary in Heaven," "Tam o' Shanter," and a score of others.

Love, as we have seen, was the first impulse that prompted Burns to write poetry, so his earliest compositions were songs. But no sooner had he become conscious of the poetic gift that was lodged with him, and firm master of the poetic craft, than he began to find subject-matter worthy of his muse in the homely scenes of the farm. One of the very earliest interests that appealed to the poet within him was a responsiveness to the joys and sorrows of his unconscious brute friends, for his broad sympathy and wealth of affection made him the friend of all creatures. It does not seem particularly strange or unusual to us that Burns should have found subject-matter for poetry in the adventures of a sheep, the misfortunes of a mouse, the undress conversation of a pair of chum dogs, or the well-earned rewards that may be supposed to come to the old age of a horse that has kept the faith and finished his course. For Kipling, and Seton-Thompson, and Jack London have made us more familiar with the life of our dumb friends than we are with the affairs of our next-door neighbor and have shown us that within the breast of the town cur that goes flying down our streets with a tin can tied to his tail are reaches of philosophic thought and heights of moral grandeur more wonderful and awe-inspiring than either Kant's orderly march of the heavens or the moral law graven upon the heart of man. But it was not so in Burns's time. His sympathy with nature, his insight into the experiences of the creatures he met in field and forest, and his tender responsiveness to their woes and their misfortunes were an almost utterly new note in poetry; and, as a natural consequence, it brought to the sensibilities and emotions of his readers novel charm and welcome refreshment. In his poems descriptive of the life and fortunes of animals, Burns humanizes their experiences and floods this subconscious world that lies so close to our own world of consciousness and moral

endeavor with a wealth of sportive tenderness that lifts it into the realm of enduring art.

In the rhymed epistles that Burns now and then threw off spontaneously to this or that friend, comrade, or benefactor we read the characteristic moods, the familiar experiences, the inner biography of the poet. They are nearly all written in the vernacular, with off-hand ease, in a buoyant, breezy, rattling measure, and they abound in pictures of homely peasant life and bits of sage advice and homespun philosophy that would do credit to Benjamin Franklin or Abraham Lincoln. To Davie he says:

If happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest!
Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang;
The heart ay's the part ay
That make us right or wrang.

And to his young friend, the son of Robert Aiken, the lawyer, he vouchsafes the following advice—the more striking because he so completely ignored much of it in the conduct of his own life.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom cronie;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to onie:
Conceal yoursel as weel's you can
Frae critical dissection:
But keek through ev'ry other man
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that ay be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side-pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

In these epistles, too, we find numerous interesting references to his art—its growth, his attitude toward the rhyming craft, and his method of composition. We see how instinctive poetry was

to him, how early he was inspired to poetic expression, what a solace he found in making verse, and how noble his ambition was. He sings:

> The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
> Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
> Adoun some trottin burn's meander,
> And no think lang:
> O, sweet to stray, and pensive ponder
> A heart-felt sang!

And, again,

> I am nae poet, in a sense;
> But just a rhymer like by chance,
> An' hae to learning nae pretence;
> Yet, what the matter?
> Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
> I jingle at her.

And, writing to the Guidwife of Wauchope-House, in an allusion to his early inspiration to poetry under the spell of Handsome Nell's "witching smile," and "pauky een," he says:

> Ev'n then a wish (I mind its pow'r),
> A wish that to my latest hour
> Shall strongly heave my breast,
> That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
> Some usefu' plan or book could make,
> Or sing a sang at least.
> The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
> Amang the bearded bear [barley],
> I turned the weeder-clips aside,
> And spar'd the symbol dear.
> No nation, no station
> My envy e'er could raise;
> A Scot still, but blot stiil [without],
> I knew nae higher praise.

And, finally, in his "hairum-scarum, ram-stam" epistle to his bosom crony, wicked little James Smith, he rattles away with characteristic glee.

> While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
> I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal;
> Be't water-brose or muslin-kail,
> Wi' cheerfu' face,
> As lang's the Muses dinna fail
> To say the grace.

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, an' prose,
I rhyme away.

In "Tam o' Shanter" and "The Jolly Beggars" we find Burns more completely master of himself, and yet more completely transported into his creative work—and it is no contradiction to say that a poet is completely master of himself when he has completely lost himself in his work—than we find him in any other production. "Tam o' Shanter" is a narrative poem. "The Jolly Beggars" is dramatic. The greatness of "Tam o' Shanter" lies in its amazing freshness and spontaneity, its imaginative vividness, its glorious humor, its power to blend into one emotions at once ludicrous and awe-inspiring, its narrative excellence; and its overmastering rhythmic swing and technical perfection. As a sympathetic interpretation of the inner and outer world of a drunken ne'er-do-well it is unsurpassed. The joys of the inebriate—as well as his woes—are here made real to the man who has always preferred to keep reason and discretion uppermost, and the range of human experience and human sympathy are thereby expanded. "The Jolly Beggars," in the opinion of most great critics, is held in still higher estimation than "Tam o' Shanter." Matthew Arnold calls it "that puissant and splendid production." Surely the poem is not great because of the dignity or inherent greatness of the subject-matter, for Burns introduces us here to the scum of society—the off-scouring of the earth. More than that, he draws the curtain upon them in the midst of their squalor and their debauchery. But the astonishing thing about it all is that he interests us in these vagabonds, drabs, and cut-throats; and by means of his power of dramatic portrayal, and his own inclusiveness of human sympathy, he turns the vilest and most lawless human passions into material for art. "The Jolly Beggars" is a glorification of the indestructible passion for joy in life, an assertion that the worst condition to which human nature can come still offers a reprieve of pleasure.

Burns' satirical poems, eight or ten in number, constitute

a class by themselves. They are of a controversial nature and were directed against the Calvinistic theology of the kirk. They were witty, brilliant, and irresistible. They are as coarse and merciless as they are witty and brilliant; though they cannot be said to be essentially irreverent. Many have regretted that Burns ever wrote these crushing attacks upon the church. And there can be no doubt that it was unfortunate for Burns that he was drawn into such a controversy when his own need of the comforts and restraints of religion was so great. To be sure, the force of his assault was not against religion itself, but against the intolerance, the hypocrisy, and the false dogma of the kirk as it then existed. It is hardly likely that the bigoted, overweening, frequently immoral clergy against whom he inveighed were too roughly treated; and it was important that the blighting influence of the false dogma and severe ecclesiasticism that ruled Scotland should be overset. The unfortunate thing is that Burns, with his temperament and disposition, with his strong temptations and weak will power, with his dissatisfaction with himself for the overt transgressions of the moral and divine law of which he knew himself to be guilty—it was unfortunate for him at such a time, I say, to lose his confidence in the ordinances which from childhood he had been taught to look upon as sacred, and that he should have had his faith shaken in those who stood as the religious guides of the people. We see all too plainly how natural it was that he should assail the ruling theology and ecclesiasticism. His own free course of life brought him into reproach and resulted in severe discipline; his inquiring mind, fearless and independent as it was, led him inevitably to see the false grounds of the current orthodoxy; and there was within him an irresistible impulse to give free play to his wit, especially when the citadels of hypocrisy, falsehood, and presumption offered such a tempting mark. At its worst, the satire is obscene, suggestive of personal malice, and tinged with irreverence; at its best, in "The Address to the Deil" and his "Address to the Unco Guid," it is rich in delicious humor, universal in its human appeal, nobly wise in its plea for tolerance of judgment and forgiving tenderness between man and man.

Above all, Burns was a song-writer; by no means the creator

of Scottish song, but immeasurably the greatest among the many brilliant song-writers of Scotland. "Instead of saying that Burns created Scottish song," writes Mr. Shairp, "it would be more true to say that Scottish song created Burns, and that in him it culminated." For centuries Scotland had created and cherished popular song. The delight in it was universal, and the heritage of sweet airs and wild melodies that came to every Scotch peasant at birth was illimitable. Many of these airs, too, had come down with fit and appropriate words, rich in sentiment and meaning; though too often the words to which these tunes were wedded were coarse or indecent. The quaint, wild, sweet melodies that had floated about Scotland from time out of mind, originating just where no man could say, were peculiarly adapted to express all the complex and swift-changing shades of emotion of a naturally susceptible and emotional race. These airs, or snatches from them, were upon the lips of every peasant and every humble toiler in Scotland. The mother crooned them to her baby, the milkmaid sang them at her work, the plowboy whistled them as he drove a-field, and the lads and lasses made entertainment for one another with them at their merrymakings. So the Scottish minstrelsy was, and has been for ages, a minstrelsy of the people. It was adapted to fit their moods—to express their sorrow and their mirth; and the words were strong, fresh, and vivid, caught from their own daily speech. Burns himself grew up in just such an atmosphere of Scotch song. His mother was familiar with many of these popular lyrics, and she sang them to her children from their infancy. As Burns grew up, one of the books from which he was inseparable was a volume of Scotch songs. These selections he studied and criticized assiduously—testing the merits and demerits of the productions as best he could, and so forming his own taste. So it is sufficiently plain that the path he trod so conspicuously was prepared for him; and it is evident that he found quite as much as he created. Yet what a vast change he wrought in the minstrelsy of his country—how he enriched it with his own lyric genius! He wrote in all about three hundred songs—most of them, of course, based on older productions. Nearly always he was indebted to the past for the melody, very often for

a refrain or a fragment, and in many cases he retouched and purified indecent old songs whose tunes were too beautiful to die, yet whose words were unfit to live. When we find ourselves inclined to criticize some of Burns' songs for their coarse humor, we must not forget that he did an incalculable service in elevating and purifying his native songs. Even Ramsey, his chief predecessor and guide in this field, admitted many vulgar and injurious selections into his collections because he was willing to pander to the low taste of the people. Burns jealously sought to preserve every worthy scrap of Scottish song and was continually at pains to discover and take down any lyric bit that he hit upon in his travels about the country. When he would hear some all-but-forgotten melody crooned by old dames in out-of-the-way places, he would have it repeated, so that he might fit words to it, or would croon it over, or play it on the fiddle or the bagpipe in order that he might preserve it and make the most of it.

Such was the heritage that came to Burns, and such the lyric atmosphere in which he grew up. It was assigned to him to lift the folk-song of Scotland into the realm of universal literature. As a song-writer he is unrivaled; and the art of the song-writer is not an easy one. A good song need have nothing of the narrative quality; it need not convey any weighty thought. Indeed, the less thought the better, usually; the prime purpose of the lyric being to express a mood and produce an emotional impression. Burns's lyrics possess every requisite of a song. They appeal to the general heart of man; they are direct and simple in their appeal; they are written in the vernacular; and above all, they have the singing quality. We have seen that Burns's favorite method was first to get his tune, and then, as he hummed this tune, or as some one played it for him on the bagpipes or the fiddle, or his wife sang it for him, he would match the tune with appropriate words and sentiment. The background of nature he usually caught directly from his own surroundings. Thus it was that his songs were so musical and that they smacked of the soil.

In his songs Burns covers a very wide range of emotion. The vast majority of his lyrics, of course, have to do with love. No lyric poet excels him in the variety, richness, and poignancy of

his amatory verse. He reveals the passion of love in almost every conceivable mood—from the jocular tenderness of lovers grown old together in "John Anderson, My Jo, John," to the delicious throb of first love in "Handsome Nell." His heart was like tinder under the glance of a woman's eye, and what his heart prompted his hand and his voice rarely failed to execute with ready and appropriate grace. The lyric poignancy and sweetness of such love songs as "Mary Morison," "Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw," "Bonnie Doon," "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," and "To Mary in Heaven," cannot be surpassed by human art. There is one thing that is lacking in his love poetry—and that is a woeful lack—chivalrous reverence for womankind and the pure steadfastness of passion that comes from such spiritual and single-hearted devotion. There is little of the spiritual element in Burns's love poetry; there is very much of the sensuous, something even of the coarse and offensive. But there are a score of other lyric interests that command his attention—patriotism, friendship, conviviality, humble content, courage to out-face misfortune—every conceivable mood almost, except religious praise and resignation, and the laughing joy of childhood.

The poetry of Burns has a threefold interest. First, it bears the mark of a great personality—a personality vastly stored with possibilities both to receive and to give pleasure. He had a passionate zest for life and sympathies that linked him to all that moves, and feels, and breathes. Lords and ladies, lads and lassies, beggars and drunkards, domestic animals and savage beasts, flowers and insects, yes, the poor devil himself—he loved them all; and touched them all, either with tenderness, or mirth, or pathos, and brought them all into the realm of our sympathy. This passion for enjoyment, this intoxication with life, he transmits through his poetry to warm and thrill the heart of humanity everywhere. His personality of itself was a priceless bequest to the world. Second, it was his supreme distinction to see nobility and beauty in the commonplace, and with rare passion, freedom, and audacity to render his experiences of primal and homely things in such a manner as to invest them with universal significance. Says Wordsworth:

He . . . showed my youth
How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

And Carlyle writes eloquently:

The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him. Poverty is indeed his companion, but Love also, and Courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart; and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul; and they rise in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest.

Third, to personality and insight was superadded a gift of expression, of imagination, and melody that enabled him to fix sentiment in enduring beauty. There is little artifice in his poems; all his most cherished work bears the mark of absolute sincerity and spontaneity. He was a poet by instinct. Passion prompted his diction; his imagery he drew direct from nature; his *lilt* and melody he caught from the lips of happy girls and tender mothers. All was fresh from nature and from common life—fragrant with youth and steeped in the magic dyes of romance.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
He sang, his genius "glinted" forth,
Rose like a star that touching earth,
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.

Frank C. Lockwood

Art. VI.—CHRISTIAN PAGANISM

Herbert Spencer contended that there is "a thin layer of Christianity overlaying a thick layer of paganism. Christianity is nominally honored and professedly obeyed, while paganism is nominally discredited and practically obeyed." This statement is too sweeping, but it contains much truth. The Christian religion "is a treasure in earthen vessels," which have always been more or less pagan. It is a familiar historic fact that in the early Christian centuries Christianity appropriated pagan temples and incorporated pagan philosophy, ceremonies, and festivals into her theology and worship. Pagans were received into Christian fellowship and brought some of their paganism with them. Primitive Christianity parted with some of its purity as it grew in popularity, and when, under Constantine, Christianity was enthroned as the religion of the empire, it became imperialized, and under the sign of the cross prayed and lusted for the conquest of the world. In all the centuries since, Christianity has been paganized in some measure by every people and age she has sought to save.

This civilization of ours is far from being Christian. Luxurious sensuality and brutalized poverty, such as disgraced and destroyed Rome, are conspicuous in all the capitals of Christendom. The proletariat is increasing among us. Even the principles, maxims, and methods of our ruling economics have been, and are to-day, in a somewhat less degree, pagan. Our economics at the start professed to be "a system of natural liberty." Every man was declared to be free to seek pecuniary gain with a sole regard to his own profit. The law of supply and demand alone was to determine the wages paid to labor as well as the prices paid for commodities. In the early part of the last century the laborer had no right to organize for his own protection, or to strike or even to seek employment in another locality. The great Ricardo regarded labor as a machine and, like other machines, "entitled to only so much as would keep his body in repair." In the long history of "man's inhumanity to man" there are no

darker pages than those of English industry when capitalism carried out "this system of natural liberty" to its logical consequences—the enrichment of the few and the impoverishment of the many.

Capitalism in America has not been essentially different in principle and practice from that of England. Conditions here have been far more favorable for the people in general. Land has been abundant and cheap; labor could choose between the factory and the farm; many more opportunities to become "the architect of one's own fortune" have been presented and improved. But for several years the pressure of the population upon the means of subsistence has been keenly felt; the cost of living has been rising at an alarming rate. Producers, by the aid of a subservient Congress, have built a wall of protection around their products, thus giving them an enhanced value, while at the same time they have thrown the ports wide open to millions of low-class laborers to keep down the wages of native Americans—even importing gangs of such laborers under contract until forbidden by law. Women and children have been employed at excessive hours and low wages, thus demoralizing male labor and stunting the race. Laborers, on the other hand, have often been as sordid and predatory as the capitalists. Resentful at the sight of such enormous wealth and embittered by their own wretchedness, they have often struck wildly and been as darkly pagan as the proletariat at Rome in the days of the agrarian riots. Modern business is far bigger and better than the competitive system under which it carries on its operations. And capitalism, despite its attendant evils and its mistaken attempts to subordinate everything to the pursuit of wealth, is immensely better than any economic system which preceded it. The evils of capitalism blind many persons to the substantial benefits it has conferred upon humanity. By its masterful organization of industry, its marvelous machinery of communication and transportation, its utilization of natural forces to clothe and feed humanity, it has immensely promoted human happiness.

Nothing in society ever stands still. Every member decays and passes into disuse, or glows with new life and develops new

functions. Nothing is changing so rapidly as this industrial member, which has such a vital relation to us all. The competitive anarchy when every man's hand was against that of every other man has passed away. Men in business are not so free to do as they please as they once were: free competition has given way to regulated competition; the gigantic conspiracies of business and politics for the enrichment of the few, irrespective of the welfare of the many, are passing. "The strangle-hold" at least is broken. There are pious capitalists as there were "saints in Cæsar's household" and pious slaveholders sixty years ago who felt deeply the scandal of keeping their brothers in bondage and in some cases, at great personal sacrifice, set them free. There are saints in business and politics to-day who inwardly protest against the unscrupulous methods and debasing practices which they have to meet. These noble men have "the stress, strain, and battle pain" which everyone experiences who lives up to a higher standard and walks by an inner light.

It is beginning to be believed that Christian principles would be of great value commercially if they were generally and mutually applied, and that such application, if once made, would usher in the greatest economic prosperity the world has ever known. A few years ago Germany inaugurated a system of political economy which made man the center, and not wealth. In a speech on "Child and Female Labor" in the German Reichstag, Parson Stoecker, then the court chaplain, said: "We have put the question the wrong way. We have asked, How much child and female labor does industry need in order to flourish, to pay dividends, and sell goods abroad? whereas we ought to have asked, How should industry be arranged in order to protect and foster the family, the individual, and the Christian life?" When Germany shifted the emphasis from wealth and made manhood the standard of measure, she provided work for her unemployed; she cared for her sick, disabled, and aged; she instituted a system of workingmen's insurance by which now a hundred million dollars a year is distributed in benefits and indemnities. All these humane measures met with stubborn opposition. German business men argued that the burdens placed upon business by the new legisla-

tion could not be borne and that German industries would be handicapped in competition with those of other nations. But they overlooked what capitalists have so often and persistently overlooked, that labor, like land, may become so exhausted that it is unprofitable. It must be enriched to become productive. Better conditions of labor have always increased its efficiency and contributed to the profits of capitalists. From the time that Germany began to protect her working classes and ameliorate their condition she entered upon a career of remarkable commercial prosperity, which has been maintained to the present day. Her exports have increased at a rate proportionately faster than those of any other nation.

Wherever the desire for wealth is the dominating passion the principles of the Christian religion are inoperative and a Pharisaism as deadening as that which Christ condemned in terms of withering scorn abounds. Many members of Christian churches accumulate wealth mainly for themselves and their families. Even those who have accepted Christ as a Saviour from sin in many cases strangely ignore certain ethical responsibilities and sacrifices in regard to wealth which such salvation demands. Covetousness—which so degrades man's noblest powers and corrupts society, which divides men into warring classes—curses Christian churches and paralyzes their spiritual activities. Rich men are often exalted because of their wealth alone, and in the councils of the church, as in business, these rich laymen, by the mere might of their money, exercise a dominating influence. Much of the ostentation and lavish use of wealth is wanton and wicked. It is utterly inconsistent with the simplicity which should distinguish a Christian and is a prolific source of sensuality and social corruption. Luxurious living benumbs the spirit of self-sacrifice, without which no human being or society can be morally healthy or spiritually sound. In our expenditures we often forget that we all, the rich and the poor, are members of one great human family. In a well-ordered household it would be considered monstrous and brutal if the father or mother or one of the children should spend so much of the common patrimony in selfish gratification that the rest of the family should suffer for the necessities of life.

If a company of people should be gathered together at a banquet where the provision was barely sufficient to give each a moderate share, and a few greedy persons should help themselves so plentifully that there should not be enough left for the others, these greedy persons would be regarded as boors; but in every city there are hundreds of idle rich who produce nothing, but consume and waste so much from life's common table that only a few crumbs are left to the thousands who sicken and die in the slums. Professor Cairnes, one of the most conservative economists of England, speaking of the abundant expenditure of the idle rich, says:

> The wealth accumulated by their ancestors or others on their behalf, when it is employed as capital in productive enterprises, no doubt helps to sustain industry. But what they consume in luxury and idleness is not capital and helps sustain nothing but their own unprofitable lives. By all means they must have their rent and interest as it is written in the bond, but let them take their proper place as drones in the hive, gorging at a feast to which they have contributed nothing. This does not apply to the industrious rich, but it does condemn their luxury, which is contrary to the doctrine of stewardship and violates the law of natural love.

The parable of Dives is a true picture of a portion of human society to-day. It portrays the inevitable separation and retribution which is experienced by those who live in luxury and isolate themselves from the miseries of humanity. The soul shrinks and hardens; discontent and torment follow when temporal and eternal values are discerned in their true relation. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," Christ says. What is it to serve Mammon in the year of our Lord 1913? It is the strong will and determined effort to be rich, well-placed, and amused, with a feeble, starveling effort to know God's truth and help one's fellow men. This is to serve Mammon. This is what Christ condemns, and this, when covered with a mask of Christian profession, the world despises. The world knows too much of Christ not to detect the counterfeit. Is this luxurious living in the presence of moaning want, this withholding more than is meet in service and money, when all forms of evangelistic and philanthropic activity

are crippled for lack of support—is it Christian, this bowing down to the seen and perishable?

It is becoming economically evident, what has always been and will be forever true, that, "He that saveth his life, shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for Christ's sake," or for the sake of humanity, "shall find it." Our competitive system, which has always squarely opposed this principle, is being found to be impracticable; it has gone as far as it can and is already breaking in pieces. The trust is a confession that the selfish scramble of competing interests was not profitable. Business could no longer be carried on under the law of the jungle. Capital and labor have again and again been at a deadlock and industry has been paralyzed. When the capitalist on one side and the laborer on the other gives as little and does as little as possible—for that is what this system, or lack of system, leads to when carried to its logical consequences—business becomes a nightmare and industrial anarchy is rampant. The wrangle of capitalists and laborers is keeping the industrial world in a constant ferment and there can be no stable prosperity so long as each class contends so fiercely for its own selfish interests. War in any form is fearfully destructive, and industrial war the most destructive of all. The community is always the greatest sufferer. It has been longsuffering and much more kind than it should have been, but it will not endure this selfish scramble much longer.

What does this general uprising against special privileges and these strenuous efforts to establish industrial arbitration mean but that the law of the jungle is no longer practicable or profitable and that some higher law must take its place? The welfare of society and of the individual alike demands the subordination of all selfish claims and interests so far as they conflict with the good of the social whole. Society is yearning for a nobler, more brotherly, more Christian civilization. There is more social conscience to-day, more responsibility felt for the disadvantaged and the distressed, than ever before. There is a greater recognition of the obvious Christian truth, which has been so commonly disregarded, that whatever one possesses one holds as a steward, and not as an owner, in a world where all men are brothers, and where the

obligation of mutual help, so vital to the preservation of the family, is just as essential to the well-being of society. The changes in our thought and action in political and sociological matters have been more momentous in the last twelve years than in decades before. Twelve years ago, on the fourteenth of September, William McKinley was shot at Buffalo. There was never a more popular President than he. There was never an administration more harmonious or more strongly entrenched in the sources of political power. It was the golden period of corporate aggrandizement. The Senate ran the country, and rich men with predatory instincts ran the Senate. The Republican Party, apparently, was well satisfied with itself, with the country, and with business conditions. There were eating, drinking, and making merry over political pottage, and a complacent regard for the "full dinner-pail" of the laborer. There was no antitrust agitation. William McKinley, though a Christian at heart, was a pagan in politics, as was his party. He and his policies were in close alliance with men whose businesses were rapidly becoming monopolistic and exacting tribute from the American people. Had such policies been continued and such monopolies flourished until now, the people would have been bound hand and foot.

How suddenly and dramatically the political scene shifted! McKinley fell by an assassin's bullet, loved and lamented as no President since Lincoln. The bosses of his administration have all passed away and many of their policies and practices are reprobated. The Republican Party is very different to-day from what it was then, and it will be still more different when it gets together again and champions, as it did in its very beginning, the moral uprising of the people. The Democratic Party is also changed since honest Grover Cleveland choked back its greed and compelled it to keep the peace. Not but that it is still greedy and breaking its long fast, but it has higher ideals and is obedient to its school-master in the Presidential chair. Power is shifting into the hands of the people, and the dominating purpose of the best politics to-day is to apply the democratic principle industrially as well as politically, and by wise legislation and helpful ministries lighten the burdens of the people and safeguard their interests.

A keen observer, William Allen White, declares that,

> Now for ten years there has been a distinct movement among the American people—feeble and imperceptible against the current during the first few years of its beginning—a movement which indicates that in the soul of the people there is a conviction of their past unrighteousness. . . . It is now one of the big, self-evident things in our national life. It is called variously, Reform, The Moral Awakening, The Square Deal, Insurgency, and by other local cognomens; but it is one current in the thought of the people. And the most hopeful sign of the times lies in the fact that the current is almost world-wide. The same striving to lift men to higher things, to fuller enjoyment of the fruits of civilization, to a wider participation in the blessings of modern society—in short, to a more abundant life—the same striving is felt throughout Europe and among the islands of the sea that is tightening the muscles of our social and commercial and political body. . .
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> The good will of the people, . . . the widening faith of men in one another, in the combined wisdom of the numerical majority, indicates the presence of a human trust, that may come only to a people with broadening humanity, widening love for one's fellows. And if God is love, as the prophets say, then love is of God, and this growing abnegation of self to democracy is a divinely implanted instinct, . . . one with the miracles of life about us. The old order changeth.

Daniel Dorchester Jr.

Art. VII.—THE RETENTION OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The American Republic is in no danger of either majority or emergency. As a matter of fact, the present administration, coming by a tremendous majority in the electoral college, is a minority when reckoned by the popular vote, and the Philippine question, scarcely mooted during the presidential campaign, attracted attention only when the platform of the incoming party was read after the election. By reason of the geniality of his temperament and his clearness of mind, the new President bids fair to become exceedingly popular. The Secretary of State, himself a party idol, and having throngs of followers beyond his party, loves America with all possible devotion. Both may be under the passing temptation—which often assails statesmen—to anticipate opposition by action, cut short the debate, and for the sake of consistency give the party plank legislative enactment; but we cannot bring ourselves to believe that

> The jury their lips to the Bible have laid
> To render a verdict they've already made,

and that the country is up against any granite rock of administrative obstinacy. The Philippine question is more likely to pass through the various stages of discussion and become fixed in law or succumb to desuetude as the final precipitate of public opinion may determine. Napoleon, it is said, trained all decision and initiative out of his subordinates and had to pay the penalty for their lack of trust and imagination when emergencies arose: that similarly Mr. Bryan, defeated for the Presidency on this very issue in 1900, having lost the capacity for knowing the public mind and no longer able to learn what his followers really think, is bent on Philippine independence whether or no. There are incredible things in human life, and this may be one of them; but personal interest, party solidarity, and rare patriotism combine to discredit this attitude, and we expect the saving common sense of all parties to be influenced by the President and Secretary of State or, in turn, to influence them. Men and nations do what

they are impelled to do, and we believe that they wish to aid the country to a right decision. The general duty of government is to promote industry and prosperity. Frederick the Great went so far as to buy horses, furnish seed, and pay for the repair of private houses out of the public treasury after the third Silesian war. One of the magnanimities we still love to mention is the way General Grant sent the soldiers of General Lee home in 1865 with their horses to do the spring plowing. Education is another function of the government; so is the coinage; and anyone who has recently visited the Holy Land and marked the utter bankruptcy that has come upon the already impoverished people by the flood of brass coins from Tripoli, will realize how important the coinage is. The equitable levy of taxes and the honest expenditures of the public moneys must also be mentioned; likewise the maintenance of the public health, both physical and moral. Liberty also, that is, freedom of action within the limits of the public good, based, as it is, upon the freedom of the will, is also a great desideratum. Nothing, it would seem, can make up for its absence, and no tyranny, however prosperous, can atone for its lack. Any government which is meeting reasonable expectations in these important details has basic reasons for its continuance, and only on the surest guaranties that it is to be supplanted by a better government—one more conducive to material and moral prosperity—can proposals for a change be given a moment's consideration.

In the last two centuries the great colonizing nations, all located in the temperate zone, have become tremendously involved in the government of tropical countries. Like the nobles who went on the Crusades, they have been moved to these colonizing policies by mixed motives: namely, to extend their territories, to find congenial outlet for congested populations, for love of adventure, by desire of wealth and opportunity, and by that strange wanderlust which burns with flagrant heat in the hearts of men from the very beginning of time. England has been in India, and France in Indo-China for more than one hundred and fifty years. England has been in South Africa almost as long; and went to Egypt in 1882. The French have been in Algiers since 1830; Tunisia is

a later possession. Germany's African empire is largely the result of the present Emperor's activity, and just lately Italy, that was offered Tunis by Bismarck and ever since has regretted not taking it, has annexed Tripoli. On May 1, 1898, without a suspicion or wish on the part of any American that any such thing would happen, the United States found itself involved in an administrative and governmental responsibility in the Philippine Islands whose outcome only a prophet is able to declare. "Dewey should have sailed away," say some. But no one thought of that or would have consented to that on May 2, 1898. "McKinley should never have paid twenty million dollars according to the treaty of Paris." But it was McKinley, and not our interlocutor, whom the people had elected to approve negotiations. "Give them to Japan!" "Treat them as we did Cuba!" "Get a guarantee of their independence from the great powers!" and so on, including every possible plan save the one we are actually following. Now are we prepared to say that England, France, Germany, Italy, and, lastly, the United States are playing the cuckoo—that by some strange and unvarying instinct foregoes the business of nesting and feeding and takes shrewd advantage of the labors of other birds? No Darwin has come forward to make plain how such an instinct is developed, nor why other birds nest these foundling eggs and welcome and feed the intruders. Perhaps colonization is one of the primal virtues and not decided proof of a greedy state. Turkey has exploited her provinces, harried them, lived off them, and is anathema thereby. Surely no one will accuse the United States of exploiting the Philippines! The soldier boys who died in suppressing the Aguinaldo rebellion, the law and order induced by our men and ships in a hundred places where anarchy had reigned, the special tariffs enacted by Congress for Philippine products, a superb educational program planned and executed for the islands, and a civil service which rivals the palmiest bit of governing efficiency ever organized by either Germany or England, and which is at once the country's pride and justification, all give denial to such an insinuation. Cables, railroads, telegraph lines, electric lights, signal service, civil service employing almost every Tagalog who approximates efficiency, schools, university, code of

laws, legislature, teachers' assembly, are most uncuckoolike. Take, for example, the single item of railroads, occupying two lines in the brief statistics submitted later on. A railroad is a missionary enterprise. It is no exaggeration to say that all over the world a railroad is a great pacificator. One dollar spent on a railroad is worth a hundred times that sum spent on army equipment. Not a hundred million of pounds sterling expended on forts and munitions of war would equal the English railway from Karachi to Quetta. The railroads from Haifa to Damascus, from Jaffa to Jerusalem, from Alexandria to Assouan, mean just as much comparatively. Then to the special uses of the railroad add the civilizing force which inheres in travel. It has often been remarked that if the railroads which now reach from the Ohio River to the South had been built before 1860 the Civil War never would have occurred. Surely the English have not played cuckoo in India. The thousands of miles of railroad they have built in the Hindu peninsula and the cheap travel which they afford have transformed the country, made successful insurrection impossible, greatly lessened the danger of famine, revealed the native princes to each other and to their own people, and served to merge the pettiness and narrowness of isolated territories into something approaching nationality. The missionary could never go to a village like Tikri—where we saw the entire sweeper caste of the village baptized—but for the British government having made it possible for Europeans to administer law, suppress plague and famine, and preach in the six hundred thousand villages that constitute the real India. The English commissioner who promulgated an order that after receiving baptism natives should have the same right as before to water from the public well did more to enlarge the faith that year than was accomplished by all the churches together. The wretched money system, far worse than the American wild-cat currency in vogue before the Civil War, has given place to a skillfully arranged coinage which has reduced fluctuations to a minimum. Then throw into the credit side of the English occupation the suppression of Sutteeism, prohibition of child marriages, or at least the right to elect whether they will live with their husbands when they reach the age of fourteen—

plus the orphanages, hospitals, schools, colleges, and industries that have protection under the Union Jack—and one begins to appreciate England's right to the title of "the great missionary nation." All this is truer still of Egypt, and because of the long experimentation in India it has been accomplished there with fewer administrative errors and excesses. The great dams at Cairo and Assouan would have justified the occupation; so would the railway to Khartum; likewise the free ophthalmic clinics open to a whole people on the verge of blindness. Here also the railroads and bridges they have built, the public utilities they have introduced, water, gas, trams, electric lights, long miles of roadway, the suppression of Mahdist fanatics from Cairo to the Nyanzas, and a "Cape to Cairo" railway, make the bombardment of Alexandria and the consequent occupation of Egypt the crowning glory of Gladstone's great career.

The French have not done quite so well in Indo-China as in Algiers. Like the English in India, they had to learn. Nevertheless, France may well be proud of two thousand kilometers of railway connecting great cities that were formerly the petty capitals of petty states, mere names on the maps of old geographies. There are paved streets now in the cities, well-kept roads running in all directions, cotton mills, oil refineries, fisheries, each industry employing thousands and attesting alike the government interest and sagacity. In Cambodia at every administrative center there are great salas furnishing free lodgings to travelers, who are thus invited to pass that way. The mother-of-pearl industry has reached its maximum development there, and those who are familiar with the comparative prosperity that, in spite of the enormities of Turkish taxation, has come to little Bethlehem, the town of the Nativity, by reason of about one hundred and twenty people employed in making mother-of-pearl beads and crosses, will appreciate the lifting power of a chance to work in Palestine, Cambodia, and America. In Algiers, the French have built a network of macadam roads which make it a paradise for automobiling. Six automobile parties, all with high-power machines of American manufacture, landed from our steamship bent on Tunis or on oases far in the Sahara desert. Hour after hour

we watched the big cranes lift Deering (what does not that name mean to a Northwestern student!), Osborne, and McCormick binders, mowers, and rakes, and Studebaker wagons, from the vessel's hold and stack them upon lighters for Algerian use. Railroads thread all the North African coast and are pushing far beyond the littoral. We sailed for a whole day along the coast of the huge continent from Algiers to Tunis, watching the big rocks that jut into the sea, observing the long sand dunes that vary the view, and counting meanwhile the tall wireless stations that the French government has built to observe and chronicle the weather, recount the movements of caravan travelers and of savage tribesmen. There is a strangeness about the French cuckoo in North Africa, where they have spent millions on millions of treasure and thousands of lives in these eighty-three years of colonial occupation.

All this and more we have done in the Philippines. Beginning with Taft, with no real mistakes, and in the spirit of helpfulness and humanity, the island commissioners sent out from Washington have in fifteen years wrought parallels for the work for a century of the English and French in Asia. The railroad from Manila to Baguio is worth twenty thousand rifles, and the Manila north and south roads mean millions saved in munitions of war and peace without military campaigns. Glowing with lofty purposes and noble imaginings, the commissioners have improved upon the policies followed in Egypt and Algiers, and if one were tempted to despair of the republic and distrust democracy in general, let him go to Manila and Baguio and meet the men intrusted by Washington to carry forward this great adventure. Though not personally familiar with the colonizing work of the Germans, we hazard the statement that for ability, integrity, and those spiritual potencies which inhere in the manner, character, and objective of the Philippine civil service, in educational methods and in economic measures, the American occupation deserves to be labeled more purely and genuinely altruistic than the work of any modern colonizing power. They have wrought lasting good for the people, and the meed of fame sure to be awarded to McKinley and Taft will have rich tinge from their record in the Philippines.

All this is material and objective. There is also a spiritual and subjective aspect to the question. These colonizing nations go to endure as well as act, to learn as well as to teach. There are two qualities that nations, as well as individuals, must maintain in the long processes of their progress. Like individuals, nations grow stale, part with their initiative, and seem to lose themselves in cynicism and indifference. The moral flame burns low in Turkey to-day compared with the passion with which they overran Europe in the fifteenth century and established themselves at Adrianople. Spain at the close of the fifteenth century, when it was expelling the Moors, knitting together its empire by the union of Castile and Arragon, discovering America, seems at the very antipodes from modern Spain, which the late Lord Salisbury called "a decadent nation." First, then, a nation must keep a certain fiery ardor of spirit, a rich animating hope and enthusiasm. Anything that will feed this fervor and inflame this temper of mind, keeping it energetic and expulsive, is well worth assiduous cultivation. This quality cannot endure alone, and needs to be supplemented by directness of aim and a soberness of mood that will preserve the purpose when experience contradicts hope and when things turn out differently from what we had supposed or desired. Moreover, nations, like individuals, make mistakes, become wounded in both body and mind, and anything that will heal and restore the national selfrespect and aid it to forget while it profits by the experience is an asset of the highest value. Rocking over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the names of old mariners and peoples who had sailed those same seas, beating against headwinds for weeks the distances we steamed by in an hour, came trooping before our mind's eye. We wondered not at what they did, but at what they became by their enterprises. Run over the history of France during the Algerian occupation: Louis Philippe, with his reactionary Bourbonism; Napoleon III, with his vulgar glitter withering at Sedan; the loss of Strasburg, still veiled with crape on fête days in the Place de la Concord; two interoceanic canals begun by them, neither in their keeping now; not to mention the Commune, Boulanger, and Dreyfus. Surely the French people must have moments of humiliation when they

reflect on these things. Surely when they think of Dreyfus they must wish some goblet of forgetfulness pressed to their lips. How fine it is, then, to meet a sapient Frenchman and note the pride and satisfaction with which he expresses himself about Algiers. France may have failed many times and have reason to blush over her past, but in Algiers it has found forgetfulness for failure, healing for many old wounds, and an experience of joy and gladness that comes to nations, as to individuals, for a choice bit of work well done. Just now the same therapeutics are working in Italy. We traveled up the Ionian Sea with some Italian Red Cross nurses and a dozen Italian officers going home from the capture and occupation of Rhodes. They carried success in face, voice, and bearing. It seems to us such a little thing to take an island from the Turks—like a dog taking a sweet biscuit from a baby. But it has recovered their self-respect and strung again the lyre of national hope and aspiration. Or take their annexation of Tripoli. As a bargain it seems foolish and an economic waste. Nor does the method or the motive appeal to us. It is an open secret that the Banca de Roma was the power urging the ministry to declare war, and that the reason was to save themselves from possible losses in Tripolitan oasis lands. But Scipio coming home from Africa was no prouder than these officers and common soldiers over this national exploit. A nation's life consisteth not in the abundance of "things." Tripoli has brought the reactionary church and the progressive throne and democracy together. The Pope refused to reprove a bishop who threw himself into the war on the popular side, and the worst that will happen to him, said a wise churchman, is "never to be made a cardinal." Coming changes with regard to vast conventual and monastic endowments, greatly to be desired for the economic health of Italy, will be more easily accomplished by reason of the glow imparted to Italian patriotism by the Tripolitan enterprise. Russia is comparable to the fossil Diplodocus, a vast inert creature one hundred feet long, with a tough black hide and a brain the size of a pigeon's egg. The expansionists of England, unconsciously, no doubt, helped her to escape the fate of the Diplodocus—extinction. A nation is like a tree whose life is in its branches, and the young English-

men, with their cockney patois and dress coats, on their way to remote territories keep alive the vast enormity of business, amusement, sporting, and plethoric feeding which we call England. These young Englishmen, the romance and *spirituel* of the empire, stream away to other lands and hold the fairest spots on earth, grow into strong nations hardened by the suns of New Zealand and the frosts of Canada, keeping alive the fancy, imagination, and exuberant domination of the mother country. The soul is where it acts, says Lotze; and Thomas Jefferson, annexing Louisiana, contrary to all his political maxims and traditions, was the soul of a larger country than any of which the beardless colonels and young sages who won the Revolution ever dreamed. Grover Cleveland lacked imagination and missed his way when he hauled down the flag in Hawaii. The instinct of the people judged better than the President, with all his sterling integrity. In adding those mid-Pacific islands to the United States there was a subjective inspiration which men cannot understand who deal only in figures and precedents. And these Philippine Islands, a hundredfold more potential in degree, furnish a similar effect. We are at the ends of the earth doing our share of the world's civilizing work. Insensibly our trade leaps forward, our navy increases, the Panama strip is acquired, the canal is digged, the Pacific Coast finds itself, a heightened appreciation of Alaska comes into the public mind, new vigor appears in our consular agents and new method in their appointment; they play "Yankee Doodle" on all English ships, and the Deutscher Verein learn the "Star Spangled Banner"; North and South reunite in the Philippines, and we all breathe the vital air of a larger, less sordid, and more buoyant country.

Not all in the Philippines are friendly to independence. Of fifty young teachers and civil service employees whom we interviewed not one favors independence. The opinion of Mr. Gonzalo Guzman, expressed in the Philippine Observer, is worth a moment's review. He is young and an acknowledged patriot and leader. He elaborates the following points: (1) The many dialects interfere with the rapid union of the people. While a few educated persons speak English and Spanish, a real

nation must find its basis in the middle and lower classes, who are now, and will be for generations, strangers to either language. (2) The economic independence of the islands must first be achieved. (3) The people lack military knowledge, and though situated in a very exposed position, have neither a navy with which to defend themselves nor the naval science to build and equip it. (4) Many do not know the meaning of the word "independence," and foolishly think that thus they will be licensed to do as they please and will, moreover, escape the taxes they now pay. (5) Racial antipathy is the greatest hindrance to independence. As long as the hatred continues of Pampangos against Tagalogs and Visayans, of Pangasanins toward Ilocos, and of the Moros against the Christian tribes, there is no possibility of independence. Even in towns of the same province, and in barrios of the same town, this racial antipathy is now the most potent factor in the daily life of the people.

To this lucid statement of the present situation let me append a few statistics specifying a few of the government activities, which, by way of comparison, may give us a view of the present rate of progress:

	1911	1912
Public Buildings:		
Number	158	181
Cost	Pesos, 2,775,339	Pesos, 2,540,638
Artesian Wells	337,387	377,387
Irrigation	888,755	878,783
Roads and Bridges	4,551,733	4,546,708

	1907	1911
Enrollment in public schools (estimated)	140,000	446,889
Railroad mileage	122	455
Public Roads:		
Manila, North		369
Manila, South		129

	1902	1911
Cholera:		
Manila, Cases	4,664	1
Deaths	3,560	1
Provinces, Cases	120,996	226
Deaths	77,072	182

	1899	1902	1912
Imports	$1,150,613	$4,035,243	$20,604,155
Exports	3,540,894	7,871,743	21,517,777

To this writer these figures and considerations seem eloquent for retaining the islands. They are all affirmative and constructive. Negations quite as conclusive need simply to be stated. If Congress provides independence for the islands, millions of money now used for their development will be withdrawn and other millions will never be invested at all; and when we face the sober facts that the Spanish colonies have never displayed aptitude for self-government, that Tagalog leaders have promised Visayans and Moros that they will be allowed to establish a second republic of their own, that in the judgment of careful men the United States would thus be adding another government like Mexico to disgrace the name of republic, and that we should in the act be conferring upon the Tagalogs headship among nine million Malays with authority to govern these primitive peoples, made up, as they are, of many races, speaking many languages and dialects, from widely scattered localities and with no bond of union, it would seem that the question can await decision by a later generation than our own.

The question of academic independence still remains to be faced. We do not wish to evade it. It is of little moment now, for not until the Filipino peoples become self-respecting, self-supporting, in some degree conforming to civilized standards, clean-minded, clean-bodied, healthy and wholesome members of the body politic as at present constituted, will they be ready for assimilation into the American nation or for independence. To do it as a kindness will not answer. Mistaken kindness is little less dangerous than premeditated malice. No grievance is alleged against the government by the Philippine Commission; only a small percentage of those entitled to participate in the election of the Philippine legislature availed themselves of the right of suffrage. The Philippine assembly's four times refusing to pass criminal statutes against slavery and peonage suggests its immediate adjournment *sine die* by executive order. No schemes of public betterment in case independence is granted are proposed. The claim amounts to about this: that because we have a July 4, 1776, in the calendar, these islanders *per se* deserve to be permitted to govern themselves now. While Spain was dominant

there was no struggle for independence as in Cuba, no protest against Spanish misrule, and no body of citizens increasing in numbers and influence year by year yearning for independence. Unlike the South American dependencies who revolted, they acquiesced for centuries in the rule by representatives of the old Spanish families, who enriched themselves in the familiar fashion, and thus, as it seems to us, gave sure proof of their incapacity for self-government. We are quite familiar with the Aguinaldo type of revolutionist. We should all know that he grew rich by it. His compeers have kept the Central and South American states in a chronic revolution for one hundred years. They want not more freedom, but rather that others shall agree that they shall have more to eat, drink, and wear; that others shall agree that they shall grow rich at public expense, and that they shall be elected to sit in the city councils, sent as ambassadors to foreign powers, and fill whatever seats of the mighty there may be. Nothing is more imaginative than some people's ideas of independence. The demand for it is much more pronounced in Egypt, where for centuries they acquiesced in Turkish and Egyptian misrule. Then came the English, and in thirty years they made the country worth while. Then arose the cry, never before heard, "Egypt for the Egyptians!"—assuming, of course, that they who raised the cry were the Egyptians. They are surly yet in some quarters of Cairo because ex-President Roosevelt told them plainly that they were asking license, not asking liberty. In India a dozen petty Rajahs, Nawabs, Begums, Gaekwars, and Maharajahs, with inferior potentates, are eager to seize the rule, not for India's sake, but for their own emolument. This may seem severe, but it is well to recognize concretely that human life is largely a quest for the superfluous. The number and fantastic character of our "wants" is still one of the great differences between man and the lower animals, and the yearnings and strivings which they occasion must be taken into every account of motive. The Egyptian, Indian, and the political Filipino raise the suspicion in my mind that by freedom they do not mean acting rightly, nor acquiescing in the law of the whole, but acting in accordance with their own subjective propensities without external constraint.

Democracy as at present existing in the world has, with almost exact precision, appointed and decreed what new democracies shall be. No sentimental associations can bribe partiality nor change the terms upon which new independencies may happen. Its categories are work, intelligence, self-control, a deepening consciousness of what is good and what is evil, and of what duty and pleasure are. Independence is a scheme of things whereby men may easiest learn to eat of the tree of knowledge and live. Men cannot be made sober nor moral by act of Congress, neither can they thus be made independent. Granted that the Philippine Islanders are ready for independence, the one evidence that should at this juncture be admitted in proof would be an urgent, persistent, and rational request, widely expressed, for admission into the American Union. This wish to be absorbed into the Union was the palpitating reality which secured American interest and response to the struggles of the Dole government in Hawaii and will in due time bring real independence to Cuba and the Philippines. "Names, to men of sense," said a certain George Saville, first Lord of Halifax, "are nothing more than fig leaves, while to the generality they are thick coverings that hide the nature of things." While concrete tests could hardly be agreed upon, until the islanders appeal to the instincts of the American heart or conform to the systematized experience of democracy, the question of the words to be used may well remain in abeyance.

It is no part of my purpose to plead the progress of missions as a reason for retaining the islands. Under any form of government doubtless the Protestant evangelization of the islands will go forward. Patience, postponement, putting aside preferences, willing submission to the laws of reality, and power to ameliorate and lessen the bestial promptings that cause the most of human unhappiness, are inwrought into the very fabric of missionary enterprise. The gospel is spiritual, but its first signs are physical, and these material benefits are most rapidly promoted by good government. Any government likely to be imposed will be superior to the one the American occupation supplanted. The Catholic Church needs much more the retention of the islands

than do the Protestant bodies. Men who think more of spiritual progress than they do of a particular denomination rejoice that some of the breadth and purity of the American Catholics have been imported into the work of the Roman Church in the Philippines. The type of Romanism has progressed one hundred and fifty years in the last fifteen years. The retention of the islands would be an assurance that this policy would continue, and would be prosecuted with even more frequent selection and advancement of American priests to leadership. All Protestantism is solicitous that this may be so. The Protestant churches in the islands are close together and strong and courageous enough to criticize the Roman hierarchy and hold up to public knowledge any widespread lapses into mediævalism. There is a unique chance there for the Roman Catholic Church to recover the spiritual leadership among the islanders which it had entirely lost before the American occupation. We hope it may be able so to do. But a large program is open to Protestantism. The Episcopalians have contributed one rare radiant soul to the work there, Bishop Brent, who has made Protestant Episcopalianism seem as winsome as his own personality. The Presbyterians have another such man in Dr. Wright. The Methodists had one such man, even two such men, and both once on the field, but the mutations of a supposedly nonecclesiastical organization removed them. We were divinely led, let us hope, in the last General Conference in *not* electing a missionary bishop for the Philippines. Democracy has had a new birth all over the Orient, and just as America should stay in the Philippines, so Methodism, with a bishop minus any equivocal designation, should remain there. The Methodist forces of Eastern Asia thought that a bishop should be assigned to residence in Manila, and in due time the church will so direct. Such an order would constitute a national policy, renew electric communication with the whole church, and unseal a hundred fountains of interest and benevolence.

Edwin A. Schell.

Art. VIII.—GEORGE MEREDITH, THE PREACHER'S POET-NOVELIST

George Meredith has a unique place among English novelists. He has enriched literature with brilliant productions, writing more than a dozen novels and several volumes of poetry. His writings are vast in their horizon; profound in imagination, in insight, in philosophy. His poetry and romance have those qualities of art and genius which give them rank as classics in the world of English letters. He belongs to the circle of great creative artists of the reign of Queen Victoria; his keen mind works at a swift pace, catches fire by its own friction, and emits flashes which show that in point of intellect he is the equal of any English novelist. Robert Louis Stevenson says: "I am a true-blue Meredith person. I think George Meredith out and away the greatest force in English letters. His Rhoda Fleming is the strongest thing in literature since Shakespeare died, and if Shakespeare could have read it he would have jumped and cried, 'Here's a fellow!' No other living writer of English fiction can be compared to Meredith." Sir Gilbert Parker says: "George Meredith has been an inspiration to some of the best intellects of our time, and he must remain a fountain from which pure waters may be drawn for lovers of literature yet to come. His masterpieces are among the strongest and most individual performances of modern literature." Some regard him as the greatest novelist of the nineteenth century; they rank him, as a creator of character, next to him who is the creator of Hamlet. His novels have not the popular note that moves the soul of the crowd; they make a demand on the mind of the reader that stands in the way of commonplace popularity. They are as unappreciated by the general public as Robert Browning's poetry is. Meredith stands among novelists as Browning among poets: he is a prose Browning. He regards novel-writing as serious business; as something to awaken deep thought, to impart scientific information and philosophical knowledge; as something to deal with subjects of profoundest gravity. He says: "I think that all right use of life, and the one secret of

life, is to pave ways for the firmer footing of those who succeed us; and I think mine own novels of worth only where *they* point and aid to that end." His writings have about them a magnetic sway of thought, a charming, purified, and exalted rhetoric, and a thrilling quality of tone that make them profoundly eloquent. Scattered broadcast over his novels are descriptions so wonderfully eloquent that they cause us to feel a shiver of splendid sensations such as we have known in the magnificently graphic scenes depicted by Victor Hugo; they sway us as trees are swayed in a whirlwind. His style is graceful, supple, brilliant; it is peculiarly his own. Its literary finish is unsurpassed; its originality is so refreshing that it transforms his faults into virtues. He is a poet in prose. He bathes all his characters in the light of poetry. His prose is so steeped in the poetry of his thoughts that it is like poetry; even out of the subtlety and realism of his psychology he breaks forth into the melody and splendor of poetry. Take his verbal picture of the first meeting of Lucy Desborough and Richard Feverel as a specimen of his poetical style. His description of this love-scene outsings the birds, outsweetens the flowers of the dawn. It is one of the highest reaches of prose romance; it is so beautiful in simplest Saxon, so vivid with picturesque imagery, so majestic in rhythm, that we know not where to find a love scene more full of enchanting and haunting poetic music:

When nature has made us ripe for love it seldom occurs that the fates are behindhand in furnishing a temple for the flame. Above green flashing plunges of a weir, and shaken by the thunder below, lilies, golden and white, were swaying at anchor among the reeds. Meadow-sweet hung from the banks thick with weed and trailing bramble, and there also hung a daughter of earth. This blooming young person was regaling on dewberries. . . . The little skylark went up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue; from a dewy copse standing dark over her nodding hat the blackbird fluted, calling to her with thrice-mellow note; the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers; a bow-winged heron traveled aloft, searching solitude; a boat slipped toward her containing a dreamy youth. . . . Surrounded by the green shaven meadows, the pastoral summer buzz, the weir-fall's thundering white, amid the breath and beauty of wild flowers, she was a bit of lovely human life in a fair setting; a terrible attraction. The magnetic youth leaned round to note his proximity to the weir-piles and beheld the sweet vision. . . . All at once an alarming, delicious shudder went through his frame. From him to her it coursed, and back from her

to him. Forward and back love's electric message rushed from heart to heart, knocking at each, till it surged tumultuously against the bars of its prison, crying out for its mate. They stood trembling in union—a lovely couple under these fair heavens of the morning. . . . After some conversation she passed across the stile and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse, and out of the arch of the light, away from his eyes. And away with her went the wild enchantment; he looked on barren air. . . . To-morrow this spot will have a memory—the river and the meadow, and the white falling weir; his heart will hold a temple here; and the skylark will be its high priest and the old blackbird its glossy gowned chorister, and there will be a sacred repast of dewberries.

We have given this verbal picture of the meeting and the swift-uprising of love between Lucy and Richard somewhat in full because it is such a fine representation of the novelist's unique poetic style. His language is always rich, brilliant, transparent. His felicity of diction charms us; words are perfectly pliant to the purposes of his thought. He dominates language as a master a slave. Take the following as a specimen:

Let us breathe the air of the Enchanted Island. Golden lie the meadows; golden run the streams; red gold is on the pine-stems. The sun is coming down to earth, and the fields and the waters shout to him golden shouts. He comes, and his heralds run before him and touch the leaves of oaks and planes and beeches lucid green, and the pine-stems redder gold; leaving brightest footprints upon the thickly weeded banks, where the fox-glove's last upper bells incline and bramble-shoots wander amid moist-rich herbage.

In Meredith's writings we are continually coming across prose-passages melodious in liquid flow of sound; the cadence fits the thought as fragrance the flower. Speaking of certain horsemen, he says, "They flourish their lances with cries, and jerk their heels into the flanks of their steeds, and stretch forward till their beards are mixed with the tossing manes, and the dust rises after them crimson in the sun." He speaks of "the stars that are above the purple heights and the blushes of inner heaven that stream up the sky." Robert Louis Stevenson says, "There are continually recurring passages in Meredith's writings that haunt me and make me drunk like wine." One of his characteristics is apt, rich, strong imagery. His tendency is to add metaphor to metaphor; the moment the metaphor used has put forth its picture he moves on to one still more incisive and striking. As nature in spring-

time calls forth flowers to express its beauty, as the sky in nighttime calls forth stars to express its splendor, so does the mind of Meredith call forth images to express its thoughts. He speaks of "the ponderous breakers of the ocean plunging, and striking, and darting their hissing tongues high up the sand." He speaks of "the shadow in the meadows flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon." He speaks of a maiden's eyes as "dark, under a low arch of darker lashes, like stars on the skirts of storm." He speaks of Napoleon as "the brain of the lightnings of battle." Figures are ever flashing upon his brain; his mind leaps into splendor of symbolry as naturally as larks full of melody mount with effortless wings into the free sky. In imagination Meredith is a giant; his imagination is vigorous, sleepless, impassioned, marvelously productive. It takes him far afield; breaking loose from all bounds, it sweeps over the earth, mounts into the heavens, and makes boundless fairylands its home.

Meredith uses the scenes of nature for illustrations in his novels. He is as sensitive to the beauties of nature as a lute that waits upon the breathings of the wind; feels keenly the thrills and flushes of lovely sceneries; enters deeply into the silence and solemnity of fields and lakes, of valleys and mountains; catches the throbbing, passionate, joyous voices of the natural world. He looks upon nature with all the delight of a lover looking up into the eyes of his betrothed. He knows how to interpret nature in all its movements; seems to have mastery of nature's innermost secrets. When we move amid the scenes of the natural world under his guidance, how they light up richly, vividly, variously portrayed. As the sun every morning sheds a light, old and yet ever new, over the flowers and landscapes, the hillsides and mountains, arraying them in beauty that is ever fresh, even so does the genius of Meredith shed a new light over the scenes and forms of nature. In all sights, all sounds, all phases of nature, he finds something that stands allegorically for human life, something that teaches him all-important lessons, great spiritual truths. He sees the wild, stern, cruel aspects of nature, the relentlessness of natural laws, as well as those smiling moods of nature imaged in the wayside flowers, in the blue sky, in the setting sun. But he believes

that back of all is a pervading harmony. His conception of nature is the conception of an immanent and transcendent principle unifying all its phenomena. He looks upon nature as proceeding from the creative joy of God and athrob with the life of God. He sees divine dew on the grass; divine freshness on the blossoms. He hears the rustle of divine garments in the leaves. To him nature is deluged with divinity: God is present. Everywhere he sees such evidences of divine handiwork that he says, "You may start a sermon from stones to hit the stars." He is a realist. He is a witness to the whole truth about human nature. He puts the colors upon the canvas in a way that is true to facts as they are. He can deal with the human soul in its fiercest passion and action; is capable of rising to all grandeurs of nature and destiny; has a wondrous range of vision; sounds deep depths of life's experiences. He has the keenest insight into the world. His knowledge of the springs of human action is wide and profound. He is perfectly at home in reading the language of personality; is one of the masters of the secrets of human life; seems to see such secrets in the illumination of a searchlight. He is a student and dissector of men and women; shows us people as they really are; pictures them in the making, and not as having attained the ideal. His novels present careful and minute studies of character. Take as an example The Egoist; it is a study of characters dominated by selfishness. The aim of the novel is to turn the reader's criticizing eye upon himself in self-analysis. It reveals to him secrets about himself from which he instinctively draws back as from a skeleton unexpectedly brought before him.

Meredith is at his best in his delineation of feminine character. His women-folk are unique. He has supreme reverence for womanhood; is always in profoundest sympathy with the heroines whom he creates. He has a peculiar genius for analyzing the inborn nature of woman, for grasping the subtleties of the female heart. Miss Adeline Sargent says, "George Meredith is one of the few novelists of any age or time who see woman as she is." What a gallery of splendid women does he create. What a wealth of imagination does he spend on this gallery. His models of womanhood are noble studies; in them we have mental culture

and moral beauty. He teaches that a man's relations to woman are a standard by which he can be most accurately judged. He says: "Women have us back to the conditions of primitive men or shoot us higher than the topmost star. But it is as we please. Let them tell us what we are to them. For us they are our back and front of life; ours is the choice; they are to us what we hold of best or worse within." Most of his women are strong, beautiful, brilliant. They combine intellect and heart. They are so healthily intelligent that they think for themselves; have intellectual resources; have all the graces and virtues of the most admirable womanliness. Their character is as clear as daylight, as pure as the morning dew; they are enchanting to look upon, perfect creations. Take, for example, Emilia Belloni, Clara Middleton, Cecilia Halkett, Diana Warwick, Aminta, Lucy, and others; ideal heroines they are, who speak for themselves; the color of their portraits is unfading. Who excepting Shakespeare has given us a nobler group of women?

Meredith is a profound believer in Christianity. He has a subtle sense for spiritual mysteries; a sense of eternal things overwhelms him; he glows with spiritual passion. He says: "Christianity is a spiritual religion. A spiritual God I most perfectly believe in. I have that constantly before me—I feel it within me." He gives a spiritual background to that which he writes. He is a preacher. Dr. Dowden, in his study of Meredith, says, "Meredith, too, like all the larger spirits of this age of inward trouble and perplexity, whether with or against his will, must needs be a preacher." His philosophy of life makes him a preacher. All his stories have ethical meaning, moral significance; they are illumined with flashes of inspiration. Light and life leap from their pages. His books embalm the profoundest lessons of human experience. They are royal treasure-houses of moral instruction. All his chief characters are measured, not by any code of the natural or conventional man, but by the divine standard. Behind the fleeting he sees the permanent; behind the finite the infinite. He aims to show the unspeakable value of personal uprightness, the everlasting worth of righteous character. According to Meredith's theory of life we are here to conquer self and

serve our fellows. We are educated through struggles. Spiritual manhood comes through hard ordeals. The worth of life is in the effort to attain the ideal. Man is victorious so long as he is determined that the battle must go on; he is beaten only when he gives up the fight. He teaches that religion consists in a life lived under the inspiration of God. It is the inflowing of God upon life. God surrounds us as the ocean surrounds its shores. The ocean surrounding its shores fills every opening according to its receptive condition; it is so with the bay, the river-mouth, the creek, the inlet. As the ocean flows into the opening, and fills it according to its capacity to receive, so does God enter into all lives and fill them according to their degree of receptivity. Meredith pictures retributions of sin worthy of the old Greek tragedies. He strips sin of all masks and hypocrisies, paints its nature in all its naked ghastliness. Take, for example, his novel entitled Rhoda Fleming. Its great lesson is that the consequences of sin are inevitable, inexorable, eternal. The book is serious, solemn reading; a sermon upon the fact that, as good character is its own reward, so bad character is its own punishment; that character makes destiny, and that it is as impossible for a man to escape the destiny which is the outcome of his character as it is for him to escape from himself. In the novel we have the idea of Nemesis so consistently and so forcibly wrought out that its pages seem an exposition of the Bible words, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." When it comes to sin, a man's conscience must be very hard, seared even as with hot iron, not to find illumination in this novel. His best novel is The Ordeal of Richard Feverel. The most golden hour of his authorship is the hour when he is writing this daring, brilliant realistic romance. The chapter on "The Wild Oats Plea" sets forth the inexorable results of transgression; shows that nature never overlooks an entry concerning iniquity, that nature keeps her books remorselessly, that penalties at compound interest await those who sow to the flesh, that nature never fails to send the transgressor to the left of the judgment seat. He characterizes prayer as the loftiest act of man's spirit, as the divinest function of the human heart. He says:

Prayer is the power within us to communicate with the desired beyond our thirsts, and he who rises from prayer a better man his prayer is answered. It is wise in all difficulties to lift the heart to God in prayer and move forward. . . . The good in prayer is that it opens the soul to the undiscovered; it makes us repose on the unknown, makes us flexible to change, makes us ready for evolution, for life. He who has the fountain of prayer in him will not complain of hazards. . . . Cast forth the soul in prayer and you join with the creative elements in giving breath to you; and that crust of habit which is the soul's tomb; and custom, the soul's tyrant; and pride, our volcano-peak that sinks us in a crater; and fear, which plucks the feathers from the wings of the soul and sets it naked and shivering in a vault, where the passing of a common hodman's feet above sounds like the king of terrors coming—you are free of them; you live in the day and for the future by this exercise and discipline of the soul's faith.

Meredith sees the path of progress in the law of life and death. He believes that death is development. He says:

As to death, anyone who understands nature at all thinks nothing of it. No one should consider death or think of it as worse than going from one room into another. Every night when I go to bed I know that I may not rise from it. That is nothing to me. I hope I shall die with a good laugh. Without death there can be no new growth. There is no room for such development as man is made for so long as he is cumbered by flesh and blood.

He is as great an optimist in his novels as Browning is in his poetry. The stars of hope are always shining radiantly in the sky of his own life. Through the lips of his Diana of the Crossways he says: "Who can really think and not think hopefully?" That is an expression characteristic of his sunny optimism. He has unquenchable hopefulness. Sunbeams are in his face. He makes war upon pessimism; thinks that all the talk of modern pessimism is fully answered when we hear "history speak of what men were and have become." There is no melancholy undertone in his writings. His pages sound with that full-toned harmony of Christian optimism that inspirits and delights. This is the pen-portrait of Meredith given by a literary critic: "George Meredith faces life a mighty laugher, glad to be alive, glad to walk the fresh, sweet earth, glad to breathe the southwest winds that blow health into the lungs of the race of which he is so proud a being, glad of this splendid wayfaring amid the adventures that make up the journey of life." He believes profoundly in evolu-

tion; believes that the glorious outcome of evolution will justify all processes. He says, "Nature goes on her way, unfolding, improving, always pushing us higher; and I do not believe that this great process continues without some spiritual purpose, some spiritual force that drives it on." He makes us feel that there is light behind all the dark problems of existence. He makes us feel that as the all-embracing blue of heaven holds the clouds and storms that sweep over it, even so does everlasting Love hold these problems in its keeping to be made plain. He teaches that there is a poetry in life even in its most tragic experiences. He says: "There is nothing that the body suffers that the soul may not profit. With that I sail into the dark; it is my promise of the immortal; teaches me to see immortality for us." His attitude toward life is utterly fearless. With perfect serenity he moves forward toward destiny. He has a spirit of faith which, without questions, leaves the future to God. He holds that, as we are unable to spy a pathway "into the mystery of breath, or learn the secret of the shrouded death," we are to accept joyfully the universe as we find it. It is an unknown quantity, its secrets are deeply veiled; we must therefore trust and wait for the disclosures that shall come with the sunrise of immortality. Through all storm he looks to the calm that is to follow; through all darkness to the light that is to dawn. He condemns the spirit that is ever asking questions. He says: "It is infinitely worth while to go on; there is a heart of eternal goodness to receive the dead, whatever the nature of the eternal secret may be. That which we need for our satisfaction will be granted to us, though we are not yet told what it will be." His optimistic faith is like the faith of the apostle who writes the sublime words, "Beloved, now are we the children of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him: for we shall see him as he is."

John Reid Shannon

Art. IX.—THE ULSTER PROTESTANTS AND ROME

The Ulster Protestants are face to face with a crisis. Their unalterable determination is, "We will not have Home Rule." They have many pronounced objections to it, but the greatest is the religious one. They believe that Irish Home Rule means Rome Rule; that all sorts of clauses safeguarding Protestants are as powerless as the "seven green withs" with which Samson was bound; that the Roman Catholic people of Ireland have persecuted their Protestant neighbors in the matter of religion; that a Dublin Parliament means a Roman Catholic majority directed and controlled by the Church of Rome; that this church disregards the sanctity of oaths, and that she has stood in favor of the suppression, by violence and bloodshed, of all opposed to her authority and doctrines. In view of the fact that the Scotch-Irish made American independence a possibility and furnished this republic with some of its noblest Presidents, the question, "Are the Ulster Protestants justified in their belief concerning the Roman Church?" deserves attention on the part of all intelligent American citizens, and will be a *vital* one in the solving of some of the future problems of this country.

In the British House of Commons, July 7, 1913, Herbert Henry Asquith, England's Prime Minister, after declaring that for the men of Ulster he had "the highest possible respect, men who are our own flesh and blood, and who have contributed largely to the prosperity of Ireland and the building up of the empire," asserted, "If you could show us that there would be a real danger of either religious or political persecution, you would not only have our sympathy, but our support."[1] I hope that England's Prime Minister will permit an American citizen to remind him that Francis Lieber, "the founder" of political science in this country, believed and taught: "He is a wise statesman who has learned to use his personal experience as a clue to decipher history and who can use history as a clue to decipher

[1] The Times, London, July 8, 1913, page 13.

the often mysterious pages of his own age."[2] History records the fact that in our "own age" Leo XIII, one of the greatest pontiffs the Roman Church has produced, affirmed in a communication written by him on March 25, 1879, "that if he possessed the power he claims he would employ it to close all Protestant schools and places of worship in Rome." In that letter he insisted on "the restoration of the temporal power" and bewailed the fact that until he "regains earthly sway in this city it will be impossible for him to prohibit liberty of worship and instruction."[3]—language that fully establishes the correctness of Lieber's assertion: "The fiercest despot desires liberty as much as the most ardent republican."[4] If it is *morally* right "to prohibit liberty of worship and instruction" in Rome, *why not in Ireland?* If it is *morally* right "to close all Protestant schools and places of worship in Rome," it is *also morally right* "to close all Protestant schools and places of worship" in Ireland.

If England's prime minister believes with Lieber that a man's wisdom is revealed in his willingness to "use history as a clue to decipher the often mysterious pages of his own age," Americans will *await with interest* Mr. Asquith's answer to the following questions:

First. *Is it true or false that the Irish Roman Catholics have persecuted their Protestant neighbors in the matter of religion?* The Baltimore Catholic Mirror[5] affirms: "The blue-blooded Duke of Norfolk comes forward with an indictment against the bishops and priests of Ireland, accusing them of being revolutionists, foes of law and order, and instigators of riot and bloodshed." History supports the affirmation of "the blue-blooded" Roman Catholic duke. Let us glance at the Irish Rebellion of 1641. That rebellion proved that "the bishops and priests of Ireland" are "revolutionists" and "instigators of riot and bloodshed." That rebellion was entirely unprovoked on the

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[2] Miscellaneous Writings, by Francis Lieber, LL.D., Vol. I, page 189. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, 1881.

[3] The Times, London, April 11, 1879, page 3.

[4] Lieber's Civil Liberty and Self-Government, Chapter II, page 25. Revised Edition. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, 1883.

[5] March 13, 1886.

part of the Protestants. It was a cold-blooded butchery for which there was not even the shadow of an excuse. "It was unlike any earlier rising in its religious character. It was no longer a struggle, as of old, of Celt against Saxon, but of [Roman] Catholic against Protestant. The Papists within the Pale joined hands in it with the wild kerns outside the Pale. Thousands of English people perished in a few days. Tales of horror and outrage, such as maddened our own England when they reached us from Cawnpore, came day after day over the Irish Channel. Sworn depositions told how husbands were cut to pieces in presence of their wives, their children's brains dashed out before their faces, their daughters brutally violated and driven out naked to perish in the woods."[6] Lord Castlehaven, a Roman Catholic, says, "It was certainly very barbarous and inhuman," and he also affirms that it commenced "in a time of settled peace, without the least occasion given."[7] Thomas Moore, a Roman Catholic, in his History of Ireland,[8] expresses himself thus concerning the rebellion of 1641, "To the Roman Catholic it brings a feeling of retrospective shame, like that which wrung from Lord Castlehaven —himself a Roman Catholic peer—those emphatic words, 'Not all the water in the sea could wash away the guilt of the rebels.' "

This unprovoked rebellion was *carefully planned.* It was not the conception of a brainless fanatic. It was not the dream of those who expected an end to be accomplished without the use of means. To it months and years of thorough preparation had been given. In a carefully written volume, The Presbyterian Church in Ireland, by the Rev. Patrick Adair,[9] we are told, "The cursed work was long in contriving, some of the Irish confessing that they knew of such a design intended seven or eight years before the execution of it, and that, all that time, meeting with disappointments, and things not succeeding as they would, they continued their design notwithstanding, and for that end kept

[6] Green's History of the English People, Vol. III, Book VII, Chapter VIII, page 207. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1879.

[7] The Earl of Castlehaven's Review of His Memoirs, page 16. Dublin, 1815.

[8] Vol. IV, page 230, Lardner's Cyclopædia. London, 1837.

[9] Page 79, C. Aitchison, Belfast, 1866.

up correspondence with their party in France, Spain, and Flanders, wholly managed by the conclave of Rome." Steady the hand, resolute the will, and trained the mind of those who were the leading spirits in that rebellion, and the leading spirits were the Roman Catholic clergy. The rebellion that was entirely unprovoked and carefully planned met with *the hearty approval of the Pope.* He designated it "a well-arranged movement by the prelates and other clergy, who willingly gave both advice and assistance."[10] Martin Haverty, an Irish Roman Catholic, in his interesting History of Ireland,[11] tells us that Innocent X "resolved to send an envoy to Ireland qualified with the powers of nuncio extraordinary, and chose for that purpose John Baptist Rinuccini, Archbishop of Ferno"; that "in addition to the money furnished by the Pope," and "a sum of $36,000," contributed by Father Luke Wadding, the nuncio extraordinary "took with him a large quantity of arms and warlike stores, among the rest 2,000 muskets and cartouch belts, 4,000 swords, 2,000 pike heads, 400 brace of pistols, and 20,000 pounds of powder." Lecky, who writes with great carefulness on this dark chapter in Irish history, asserts that "no impartial writer will deny that the rebellion in Ulster was extremely savage and bloody"; that "priests undoubtedly supported the rebellion from the pulpit and even by the sentence of excommunication"; that "in the latter stages of the rebellion the Pope's nuncio exercised a great and very mischievous influence"; that "from the beginning of the rebellion there is no doubt that priests were connected with it," and he then adds, "They exerted all their spiritual influence in its favor, and they were sometimes associated with its worst crimes."[12] In the last letter Bishop Bedell wrote—written to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kilmore and characterized by "Christian meekness, discretion, and firmness of the highest order"—this veritable saint of the Most High said: "To a Christian and bishop that is now almost seventy, no death for the cause of Christ

[10] The Embassy in Ireland of Monsignor G. B. Rinuccini, translated into English by Miss Annie Hutton, page 35, Dublin, 1873.

[11] Chapter XXXVIII, page 550, James Duffy, Dublin, 1867.

[12] History of England in the Eighteenth Century, Vol. II, Chapter VI. Ireland Before the Eighteenth Century, pages 156, 182, 184, 180.

can be bitter. *Consider that God will remember all that is now done.*"[13]

According to an estimate made at the time, it was acknowledged by the priests appointed to collect the numbers that, during the first five months of the rebellion, 105,000 men, women, and children were murdered.[14] While the Rev. Dr. Reid affirms that "it is altogether impossible to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion" concerning the number of Protestants who perished in this rebellion, and "that the lowest probable computation presents an awful sacrifice of human life," yet he states that "O'Mahony, an Irish Jesuit, in his Disputatio Apologetica," published in 1645, confesses that his party had "cut off 150,000 heretics in four years."[15] The Church of Rome teaches that when loyalty to Roman Catholic truth and to the will of infallible Pontiffs demands it, "the authority of the state must be braved, human affections must be disregarded, life must be sacrificed."[16] Since those who incite to crime deserve punishment when alive and execration when dead, the responsibility for bloodshed in that "well-arranged movement by the prelates and other clergy" lies at the door of the Roman Catholic Church, and not of a people so generous and warm-hearted that concerning them it can be said, as Paul said of the Celts nearly two thousand years ago, "I bear you record, that if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me."[17]

Second. *What are the facts concerning the Dublin Roman Catholic Parliament of* 1689? Cardinal Manning affirms, "In 1689 the Roman Catholic Parliament in Dublin passed many laws in favor of liberty of conscience."[18] A moment's glance at the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church concerning religious liberty and liberty of conscience will not be amiss. The Very Reverend Canon Oakeley, in a letter to Mr. Gladstone, wrote,

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[13] Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, Third Edition, Vol. I, Chapter VII, pages 321–322, note. Whittaker & Co., London, 1853.

[14] Killon's Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, Vol. II, Book IV, Chapter II, page 39, note. Macmillan & Co., London, 1875.

[15] Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, Vol. I, Chapter VII, pages 324–326.

[16] The Catholic World, New York, July, 1868, Vol. VII, page 438.

[17] Galatians 4. 15.

[18] The Times, London, July 6, 1886, page 5.

"As to liberty of conscience,, we are thankful even to avail ourselves of it, although none the less convinced that it is abstractedly opposed to the [Roman] Catholic theory."[19] The Catholic World affirms: "We do not pretend that the Church [of Rome] is or ever has been tolerant. She certainly is opposed to what the nineteenth century calls religious liberty."[20] Cardinal Manning assures us that "unity with the Roman faith is absolutely necessary," looks approvingly upon "coercive power to constrain to unity of faith," and teaches that the Roman Catholic Church should correct heretics by the use of "all its powers."[21] Pope Pius IX wrote a letter to the unfortunate Maximilian, in which he said: "The Roman Catholic religion must, above all things, continue to be the glory and the mainstay of the Mexican nation, to the exclusion of every other dissenting worship."[22] Pope Leo XIII, on November 1, 1885, gave the assurance to the entire world that the Roman Church "deems it unlawful to place the various forms of divine worship on the same footing as the true religion."[23] *No Roman Catholic will affirm* that in the five preceding sentences the Roman Church is misrepresented in reference to religious liberty and liberty of conscience, and *no Roman Catholic will deny* that the Baltimore Catholic Mirror, in its issue of November 19, 1885, sounded this note—a rather startling one—in the ears of the sleeping non-Romanists of America, "Impudent sects of heretics, infidels, atheists, claim to be treated by States on an equal footing with the one true church." When Protestantism speaks of "liberty of conscience" she means that every man shall be permitted to worship God in accordance with *his own convictions.* When Romanism speaks of "liberty of conscience" she means that every man shall be permitted to worship God in accordance with *the convictions of the Pope.*

What about "the Roman Catholic Parliament in Dublin" over which James the Second presided? The Act passed by it

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[19] The Times, London, November 17, 1874, page 7.

[20] Vol. XI, page 8, April, 1870. The Catholic Publication House, New York.

[21] The Vatican Council and Its Definitions, page 103. D. and J. Sadlier, New York, 1871. Vatican Decrees, by Archbishop Manning, page 53.

[22] Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia, 1864, page 526.

[23] The Times, London, July 6, 1886, page 5.

in favor of "liberty of conscience" was the work of a monarch who in England wished to appear to his English subjects as a warm advocate of toleration in order to reconcile his Protestant subjects to the reestablishment of that religion whose professors had burned their fathers at the stake. Neal, in his History of the Puritans,[24] assures us that never were the Puritans more severely persecuted than they were during the early part of the reign of this Roman Catholic king. This was the condition of things in England. The persecution of the Scotch Covenanters justifies Green, in his History of the English People,[25] in asserting that in Scotland James "acted as a pure despot." One sentence from an Irish Roman Catholic historian[26] gives us an idea of the movements of James in Ireland: "The army was, however, soon filled with Roman Catholic officers, the bench with Roman Catholic judges (except three who retained their seats), the corporations with Roman Catholic members, and the counties with Roman Catholic sheriffs and magistrates." James dismissed from office his two brothers-in-law, the Earls of Clarendon and Rochester, because they were Protestants. "From that time," says Macaulay,[27] "it was clear that what he really wanted was not liberty of conscience for the members of his own church, but liberty to persecute the members of other churches." The pulse of James toward "liberty of conscience" beat much the same as his French contemporary of whom we are told, "While Louis XIV of France, called the Great, 'dragonnaded' the Protestants on no other ground than that they would not become [Roman] Catholics, a greater king, William III, declared in England that 'Conscience is God's province.' "[28] Concerning one great victory won by the man who proclaimed, "Conscience is God's province," an editorial in the Sacred Heart Review, Boston, November 8, 1902, tells us that Archbishop Walsh declares "that the battle of the Boyne was an excellent thing indeed for the [Roman] Cath-

[24] Vol. II, pages 315–334. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1871.

[25] Vol. IV, Book VIII, Chapter III, page 13. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1880.

[26] Plowden's Historical Review of the State of Ireland, Vol. I, Part II, Chapter VI, page 178. London, 1803.

[27] History of England, Vol. II, Chapter VI, page 148. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1849.

[28] Lieber's Civil Liberty and Self-Government, Chapter X, page 99.

olic Church in Ireland," and that he "thinks that Irish [Roman] Catholics have more right to celebrate the battle's anniversary than the Orangemen." "Indeed, while James was loudly boasting that he had passed an Act granting entire liberty of conscience to all sects, a persecution as cruel as that of Languedoc was raging through all the provinces which owned his authority."[29]

Parliamentary acts are one thing, historical facts quite another. The historical facts, compressed into few words, are: Protestants were removed from all public offices, and these were filled with Roman Catholics, or with Protestants willing to do the work of Roman Catholics. No, the real aim of the Dublin Roman Catholic Parliament of 1689 was to ruin the Irish Protestants. It repealed the Act of Settlement, an act on which all title to property rested, thereby depriving the Protestants of the bare and impoverished lands which they had purchased in good faith and brought to a high state of cultivation. It passed an Act of Attainder, unequaled in the history of any civilized country, condemning to death every Protestant who was either absent from Ireland, or who for safety had removed to that part of the country professing allegiance to William. In reference to this Irish Act of Attainder, which Green[30] pronounces "the hugest Bill of Attainder which the world has seen," Lecky asserts, "Its injustice, however, cannot reasonably be denied, and it forms the great blot on the reputation of the short Parliament of 1689."[31] Archbishop King gives a list of between two thousand and three thousand Protestants whom the Dublin Parliament attainted by name. Condemned without a trial—such was the fate of every one in this long list. Worse still, their names were not published. More hideous yet, no one, for any consideration, could get a glimpse at that list until the day of grace fixed by the act was passed. Still more awful, James actually gave his consent to a bill which deprived him of the pardoning power. An English king who at the bidding of a Parliament—which, in the judgment of one of

[29] Macaulay's History of England, Vol. III, Chapter XII, page 199.

[30] History of the English People, Vol. IV, Book VIII, Chapter III, page 43.

[31] History of England in the Eighteenth Century, Vol. II, Chapter VI. Ireland Before the Eighteenth Century, page 210.

its ablest members, was largely made up of "a mere rabble"[32]—would sign away his own pardoning power was *a coward.* The Fellows and Scholars of the Dublin University were most unceremoniously turned out of that institution by King James, though he had promised to its rulers that "he would protect them in the enjoyment of their property and their privileges."[33] Darker still is this picture: These men were forbidden, on pain of death, to meet together in greater number than three; Protestants were not allowed to leave their homes after nightfall, and if more than five met together, death was the punishment. Ronquillo, a bigoted Spanish Romanist, *informed the Pope that the sufferings of the Irish Protestants were terrible.*

Sir William Crawford, of Belfast, the head of the greatest linen manufactory in the world, a man of a most delightful Christian spirit, who is thoroughly conversant with the history of that Dublin Roman Catholic Parliament that did so much for "liberty of conscience," declares: "A Dublin Parliament we will not have. Its laws we will not obey. Its demands for money we will throw in the fire. Our Nationalist countrymen may, if they so desire, establish their claim to manage their own affairs—they will not manage ours. Let an Irish government be formed. Let it send its officers here to take taxes by force. We will not pay. Our decision is final and unchanging. We trust in the God of our fathers and our duty is clear."

Third. *What are the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church concerning the sanctity of oaths?* Lord Acton, a distinguished English Roman Catholic nobleman, in a letter to the London Times, published in the issue of that paper for November 24, 1874, asserts: "When Henry of Valois swore to respect the liberty of conscience in Poland, the Cardinal Penitentiary informed him that it would be *a grievous sin* to observe this oath, but that if it was taken with the intention of breaking it, his guilt would be less." Pope Martin V, on being charged by Alphonzo, king of Arragon, of breaking a solemn promise, calmly replied that "he had never intended to fulfill the promises he had made

[32] Macaulay's History of England, Vol. III, Chapter XII, page 187.
[33] Macaulay's History of England, Vol. III, Chapter XII, page 201.

him."[34] Pope Innocent III, the Roman Pontiff who had previously released the subjects of King John "from their oaths of fealty," released King John himself from the oath he had taken before the barons to observe and enforce the provisions of *Magna Charta* and "suspended" Archbishop Langton "from the exercise of the archiepiscopal functions" because he "refused to excommunicate" the barons.[35] Pope Pius V declared that Elizabeth, Queen of England, was "deprived of her pretended right to the said kingdom, released her subjects from their oath of allegiance to her, commanded 'not to dare to obey her,' and anathematized if they did obey."[36] *If every Roman Catholic archbishop, bishop, and priest in Ireland would pledge themselves under solemn oath to secure to the minority "perfect right of conscience," that pledge would mean nothing.* Pronounce me neither an alarmist nor an extremist, for I will substantiate my statement. It was on the strength of the oaths of Bishops Doyle, Murray, and Kelly, before a committee of the British Parliament, in 1825, denying Papal infallibility and affirming that Papal authority did not extend to civil affairs, that the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill was carried through the British Parliament, "testimony which," Mr. Gladstone asserts, "must not and cannot be forgotten."[37]

Cardinal Newman, in a pamphlet entitled "A Letter Addressed to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, on Occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Recent Expostulation,"[38] states that the assurances given to the British government by the Roman Catholic bishops in 1825-26 have not been strictly fulfilled; that the statement of the eminent Irish bishop, the Right Rev. Mr. Doyle, requires "some pious interpretation," and that "no pledge from [Roman] Catholics was of any value to which Rome was not a party." On these strange and startling utterances Mr. Gladstone[39] thus

[34] Cormenin's History of the Popes, Vol. II, page 111.

[35] Lingard's History of England. A new edition. Vol. III, Chapter I, pages 28, 61, 62. New York, P. O'Shea.

[36] Green's History of the English People, Vol. II, Book VI, Chapter V, pages 377, 381. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1878.

[37] The Vatican Decrees in Their Bearing on Civil Allegiance. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1876, page 23.

[38] Pages 15, 18, 21–22. New York, The Catholic Publication Society, 1875.

[39] Vaticanism. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1875, page 29.

comments: "Statesmen of the future, recollect the words and recollect from whom they came; from the man who by his genius, piety, and learning towers above all the eminences of the Anglo-Papal communion."

Fourth. *Is it true or false that the Roman Catholic Church has stood in favor of the suppression by violence and bloodshed of all opposed to the authority and doctrines of that church?* In the year 1215 the fourth council of Lateran made the persecuting and exterminating of heretics a part of the canon law of Rome. Lord Acton, in a letter to Mr. Gladstone, published in the London Times of November 9, 1874, said: "Now Pius V, the only Pope who had been proclaimed a saint for many centuries, having deprived Elizabeth, commissioned an assassin to take her life; and his next successor (Gregory the Thirteenth), on learning that the Protestants were being massacred in France, pronounced the action glorious and holy but comparatively barren of results, and implored the king during two months, by his nuncio and legate, to carry the work on to the bitter end until every Huguenot had recanted or perished."

What Mr. Bryce in his most admirable work, South America: Observations and Impressions, published September, 1912, states on pages 97-98 concerning Valverde, the friar who accompanied Pizarro on his expedition to Peru—"He is as perfect an illustration as history presents of a minister of Christ in whom every lineament of Christian character, except devotion to his faith, had been effaced"—describes Pius V and also Gregory XIII, and in these pages we see "the unsuspecting Inca" and observe Pizarro when he "hesitated or affected for a moment to hesitate, and turned to Valverde for advice," and we hear the voice of the man who later on filled "the first bishopric of Peru" uttering words of no uncertain meaning: "I absolve you. Fall on, Castilians, I absolve you"; and then the late Ambassador in these words describes the awful outcome: "With this the slaughter of the astonished crowd began; and thousands perished in the city square before night descended on the butchery."

If the assertion that the Roman Catholic Church has stood in favor of the suppression by violence and bloodshed of all op-

posed to the authority and doctrines of that church is *false,* will the Prime Minister of England kindly express himself concerning the assertions that appear on page six, columns one and two, of the London Times of November 24, 1874? These assertions are made by no less an authority than Lord Acton, who in 1895 "was appointed regius professor of History at Cambridge, where he put into practice methods of investigation and study more thorough and conscientious than had before been introduced in England," and who is "recognized as the most learned and scientific of British historians."[40] Lord Acton, who lived and died a Roman Catholic, in a letter to the editor of the Times, expressed himself thus: "Urban (the Second) lays down the rule that it is no murder to kill excommunicated persons, provided it be done from religious zeal only and not from an inferior motive. Pius V declared that he was willing to spare a culprit guilty of a hundred murders rather than a single notorious heretic. He assured the king of France that he must not spare the Huguenots, because of their offenses against God. He declared that a Pope who would permit the least grace to be shown to heretics would sin against faith and would thus become subject to the judgment of men. He required that they should be pursued until they were all destroyed: *'Ad internecionem usque . . . donec, deletis omnibus, exinde nobillisimo isti regno pristinus Catholicae religionis cultus . . . restituatur.'"* Cardinal Manning states that the bull *Unam Sanctam* "was from the date of its publication (1302) an infallible act, obliging all [Roman] Catholics to receive it with interior assent."[41] The Cardinal also states: "Again in the famous bull *Unam Sanctam,* Boniface VIII speaks thus: 'Both the spiritual and the material sword are in the power of the church; the one is wielded on behalf of the church and the other by the church herself. One is in the hand of the priest; the other in the hands of kings and soldiers, but at the nod or call of the priest.' "[42]

How frequently this statement, "One is in the hand of the

[40] Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia, 1902; third series; Vol. VII, page 485.

[41] The Vatican Decrees in Their Bearing on Civil Allegiance, page 57. New York. The Catholic Publication Society, 1875

[42] Essays on Religion and Literature. Edited by Archbishop Manning, Series II, page 411.

priest; the other in the hands of kings and soldiers, but at the nod or call of the priest," came to my remembrance after I received two letters from the Vatican, written by Cardinal Rampolla, late Papal secretary of state, in which he asserted that "the disabilities of Protestants in Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia" are "*solely dependent upon the civil laws in force*" in those South American republics—an assertion that led some of the lawmakers in South America to resolve that they must, if they wished to command the respect of the better class of governments, heroically endeavor to remove those "disabilities"! How frequently during those long years of untiring effort to secure freedom for Protestants in the northern republics of South America, I thought of the Rev. Francis G. Penzotti, the hero arrested "at the nod or call of the priest," arrested first at the instigation of the Roman Catholic bishop of Arequipa, who observed him selling a New Testament in the street, and kept in prison until the civil authorities in Lima ordered his release; arrested again "on an accusation presented and urged by a Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. José M. Castro, charged with the offense of violating the law in holding unauthorized religious services; kept in a dungeon after he had once and again been adjudged guiltless by the tribunals before which his adversary had summoned him; denied the privilege of bail; shrinking with inexpressible loathing from the filth and impurity of the cell in which he spent two hundred and fifty nights with thirty or forty criminals; refusing to listen to the whispered suggestion that proceedings might be discontinued if he would agree to leave Peru; constrained to send his daughters out of the country, lest without a father's protection they might become victims of a foul conspiracy; ever hopeful that his sufferings would eventually lead to the promulgation of religious liberty in Peru,[43] and I remembered how I rejoiced when the man whose cruel imprisonment and deathless courage carries us back to Apostolic times was "vindicated and set free," and I recalled that scene in the prison of Philippi when Mr. Penzotti, in a letter that he wrote me, made the following incidental reference to what occurred on the night before his release from a

[43] Bible Society Record, New York, April 16, 1891, pages 52, 53.

Peruvian dungeon: "About midnight there was a great earthquake which caused the prison to shake in such manner that the prisoners and soldiers were filled with terror, and wondered much at my calmness. On the following day the same captain of the guards who had taken me to jail by order of Bishop Huertas, when he came to read the order of my release, was the first one who embraced me, and took me to his house, introducing me to his wife. We there sat down to a good dinner, and they manifested much interest in the gospel."

Who can think of that "sword" which, though it is "in the hands of kings and soldiers," yet has never been unsheathed except "at the nod or call of the priest," without recalling more than one passage in the writings of a historian pronounced by Cardinal Gibbons a historian of "deep historical research," "an author of a sober and dispassionate mind, as well as of distinguished ability"?[44] That historian is William Edward Hartpole Lecky.

Mr. Lecky reveals to us in his History of England in the Eighteenth Century[45] something of the *"violence"* of Romanism in these modern times and gives us in his monumental work Rationalism in Europe[46] a picture of the Roman Catholic Church, of which the following is the opening sentence: "That the Church of Rome has shed more innocent blood than any other institution that has ever existed among mankind will be questioned by no Protestant who has a complete knowledge of history."

In this article I carefully avoid everything looking in the direction of controversy. Not a syllable of it is written in the spirit of the polemic. The authors to whom reference is made are many of them Roman Catholics; they speak for themselves. In the quotations the volume, chapter, page, and editions are given. "Speaking the truth in love"[47] has been my aim. There is nothing gained and a great deal lost in incorrectly representing the views of those from whom we politically or religiously

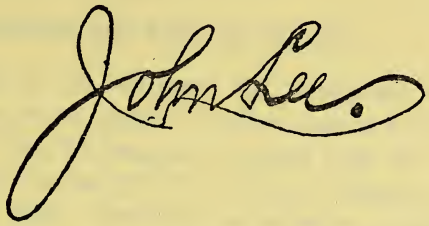
[44] The Tablet, London, December 2, 1899, page 896.

[45] Vol. I, Chapter II, pages 290–293. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1882.

[46] Vol. II, Chapter IV, Part II, pages 40–44. Revised edition. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1872.

[47] Ephesians 4. 15.

differ. Extremists defeat the very end they have in view. That man is *wise* "who can use history as a clue to decipher the often mysterious pages of his own age." This is my purpose. To all Americans who love "the facts of history," the answer of England's Prime Minister to these *vital* historical questions will be very gratifying.



EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

A PILGRIM OF THE INFINITE

THE greatest fact in the universe, the paramount reality, is personality. There can be no region in which that is not true. At any rate, we are not able to imagine anything that can outrank, transcend, or supersede personality. For critical definition we have neither time nor need here. Avoiding metaphysical subtleties and ignoring philosophical quibbles, we may say simply that by personality we mean intelligence, feeling, moral perception, and will gathered up into a center of self-conscious, self-contemplative, and self-determining being—a being who can say, "I," and who is both a subject who knows others and an object knowable by others. The most fundamental theme of philosophy is the problem of Personality, upon which all great philosophers have bent their energies; in our day William James and Henri Bergson especially, although the clearest, ablest, and most convincing modern master of the subject is Borden P. Bowne in his book entitled Personalism.

Personality, as a fact seen in God and in Man, is really inescapable, ultimately undeniable. Truly is it said that if a man imagines himself constrained by science or psychology to deny the real existence of personality, he is bound to say of himself, "I do not exist." If he shrinks from that absurdity, he admits personality to be a reality.

At the top of the universe is Personality—an eternal, supreme, infinite Person, the personal Absolute whom we name God. Who says so? Jesus Christ says so; does anybody pretend to know better than he? Matthew Arnold did, it seems, for in Literature and Dogma he denied the Divine Personality and strangely contended that the God revealed in the Old Testament is not a personal deity, and cited a number of texts to prove that Israel's God is an eternal It. Whoever denies the personality of God is not a Christian thinker. Illingworth in his Bampton Lectures said that it is Christianity that has developed and completed the conception of personality as we now have it. Hegel had gone further by affirming that the world owes to

Christianity the very idea of personality. Recently a Hindu monk, one of the numerous Swamis who have visited America from India, said while addressing two hundred people, "We are not persons; there is not a person in this room." That shows the hopeless futility of pagan philosophy, groping in the dark without the one clue that can guide it out into the light. Denial of human personality is absurd, and belief in a personal Deity is necessary not only because, in Kant's phrase, any other is "not a God that can interest us," but also because any other is to us unthinkable. The qualities or attributes which we ascribe to deity and which are largely manifested in the universe, such as intelligence, wisdom, purpose, beneficence, righteousness, cannot be imagined to exist apart from personality.

At the top of the universe is undeniably some supreme reality, some infinite entity. Mr. Arnold, describing it by one of its manifestations, calls it "An eternal Power (not ourselves) which makes for righteousness." Herbert Spencer calls it "The eternal and infinite Energy from which all things proceed." They both say "which," not "who" nor "whom." But John Tyndall said, "Standing before this power, this energy, which from the universe forces itself upon me, I dare not do other than speak of a He, a Spirit, a Cause." His doing this in a non-scientific or extra-scientific sense does not make it any less real. And after Tyndall, Romanes, the eminent biologist, speaking as a scientist, said, "Within the range of human observation personality is the fact which most wears the appearance of finality—the appearance of that unanalyzable and inexplicable nature which we are bound to believe must belong to the ultimate mystery of Being." When Schelling, misinterpreting some of Hegel's reasoning, cried out, "Consequently there is no personal God," Hegel quickly corrected the misunderstanding by saying: "Not so! The exact contrary is true. There is a personal God." Lotze also insists that God is God because he is the perfect Person. Emerson, who was accused of pantheism, does not, in speaking of Deity, agree with the gentlemen who prefer "which" to "who." In one place he writes that "in its highest moods the soul gives itself alone, original, and pure to the Lonely, Original, and Pure, *who,* on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads, and speaks to the soul." For our part, not being persuaded of the superiority of the impersonal pronoun, we look up to the Highest-We-Know and say He, Who, affirming an infinite intelligence and will, a supreme personal Being at the summit and center of things. And this we do not only by philosophic warrant

and necessity, but also as the mind's only refuge from the most horrible of all possible conclusions; for we cannot help agreeing with Von Hartman, the chief apostle of reasoned pessimism, that "if the Absolute Being be impersonal, the gospel of despair necessarily follows" for us. And so long as the mind can find any footing above and outside of that blackest of all abysses, it refuses to make the suicidal plunge into that bottomless pit.

At the top of earthly existences is Personality. On earth there is nothing higher than Man. His distinction and significance lie in his being a person. This differentiates him from all other creatures on this planet. To ascribe personality to brutes would be preposterous; nor, we remark, parenthetically, is there any ground for supposing them immortal—John Wesley to the contrary notwithstanding—since immortality is an attribute or perquisite of personality; and the most intelligent animal ever seen was not a person; no, not even Consul, the famous chimpanzee. Being a person classes man scientifically in the same category with God, relates him generically to Divinity, and separates him from the animal by a great and impassable gulf. The Christian affirmation of personality in God and in Man is clearly stated by Dr. Sterling, the British philosopher, who says: "There can no Supreme Being be but that must to himself say, 'I Am that I Am.' It is the very heart of the Christian religion that the Infinite God who is a Person and says 'I' became finite as Man who is a person and says 'I.' Man is I; even by having been made like unto God [Gen. 1. 27], Man is I. It is that that he has of God in him."

At the top and climax of divine Revelation is Personality. God's revelation of truth, progressively disclosed through ages, came to its culmination in Christ, made its complete, luminous, and effulgent expression in a unique and peerless composite personality, Divine-human, the Man of Nazareth, in whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily; a personality nowise explicable as a human evolution, a truly divine embodiment, and "stepping," as even Theodore Parker said, "thousands of years before the race of man." More complete illumination the soul cannot receive, the mind cannot imagine, than radiates from the light of the knowledge of the glory of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ, who said, "I am the Truth," "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." From this glance at the reality, the nature, and the rank of personality, we pass to consider the Meaning and Range of the Human Personality.

It is a great thing to be a person, because

1. *Personality means Power.*

In creating each new individuality and adding to the ranks of being another intelligent self-conscious ego, the Creator sets off a fresh center of energy and action, of choice and causation, of self-determining purpose and influence. Among the elements a new force has been introduced, among the intelligences a new and independent mind able to assent or dissent, to obstruct or further plans and operations which may be proceeding here, able also to devise and initiate plans and operations of its own. Each individual is a thinker and a doer in realms of thought, volition, action—a positive factor participating in affairs, a party to various transactions. Personality is a center of original and elemental energy, radiating influence and producing effects. Each living person introduces something incalculable, purposeful, determinant amid the workings of the laws of physics; he can superintend physical and chemical processes, arrest them, or permit them to go on, and can guide and direct them. Recently Sir Oliver Lodge, president of the British Scientific Association, spoke to that great body of scientists as follows: "Existence is like the output from a loom. The pattern, the design for the weaving, is in some sort 'there' already; but whereas our looms are mere machines, once the guiding cards have been fed into them, the loom of time is complicated by a multitude of free agents who can modify the web, making the product more beautiful or more ugly according as they are in harmony or disharmony with the general scheme. I venture to maintain that manifest imperfections are thus accounted for and that freedom could be given on no other terms, nor at any less cost. The ability thus to work for weal or woe is no illusion; it is a reality, a responsible power which conscious agents possess; wherefore the resulting fabric is not something pre-ordained and inexorable. The power of the human free agent to modify the course of things and events is no fiction, but an actual factor which must be counted in and reckoned with." Personality means power.

It is a great thing to be a person, because

2. *Personality means Proprietorship.*

To be a person is to have a freehold on the rich and fertile soil of existence. Just to be alive is to hold some things in fee simple. As a living creature with lungs I have a lien on millions of cubic miles of atmosphere for my share of oxygen. Whoever put me here

made me a resident and property holder, occupant and part owner of extensive premises, of valuable messuage and curtilage. I am born a shareholder in the benefits of the cosmos, holding some certificates of capital stock in an incorporated universe, with coupons maturing as the seasons roll; possessor of the multifarious privileges, adjuncts, and emoluments of this life. And when I said "this life," and paused on that period, I heard a Voice coming from between the lids of a Book, a voice which breaks to temporal ears news of eternity, and which bade me add that to be a person means to have beyond this life a claim to real estate located where no surveyor can run his chains around it—to be heir to an inheritance greater than any surrogate can make record of—"heir," says that authentic and supremely authoritative Volume, possible "heir of God and joint heir with Jesus Christ," by and for whom the worlds were made, capable of receiving from Him whose right it is to bestow the enormous information that in some sense "all things are yours." Down over every human personality that enormous announcement converges its thrilling tidings for the soul awakening to a knowledge of itself, its sphere, its possible reaches and possessions.

It is a great thing to be a person, because

3. *Personality means Citizenship.*

If the visible form be only twelve inches long and twelve hours old, the little stranger is at home in the universe, drops into natural and inevitable relations with the system of things, and has already established a sweet and satisfactory *modus vivendi* with his immediate environment. Ask the mother if it is not so. Politically speaking, he may be called a subject in a cosmic theocracy, or more properly in our Arminian view, a citizen and an elector in the Republic of God, having a personal voice and vote in the determining and ordering of things, each individual sharing to some extent in directing and governing the world. Of no mean city is he a citizen. The toga he puts on at coming of age invests him with a higher dignity than that which swelled the breast of the Roman with pride as he said amid the Seven Hills or in the ends of the earth, "I am a Roman citizen." Through conferment by Christ through grace divine man holds the option of suffrage in a more than worldly state, for besides citizenship in this earthly ward and precinct, he receives in the gold box of his personality the proffer of the freedom of the City of God, distinguished privileges in the municipality of Heaven; which superior franchise and distinction he may either appropriate or refuse.

Anaxagoras had his eyé on this celestial citizenship in his calm reply to his critics:

> When shallow hearts reproached this pilgrim wise,
> "Wanderer, why dost thou not thy country prize?"
> He raised to heaven his tranquil smiling eyes:
> "I do," he answered. "There my country lies."

It is a great thing to be a person, because

4. *Personality means Royalty.*

Really it is kingliness done up in a small package. Man not only votes; he rules. Each birth is the arrival of a prince of the blood royal. You teach the little tots to assert their royal lineage; they are singing everywhere, "I am the child of a King." You organize circles of King's Daughters. Literally the creation of a free agent is the installation of a potentate who will take his ordained and legitimate place among the powers that be; autocratic Lord Rector of something or other, perhaps of many things. His mouth is like the Pasha's gate: Out of it go swift messages of command. There is sufficient reason for saying now and here, "His Majesty, Man," "Her Royal Highness, Woman." And beyond these narrow borders, past the bounds of all earthly dominion, the faithful soul may read afar, in an almost blinding splendor of announcement, the imperial bulletin, "I will make thee ruler over many things." That means a larger and loftier kingliness to come.

It is a great thing to be a person, because

5. *Personality implies Obligation.*

Existence is not all privilege. It is duty as well. The more royal man's nature and state, the larger and more binding his responsibilities. *Noblesse oblige.* The equities require that property owners shall be taxpayers, each assessed in proportion to his possessions. Every consumer is obligated to be in some way a producer, to contribute his proper share to the public weal. "Freely ye have received, freely give," is the law. No personality is isolated and free from responsibility toward others. Each is under moral bonds, captive to relationships, party to a reciprocity treaty, and must live up to its requirements. One speaks of "the mighty hopes that make us men." It is as fit and relevant to speak of the immense and weighty obligations, born of august relationships, which constitute us men.

It is a great thing to be a person, because

6. *Personality means Perpetuity,* or if immortality be by any held to be conditional, then it means possible perpetuity—a possibly per-

manent place among the orders of existence which people the living universe. To admit this does not subject man's reason to inordinate strain nor press faith to the point of credulity. Nothing incredible is implied, since it is more likely that we, being now alive, shall continue to exist than that, when we were not, we should have begun to be. The wonder of the possible persistence of personality is less great than the marvel of our origination. The irresistible force of that reasoning even Thomas Paine urgently insisted on, as did also Voltaire, who asserted that we have at least as many reasons for affirming immortality as for denying it. John Bigelow, the eminent lawyer, journalist, and diplomat, held a brief for the belief in immortality and argued it ably in the Court of Reason. To the question, "Is there existence after death?" his reply was, "As a lawyer I would naturally begin by saying that the burden of proof rests upon those who deny the continuity of life."

Mr. Huxley, a competent authority as to what science teaches, wrote concerning the doctrine of personal survival beyond death that physical science has nothing to say against it; while Professor Bowne from his chair of philosophy, surveying the whole field of modern reasoning and research, declared that, "If the moral nature demands continued existence or any word of revelation affirms it, there is no fact or argument against it." Well, the demands of the moral nature do require it, and Holy Scripture written in the Bible, harmonious with the deeper holy scripture written by the Spirit of the living God in fleshly tables of the human heart, does declare it—indeed, can have no particle of meaning or value without it. Another respectable and representative modern voice is that of John Fiske, who says in his book on The Destiny of Man in the Light of His Origin that the scientific doctrine of evolution, of which he was a chief exponent, so far from prognosticating that death ends all, really predicts a post-mortem progress to further stages of development. It is a simple fact that with nothing in our hands but evolution's latest word we would have warrant for asking incredulously with John Hall Ingham, Did chaos form, and water, air, and fire, rocks, trees, the worm work toward Humanity, merely in order that man at last beneath the churchyard spire might be once more the worm, the tree, the rock? Only this and nothing more? Dust to dust the miserable, pitiable, and contemptible conclusion of all the climbing and enlarging life which has made its mighty march by slow steps up the gradual slope of the long ages? Science says, "No!" Reason says, "No!" The

moral sense says, "No!" Socrates says, "No!" Greatest of all, Jesus says, "No!" Even the peripatetic rhetorical platform scoffer, the thrifty professional blasphemer, the itinerant lecturer on "The Mistakes of Moses," said, "No!" when he uncovered beside his brother's grave and babbled inconsistently of an "eternal hope," and afterward wrote that "in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing." In the whole earth not one voice entitled to respect denies to personality a probable, or at least possible, persistence beyond bodily dissolution; while he speaks for mankind who says sturdily, "My foothold is mortised in granite; I laugh at what you call dissolution"; as he also does who says, "Only speak the name of Man, and you announce the doctrine of immortality. It cleaves to his constitution"; and as did Robert Browning when he wrote in his wife's New Testament these words from Dante, "Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better." At the time when this article is being written, Sir Oliver Lodge, at the climax of his distinguished career as a scientist, is using the most exalted, dignified, and commanding hour of his life as an opportunity for declaring to the scientific world his firm belief in the persistence of personality beyond bodily death, his conviction that man is a pilgrim of the Infinite.

It is a great thing to be a person, because

7. *Personality means immeasurable Possibility of Progress.*

Personality has an amazing off-look, a prospect vastly and magnificently disproportioned to its earthly and temporal platform and to its visible dimensions. Only set the smallest individual on his tiny feet and he looks away into realms remote and spacious—realms which may hold for him extensive and sumptuous opportunities, to whose gates, perchance, he has the key, or may obtain it. Give personality a start, and it has the propensity and the power to travel, no one can calculate how far; so that the human creature, stepping forward from his first self-conscious hour, is warranted in singing as the song of his pilgrimage, "Thus onward we move, and, save God above, none guesseth how wondrous the journey will prove." Simply let personality begin, and the angle of possible progress opening outward from the mathematic point of birth is one the subtending arc of which no trigonometry can measure. Though the human person have no larger foothold on the earth than the print which the bound foot of a Chinese woman makes in the dust, he has a boundless firmament overhead, and is aware of regions above and beyond, elsewheres and

hereafters concerning which he has surmises and presentiments, and the contents of which he may to some extent explore and in some sense possibly appropriate. To what extent and in what sense? is an inquiry worthy the serious meditation of every earnest mind, and, indeed, obligatory upon everyone who has any sense at all. If this is not a question of dignity and import, then there can be no momentous questions, and existence itself must be a frivolous triviality, the story of which can have no more meaning than a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Our present meditation is in the august presence of that tremendous question, in the solemn shadow of its gigantic interrogation point. How extensive is the range of our personality? How much of a traveler may the soul be? What is the human itinerary?

Now, evidently, demonstration by diagram is not here in place, nor is that sort of certainty aimed at which is born at the end of a syllogism. In the highest things of life it is impossible to bind the understanding to conclusions by the clamp of a logical *ergo*. There are ranges of reality to which the methods of logic, mathematics, and physical science are as useless as they are inapplicable. Nevertheless, knowledge is not shut out from those realms, and toward them agnosticism is not the necessary or respectable attitude of mind. With reference to their contents we may arrive at certitude as solid and satisfactory as any mathematic, scientific, or syllogistic conclusion. We simply present a few facts and suggestions which may open here and there a vista, flash a searchlight into the dark, and help to substantiate the distinctively Christian affirmation: *Great is personality. Its dignity is lofty. Its assets are large. Its fellowships are noble. Its sphere and range are possibly immense.*

Beginning with the lowest, the physical, observe the range of man's bodily powers. Is it not somewhat impressive that this human mite should be able to look so far? From here to the most distant discovered fixed star is so long a journey that a beam of light is hundreds of years in making it; yet man's eye takes that journey and gazes upon and examines that star. Does some one ask whether animals have not the same range of sight? We answer promptly, No! For one thing, man can piece out his powers of vision and extend his view indefinitely up and down. The brutes have no establishment for grinding magnifying lenses and reflectors. There has never been an Alvan Clark in business among them. No smart chimpanzee from "Professor" Garner's kindergarten in the woods of

Africa has invented telescope or microscope or even knows how to use one. No educated gorilla has handled the spectroscope and reported what Aldebaran and Alcyone are made of. Furthermore, brute vision, if it had equal range, bears small resemblance in its quality to ours; for even if things visible make the same image on the animal retina as on the human, the reflection there is incidental, superficial, meaningless, futile. Whatever vision brutes may have of distant regions conveys to them no significance, awakens no interest. The lion prowling in the ruins of Persepolis sees the yellow moon shedding mellow light on moldering plinth and column, and the Siberian wolf sending his long howl across white frozen plains receives into his lifted eye star-beams from the frontiers of space; the same was true of Newton's dog, "Diamond," but then, as Carlyle said, "to Newton and Newton's dog, what a different pair of universes!" Moonlight and starlight stir no inquiry in the brutes, tethered and limited as they are every way to the ground they stalk upon. Lion and wolf have nothing in them that goes prowling up the heavens; much less do they turn a look of recognition above them or suspect themselves akin to anything higher.

With man it is totally otherwise. This short and slender perpendicular midget not only sees the skies, but mounts them. Finding himself alive on a small globule which he names the earth, he plants his feet on a few inches of surface-dust and thence takes a great leap into immensity, "goes to see where the stars are and how they live; circumvents them and dives into the fountains of their light; frustrates their eternal silence and makes them tell their paths; passes from station to station and marks the outline of their geometry; accosts the wildest comets, detains them long enough to make engagements with them for ten thousand years, and they will keep their tryst with him or his successors; saunters up endless avenues of light, comrading with huge and mighty worlds; and then drops back on this little grass-plot," unwearied by his stupendous excursions and murmuring something about "many mansions" in his "Father's house," strangely rolling that saying over like a sweet morsel under his tongue. Preposterous as it seems for a creature who, when he presently lays his visible part down under the daisies, may apparently be bounded by a headstone, a footstone, and a tiny mound, we nevertheless know that the range of the human personality by use of his bodily powers is literally immense. In general, the physical perquisites of merely being alive are varied and exten-

sive. As foothold and an ear are equivalent to a life-lease of a reserved seat in the world's great concert hall with all its manifold music—hum of insects, song of birds, sounds of winds and waters, human voices and all instruments—so also existence and an eye furnish a complimentary ticket to the whole vast panoramic exhibition of the spectacular universe; eyesight enters free to that enormous cyclorama that is tented between zenith and horizon. No human life is so poor or form so petite but it has through its physical organs a range amazingly disproportioned to its own feebleness and littleness. Diminutive David, the Hebrew lad, lying at night beside his flock among the Bethlehem hills, can see the whole celestial splendor overhead,

> When in heaven the stars about the moon
> Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
> And every height comes out, and jutting peak
> And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
> Break open to their highest, and all the stars
> Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart.

The simple question at this point is whether there is anything significant and suggestive in the plain prosaic fact that man's wide-away vision ranges from so narrow a foothold as he has to so enormous a firmament as he sees; that this ridiculously infinitesimal human dot casts his visual line into the depths of a boundless sphere; that his organs of sight put him as actually in touch with distant suns and systems, nebulae and galaxies, as if his eyeball were a marble and he shot it across a pavement of sapphire to strike the outer rim of space.

Note next the ranging power of the Human Intellect. Give the mind a small foothold and it may explore a large sphere. A squirrel can go through a whole forest up in mid-air, by running out on the longest limbs and jumping from one tree to the next. The mind is such a squirrel. In the deep, wide forest of the universe it travels through empty spaces by long leaps. Give it a limb to leap from, it will find something beyond to leap to. The mind is capable of such procedure, and habitually practices it. Confucius said, "When I have presented one corner of a subject to anyone and he cannot from it learn the other three, I do not repeat my lesson." The normal mind can always do that; the mind that cannot is sub-normal and deficient, so exceptional as to be incapable of instruction or extensive education.

As to the physical universe, wide exploration of it by the investigating human mind is made possible by its organic and constitutional unity, by the homogeneity of its materials and the uniformity of its laws. It is like a seamless garment, and woven of the same texture throughout. Analysis of the minute and near gives the constitution of the enormous and remote, because the spectroscope reports that the same constituents compose both. Give the chemist one drop of human blood and he knows what qualities are in the veins of the fifteen hundred millions who populate the earth. Within a raindrop's compass lie a planet's elements, and both are globular by virtue of the same laws. State an asteroid and by inclusion the solar system is stated, with all its accessories and relationships. The molecule confesses and exposes Aldebaran. Because all forces of nature are at play in the atom, therefore the atom samples and publishes the universe. Physical science by studying and analyzing the common soap bubble reaches conclusions concerning the plenum that fills the interstellar spaces. How much Jesus Christ was thinking of when he said, "Consider the lilies," no man fully knows, but one thing which makes the lily wondrously worth considering is that the contents and mechanism of the entire material cosmos are reported and recorded by measurable effects in the development of its delicate life. Astronomy, geology, mineralogy, biology, and meteorology are referred to in its roots and stem, its bud and bloom, its fibers and its sap. An explanation of the lily involves the whole physical creation. Mrs. Browning set scientific truth to poetry when she wrote,

> No lily-muffled hum of summer bee,
> But finds some coupling with the spinning stars;
> No pebble at your feet but proves a sphere;
> No chaffinch but implies the cherubim.

And the same involvement of one with all gives the meaning to Tennyson's lines:

> Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies;
> Hold you here root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all,
> I should know what God and man is.

William Watson thanks Wordsworth for making him

> See that each blade of grass
> Has roots that grope about eternity,
> And see in each drop of dew upon each blade
> A mirror of the inseparable All.

Mathematical processes especially put on exhibition the ranging power of the mind, its ability to proceed from known to unknown, from the little to the large. One brief equation contains the elements of a great problem which the mathematician can work out through intricate and extensive processes to complete solution. A single proposition demonstrated may have as many crystal-clear corollaries as Jupiter has moons. Give the geometer any three points of a circle and he constructs the circle, fixes its center, draws with confident precision its whole circumference, and is as certain of all the points not given as of the three points you gave him. Such things are natural and easy to man's intellectual powers. There are proved mathematical laws on which, as on a ladder, the human mind can climb. The ladder is invisible, intangible; the eye cannot see it, the feet cannot feel it; but the mind knows it and mounts sure-footed. To deal with infinity is part of the regular business of mathematics. A Pilgrim of the Infinite is the human spirit. By such methods the human mind ranges far abroad through the material universe, ascertaining its extent, its nature, its construction, acquiring knowledge which is considered trustworthy. Personality has passports and a firman to travel and explore and excavate throughout vast regions of the physical realm. At this point arises a momentous and disputed question: Has man the power to carry his progressive knowledge beyond to non-material, supernatural, spiritual realms and realities? And thinkers divide into two classes on opposite sides of this interrogation point; they go to right and left like the sheep and the goats. The mere physicists assert that no one can have assured and valid knowledge extending beyond the universe of matter, while the opposing spiritual party affirm that man has satisfying knowledge of entities and verities altogether independent of matter, and that an actual realm of things spiritual is discernible by trustworthy faculties of the human spirit.

Mr. Huxley disparaged Lord Bacon's division of the realm of knowledge into two worlds and insisted that there is only one world that we have any knowledge of, and that is the world which physical science perceives, apprehends and reports. Now of natural science several things are true: (1) it deals with the lower facts of the universe; (2) it employs the lower faculties of the mind; (3) its results and acquisitions are of secondary import, transient use, and perishable value. But there is another world than that of matter—a realm superior, spiritual, eternal, and there is a reputable and rational

science relating thereto. Of this science also, as of the other, three things are true: (1) this science lives and moves in the sublimest regions of reality; (2) it employs the noblest of human faculties, faculties higher than those by which man solves an equation or calculates an eclipse; (3) the knowledge it obtains is in dignity supreme and in importance primary and perpetual. Of the existence of this superior realm, man has, to begin with, intuitive conviction, and, in addition, a propensity to investigate and explore it, and even to make with it a reciprocity treaty establishing social and commercial relations. It is vain to call halt to the intellect at the boundary line of matter, for the mind's curious, inquisitive eagerness, the momentum acquired in its lower progress, the silent attraction of things beyond of which human nature has premonitions and for which it has predilections, all insure that the unchecked mind will pass the border of the visible and palpable and ponderable. The same impulse which carries it forward among physical facts should carry it over in sight of other facts beyond. John Tyndall in his famous Belfast address said: "I cannot stop abruptly where the microscope ceases to be of use. The vision of the mind authoritatively supplements the vision of the eye. By a necessity engendered and justified by science, I cross the boundary of experimental evidence and discern"—discern what? Why, something beyond, it matters not what. All that we care for is that Professor Tyndall declared precisely what we here assert, that a necessity engendered and justified by science compels the mind to recognize realities which are not disparaged by the fact that they are not mathematically or scientifically or logically demonstrable. And these are the incomparably majestic realities. Natural science has neither dignity nor meaning unless it merges at the top into the highest questions of morals and theology. Its knowledge only "yields mere basement for the soul's emprise."

Thinkers unsurpassed in intellectual power and culture by any of the physicists assert spiritual facts and demonstrate them by methods which science approves. One such wrote a book showing that the credentials of science are the warrant of faith. Here are some specimen thinkers in whom we see the human reason ranging out and up through spiritual regions.

Descartes began his reasoning by standing as with feet pressed together on the one small fact of his own existence, which was to him indubitably real firm footing. But above and around this

arched the vision of things which this fact involved, implied, or had sight of; and he proved a firmament of human knowledge which included all that religion asks men to trust—a firmament of truth and reality so vast that the exploration of it made him a pilgrim of the Infinite.

Kant stood on the fact of consciousness. Standing there, he found himself within hearing of the Categorical Imperative and saw a moral law which covered him; saw an actual sphere overhead that contained between its zenith and horizon facts which stood steady as fixed stars and shone like a reflection from the glory of God's face—the sublime and splendid facts of free agency, liberty, divine providence, and immortality. And thus Immanuel Kant, though he never left his native city of Königsberg except for a few miles' walk into the country, was a tremendous traveler—a pilgrim of the Infinite.

Bishop Butler framed his noble Analogy by standing on the admitted fact of an intelligent Author and Moral Governor of the world, and showed that the teachings of Christianity hang their essential concave over whoever stands there with the faculty of sight: that William Pitt could not see it did not prove that Butler was wrong. Some men need to purge their vision with moral "euphrasy and rue." The author of the great Analogy was a pilgrim of the Infinite.

Paul, a stranger in the city of violet-crowned Athena, found the wise men of Greece standing on two points of conviction, one expressed in their altar inscription, "To the unknown God," and the other in their poet's line, "We also are his offspring." Then the apostle virtually said to them, "Ye wise men of Athens, stand right there, just where you are, with your feet on those two points, and I'll show you more than you ever saw before." Straightway he unveiled before them the Christ and unfolded to them the religion of salvation. Him whom they ignorantly worshiped declared he unto them; and from the Hill of Mars, shouldering Minerva's mount, Athenian gossips and philosophers had that day a glimpse of the fullness of saving truth. Anyone standing there on the Areopagus and listening to Paul could have a clear view into the heaven of heavens, though Athens slept that night upon the Attic plain among her marble divinities without realizing that the ambassador of an eternal Empire had arrived and presented his credentials. Descartes, Kant, Butler, Paul, they were but pilgrims of the Infinite.

Consider now the possible *Range of man's spiritual intercourse and appeal.* He has a way of presenting himself as a petitioner at the court of heaven. He is a solicitor of favors. When his desire reaches the intensity, definiteness, and dignity of prayer, he sends it forth as on wings; *επεα πτεροεντα*—winged words—is a fitter phrase in this connection than in any other. With man prayer is instinctive, and they who try to reason against it make no headway. An instinct pays no more attention to objectors or critics than Niagara pays to the bubbles on its brink or to the butterflies playing hide and seek among its rainbows. Prayer is futile, is it? Or has no effect beyond self-excitation, by means of which a man performs the fine old feat of lifting himself by the straps of his boots? Well, it is necessary to look this matter squarely in the face. There cannot be many opinions; everybody is shut up to one of two. Prayer is communion with a personal God and with the benign Father of men, or it is nothing, and all the rest of the spiritual life is nothing. Take a good look at the consequences and then make your choice. If man's praying be only as "the murmur of gnats in the gloom," then his industry, as Tennyson saw, signifies nothing more than "the buzzing of bees in their hive," and human life is but as "a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million suns"; that awesome star-sprinkled splendor yonder is but a spangled pall flung over the bier of human hope; man's only heaven is located inside the cemetery gate, six feet under ground, and to be buried on his back in the dark and the dirt is all the fulfillment a perfidious universe allows to the sublime yearnings which it has permitted to arise in the bosom of this aspiring creature with the unturned face and the beseeching eyes. Believe that who can. We cannot. We agree with Frances Power Cobbe that "if man be not immortal, God is not just"; and with that robust woman, Rosa Bonheur, when she wrote, "Dear Madame Fould, the Creator would really be the devil himself if he made us to live, love, and aspire in order to annihilate us afterward like generations of bugs which swarm in the old houses of Nice, Auvergne, Brittany, and the Pyrenees, and which we clean people destroy forever without respite and without mercy." In like spirit, Tennyson and Queen Victoria agreed together in an interview of which the Queen says: "Tennyson is grown very old, his eyesight much impaired. He talked of the many friends he had lost, and what it would be if he did not feel and know that there is another world, where there will be no partings; and then he

spoke with horror of the unbelievers and philosophers who would make you believe there is no other world, no immortality, who try to explain all this away in a miserable manner. We agreed that, were such a thing possible, God, who is love, would be far more cruel than any human being." Against such a God our moral sense would prompt us to blaspheme; and to demand of him, before he blots us out of existence, how he came to blunder into making Man a being nobler than himself and capable of properly despising him.

As to such things as prayer and communion with Heaven, Tennyson asserted that he knew God better than he knew matter. With matter he felt no kinship and could not understand its nature. Near the end of life he said to a friend: "I cannot form the least notion of a brick. I don't know what it is. It's no use talking about atoms, extension, color, weight. I cannot penetrate the nature of a brick. It remains incognizable by my mind, which has nothing in common with it. But I have far more distinct ideas of God, who thinks and wills and loves. I can understand and sympathize with him in my poor way. His nature and mine have something in common: he is spirit, I am spirit. The human soul seems to me in some way—I cannot say just how—identified with God; and there comes in the value of prayer. *Prayer is like opening a sluice between the great ocean and our little channels.*" That is to say, Prayer is interflow and communion between God and the soul. To Tennyson the only intelligible reality is Mind—mind finite and Mind Infinite. God is, and he is personal. Man is, and he is personal. Between these persons exists both close resemblance and relationship; hence communion is possible and natural.

> Speak to him thou for he hears, and spirit with spirit may meet—
> Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

Thus did the greatest of English laureates reason and feel.

If, now, somebody objects to the testimony of a poet as visionary and calls for a more sober, practical witness who will adhere to prosaic matter of fact, he can surely desire nothing better than Benjamin Franklin, whom all men accept as the type of sane, sound sense, a sturdily sagacious and broadly balanced mind. Read, then, his celebrated speech in the Constitutional Convention, when he moved for daily prayer:

> In the beginning of the contest with Britain, *when we were sensible of danger*, we had daily prayers in this room for the divine protection. Our

prayers, sir, were heard, and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe *this* happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our *future* national felicity; and have we now forgotten this powerful Friend, or do we imagine we no longer need his assistance? *I have lived, sir, a long time* [eighty-one years], *and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see of this truth: that God governs in the affairs of men.* And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, "that except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without his concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel. We shall be divided by our little partial local interests; our projects will be confounded; and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages; and what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave us to chance, war, or conquest. I therefore beg leave to move that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business, and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service.

After the first Atlantic cable was laid, an electrician who came down from New Foundland to New York told Henry M. Field that he had sent a message two thousand miles under the sea from Heart's Content, New Foundland, to Valentia Bay, Ireland, by a current of electricity generated in a battery formed in a percussion cap with a single drop of water. Dr. Field, being skeptical about this, asked Sir William Thomson (later Lord Kelvin) in London some years after if the electrician's story could possibly be true; and the great scientist said: "Your informant might have made a stronger statement. With a capsule one quarter the size of a percussion cap, containing a piece of zinc hardly visible to the naked eye, wet with a drop of water as big as a dew-drop or a tear, he could generate a sufficient current to carry a message from the New World to the Old."

Now no man comprehends how that is done, or, except by its effects, can tell anything about the nature of the fluid which makes it possible. It is really as inexplicable, as incomprehensible, as any miracle recorded in the New Testament, and yet it is a fact. Does anybody say now that it is incredible that a human heart with a tear in it can generate some kind of a current which may carry a spirit message afar to an unseen and spiritual world? If I could have stood beside that operator when he was sitting at the American end of the Atlantic cable at Heart's Content, and with a touch of his finger was flashing his thought swift as lightning under the ocean and getting quick answer from a distant continent which perhaps

he had never seen, I would have asked him if he considered Mrs. Browning's words absurd when she writes:

> I think this passionate sigh which, half begun,
> I stifle back, may reach and stir the plumes
> Of God's calm angel, standing in the sun.

I would have asked him if he thought it improbable that the thin piping voice of Tiny Tim praying, "God bless us every one," might fly the firmament through and without getting lost in the vast solitudes and silences find the ear of God. And if he answered that it seemed to him unlikely, I would dumfound him by demanding why. It is proper to ask that man there with his finger on the key, conversing mysteriously with another and invisible hemisphere, whether he thinks it incredible that the prayer which issues from out the narrow gateway of the penitent's lips, kneeling and raising his small face to the infinite heaven whose stars mix and tremble in his tears, may fly like a dove to the windows of heaven. And if he replies with skeptical scientific coolness that he thinks it incredible, then ask him if he will deign to tell us why physical science should have all the inexplicable and miraculous things and religion be permitted to have none. Man is capable of converse with heaven; the range of his fellowship includes the Soul of the Universe. The Great Companion is not dead; but Professor Clifford, who reported the decease of the God who made him, *is* dead, and it remains true after Clifford as it was before him that nothing is more reasonable, real, persistent, and inextinguishable than prayer. Prayer is as credible and feasible as submarine cables or wireless telegraphy. Such is the possible, credible, actual range of the human personality in its spiritual communion with the Father of Spirits. Sir Oliver Lodge reminds his scientific brethren that even in prescientific ages men were competent to know something, and that ages before there were any scientists there were souls—intelligent, studious, needy, and aspiring souls, souls of prophets and poets, saints and penitents, feeling after God if haply they might find him, restless unless they could find rest in him. The president of the world's greatest association of scientists declares himself firmly convinced that such souls have had actual access to the Heart of the Universe—access as profound and intimate as it is real. And he is clearly of opinion that the voices heard by Socrates and Joan of Arc, and no less by countless souls who have sought spiritual guidance, are genuine experiences, real and natural parts of a ra-

tional, consistent, coherent, and measurably intelligible universe. As to the range of the human personality through its possible fellowships and communings, this man of authority among scientists, standing on the summit of the most modern science, is in full accord with the apostle who said, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ."

Consider the *Range of man's acquisitiveness*—his restless ambition to obtain and possess. His acquisitiveness is almost as eager as his inquisitiveness. A near-animal known by the name of Whitman said he would like to go and live with animals because they "are so placid and self-contained; they are not dissatisfied with their condition; they do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins; they do not discuss their duty to God; and especially over the whole earth no one of them is demented with the mania of owning things." That is true, and is the sign and proof that they are brutes. That they are content as they are with what they have proves they were meant for that and nothing more. With man it is entirely otherwise. He is dissatisfied with his condition; he does sometimes weep for his sins; he is sometimes concerned about his duty to God; and he is uneasy with a desire to obtain and possess. And that is because of the fact that he is a man and not a beast. "What means this immortal demand for more?" asks Emerson, "There is no such greedy beggar as this terribly insatiate soul."

First and nearest we perceive that man's covetousness reaches out after worldly values. Born with much or with nothing, he wants the earth, and sometimes comes near getting it. A barefoot boy who drove the cows to pasture in Delaware County, New York, coveted wealth, reached for it, and got it, dying at the age of fifty-eight, owner of a hundred millions.

A curiously suggestive fact is that our courts declare that physical ownership is not limited to the surface of the earth, but extends indefinitely upward. There is no law on any statute book that attempts to bound a landholder's possessions skyward. The Maories of New Zealand shrewdly undertook to claim what was on and above the ground they had sold to the white settlers, and proceeded to cut off the timber; but at once the principle was embodied in law that whoever holds a deed to a bit of land is entitled to everything on it and above it *ad infinitum*. A court enjoins a telephone company from running wires across a field without the owner's consent, for the reason that he owns the space

above his land indefinitely, even to the fixed stars. Furthermore, there are court decisions making ownership include also whatever may come down on a man's land from above. The Supreme Court of Iowa decided that an aërolite falling from the sky is the property of the owner of the soil on which it falls. It is, therefore, matter of judicial decision that a man may be a legal possessor of something that has come to him from beyond this world. Remarkable range of ownership this human creature has.

But man's covetousness extends beyond the possession of worldly goods. Having knowledge of better things, knowledge awakens desire, and after desire goes active acquisitive pursuit. You say covetousness is forbidden? No! It is divinely ordained. It is instinctive, and to forbid the instincts is useless; their cravings are bound to reach actively toward satisfaction. Instinct is God's directest command. Man's inborn passion for possessing is also sanctioned by Scripture, only he is bidden to elevate his acquisitiveness to the level of the highest objects of desire. "Covet earnestly the best gifts." They who are risen with Christ are in sight of great prizes and must seek those things which are above. The search is endless, the seeker is immortal, and the things themselves imperishable. With reference to realms supernal, man may be an investor as well as an investigator, and from this world may make investments in another as easily as a London banker can buy United States bonds in New York by cable. While still here in this life a man may lay up such treasures on the other side of his death-bed as will make dying gain. There is a safe-deposit for the soul's valuables. We may store our goods where neither moths nor thieves nor fire can get at them. It is possible for this human tourist to obtain a letter of credit here on which he may travel through eternity. One whom nobody is wise enough or good enough to be warranted in contradicting said, "Do certain things and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." I have seen a woman in a poorhouse who said substantially that, by the infinite grace of a rich and beneficent Friend, she held a mortgage on the real estate of upper realms; that the mortgage was recorded up there and down here; that some day she expected to foreclose, and from her death-bed would fling her possessive pronoun against the sky, crying, *My* God, *my* Saviour, *my* Heavenly Home! Blessed are they, and as wise as blessed, who joyously take their Lord at his word. One such confident sweet saint, lifting her thin hands, exclaimed with her last breath, "I'm coming. Give me my palm,"

with as good a right as Paul had to say, "There is laid up for me a crown of life."

A prodigious claimant surely is this covetous mortal creature, entered on the lists of life here between the sod and the sun. He wants some satisfying portion, is bound to have it, will litigate his claim persistently through all disappointments against any number of adverse verdicts, carrying his case up from court to court, confident that the last and greatest tribunal, the Supreme Court of the Universe, will confirm and declare his claim to satisfying riches and issue an order putting him in possession of his heritage. The management of his case is believed to be in good safe hands. He is said to have a transcendently able "Advocate with the Father." We speak of the man who avails himself of his birthright and his privileges.

Nothing less than we have indicated is the range of the human personality in its covetous desire of possession.

Finally, it is legitimate and easy, as Sidney Lanier said, to explain and prove to man what he may be in terms of what he is. Present attainment and development intimate but do not measure his significance and worth. Not the show he makes, but the promise he gives; not actualities, but potentialities, constitute his value. Much in him is rudimentary. His future is in germ. Growth is his privilege. Quickening influences brood over him to befriend and foster his latent possibilities. Germination, or something like it, our life here is. An acorn lies in the ground. Sun and air awake it and encourage it to make an effort to rise in life. They put their lips to the earth and whisper down to it through the spongy pores of the soil with soft, warm breath, saying, "Come up! Come up!" till they stimulate and coax that buried acorn up into an oak. Incubation, or something like it, our life here is. Up yonder on the rocky cliff in a rough nest of sticks lies an egg. The eagle's breast-feathers warm it, the sky bends down and invites it, the abysses of the air beckon to it, saying, "All our heights and depths are for you; come and occupy them"; and all the peaks and the roomy spaces up under the rafters of the sky, where the twinkling stars sit sheltered like twittering sparrows, call down to the pent-up little life, "Come up hither!" and the live germ inside hears through the thin walls of its prison and is coaxed out of the shell and out of the nest and then off the cliff and up and away into the wide ranges of sunlit air and down into the deep gulfs that gash the mountains apart. Yes, our life on earth is incubation. A mothering immensity overbroods us as we lie on this ledge of

Time over-beetling eternity till instincts latent in us burst alive and the soul becomes like a nest astir with fluttering things that are getting ready to range and mount and float from height to height.

C. B. Upton, the Jew, professor of philosophy in Mansfield College, England, says that "the ideals of the soul are invitations"; and authentic invitations they are indeed from the Lord of a high manor to be his guest above. Many years ago some stranger asked William Taylor in Australia, "What is your place of residence?" "I'm residing on the earth at present, but do not know how soon I shall change my residence," answered the world-wandering evangelist. He talked as if he thought he had somewhere else to go to. Years later he went. He is there now. Was Abel Stevens a fool when he wrote to Zion's Herald, "Thank God, I am walking by faith and hoping for higher worlds"? "I should like," wrote Wordsworth to a young lady, "to visit Italy again before I move to another planet." A crippled boy sat in his wheeled chair on the ferryboat and a sympathetic lady, pitying his helplessness, exclaimed to her friend, "Poor fellow! What has he to look forward to?" The cripple overheard it, and turning his head, said pleasantly, "Wings, some day." A woman who lived a shut-up life wrote:

I never hear the word "escape"
Without a quicker blood,
A sudden expectation,
A flying attitude.

I never read of prisons broad
By soldiers battered down,
But I tug childlike at my bars—
Longing for things beyond.

Man looks for an hour of liberation which shall repeal the flesh and cancel the clod. He has a notion that earth's roof is heaven's floor, and expects to break jail by way of the skylight. His understanding is that when discharged and manumitted here he is requisitioned and subpoenaed elsewhere.

Renan said in his last days, "The inward worth of a man is measured by his religious tendencies." These are gravitations to draw him home. Perhaps the most superb face in art is that of the Virgin in Titian's Assumption at Venice. A man has been seen to sit motionless and almost breathless for hours, rapt in the fascination of that face and the spell of that great picture. The wonder is not the woman alone, but the rich bathing splendor into which she rises. It is humanity being drawn home by the hovering

heaven. Hid somewhere underfoot in the heart of this rock-crusted globe is the seat of the power called gravitation which holds man's body down. Anchored in the hidden heart of God above is the attraction which controls the spirit and commands and orders home a liberated humanity when it slips the leash of matter and goes free.

What better can we say than that life here is incubation, and death is the final launching away off this narrow ledge of Time? When liberation and levitation come, it will not seem strange to be afloat on the bosom of eternity, but as natural as nature's self. We were made for that life as surely as for this, and folded within us are the faculties that fit us for it. The young eagle, pushed out of the nest and off the cliff's edge, is buoyed by wings sufficient though before untried. Some "full-grown power informs her from the first," and she sweeps easily away through superior spaces vast and unexplored, then turns and slides softly down smooth slopes of air, then turns again, wheels and ascends by unseen spiral inclines, nor marvels in the least to find herself "strenuously beating up the silent boundless regions of the sky." She is as much at home there, afloat in and supported on the unseen, as ever she was on the crag. She knows neither strangeness, nor danger, nor fear. She is meant for the airy heavens *when* her time comes, as certainly as for the cliff *until* her time comes. Nor could you coax her back to be content with the nest of sticks and the narrow ledge whence she launched away into her legitimate large natural liberty. Likewise, the soul is secretly unconsciously equipped to survive and subsist hereafter as naturally and easily as here. True for all realms and worlds are the lines:

> Go where he will, the good man is at home;
> Where the good Spirit leads him, there's his road,
> By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

August with lofty dignity are the antique words of Sir Thomas Browne, the Norwich physician: "Those that look merely upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err as to my altitude, for I am above Atlas' shoulders. The mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind. You cannot measure me, for I take my circle to be above 360 degrees. There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that is more lasting than the elements and owes no homage to the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God; he that understands not this much, hath not learned his first lesson and is yet to begin the alphabet of man."

A daring but wholly justified declaration, which recalls a similar saying of Chrysostom about the apostle to the Gentiles, "Thus this man, Paul, three cubits high, became tall enough to touch the third heaven."

Geometry cannot measure Man; his circle exceeds 360 degrees. Astronomy cannot calculate his orbit; it knows not the equation of his path. A Pilgrim of the Infinite is he; and the old hymn, familiar to our childhood, sings on in our souls:

> Thus onward we move and save God above
> None guesseth how wondrous the journey will prove.

THE ARENA

RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND INTERPRETATION

A PROMINENT minister in one of our Conferences has written me inquiring about the divine authority, infallibility, and human limitations of the biblical writers. Had these inspired men, he asks, any real personal freedom in the composition of their published messages, or were they, as the heathen sibyls claimed to be, sheer instruments of a Power above themselves which virtually dictated their words and forms of expression? This inquiry indicates how thoughtful students of the Bible as well as many of the common people have been infected with the necessitarian dogma of "secured human volition." That Calvinistic dogma has no logical place in Arminian Methodist teaching, but is repugnant to our fundamental axioms of personal freedom and responsibility. The question of biblical facts, however, may be best considered from a literary and exegetical point of view; for much needless controversy over biblical questions might have been obviated had greater attention been given to the distinction between a religion and its literature. Religion begets literature, and literature requires and begets interpretation. Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mazdaism, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam possess their Holy Scriptures, and for each of these Bibles the highest claims of divine inspiration have been made. In spite of all such claims, however, the real value and authority of any book must ultimately stand or fall, not by the power of traditional dogma, nor by *a priori* assumptions, but by appeal to demonstrable facts.

One has not to read far in any of these sacred books before perceiving the necessity of some gift of interpretation. For example, we open the ancient Veda and find a worshiper of Indra saying: "Keep silence! We offer praises to the great Indra in the house of sacrifice. Lord of the brave, from battle to battle thou goest bravely on; from town to

town thou destroyest with thy might, when with Nama as thy friend thou strikest down from afar the deceiver of Namuki." In one of the Buddhist scriptures it is written: "The best of ways is the eightfold, the best of truths the four words, the best of virtues passionlessness; the best of men is he who has eyes to see. This is the way; there is no other that leads to the purifying of intelligence. Go on this way; everything else is the deceit of Mara." In the Hebrew book of Psalms we read:

> In my distress I called upon Jehovah;
> He heard my voice out of his temple,
> And my cry before him came into his ears.
> Then the earth shook and trembled;
> The foundations also of the mountains quaked.
> There went up a smoke out of his nostrils,
> And fire out of his mouth devoured.

Ezekiel tells us that the hand of Jehovah fell upon him, and took him by a lock of his head, and transported him from Babylon to Jerusalem. Daniel saw in his visions a lion with eagle's wings, and John in Patmos beheld a beast rising out of the sea with seven heads and ten horns. In the perusal of such scriptures an Ethiopian eunuch or an American clergyman might well be asked, "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

We believe that all the Holy Scriptures known to mankind, whether given by inspiration of God or not, are human compositions. They all exhibit varieties of human thought and literary style. The poetry of the nations exists in forms of tribal song, triumphal ode, charming lyrics, and magnificent epics. Historical composition is cast in a different mold, as is seen in the works of such men as Herodotus, Livy, Josephus, Eusebius, and Gibbon. The law-giving of the ages has also its voluminous collections of commandments and statutes and judgments. The books of our Bible contain almost every variety of composition, such as biographical and historical narratives, collections of laws and proverbs, psalms and hymns, and dramas and oracles of prophecy. There are also fables and riddles, and allegories, and gospel memoirs, and parables, and apocalyptic dreams and visions and symbols. One may acquire a better understanding and a keener appreciation of these Scriptures by a protracted study of the other great literatures of the world. Such comparative research might well take time and pains to read the epics of the nations and study their numerous correspondences. The Homeric poems were probably rehearsed in fragments long before they were combined in the Iliad and the Odyssey. But these epics became a model of their kind, and they were remarkably imitated, both in form and content, by Vergil's "Æneid," Lucan's "Pharsalia," Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," Camöens' "Lusiad," and Milton's "Paradise Lost." There, too, are the Persian "Shah Nameh," the old German "Nibelungenlied," the Scandinavian "Edda," the Anglo-Saxon "Beowulf," the Finnish "Kalevala," and the Spanish "Chronicle of the Cid," all which belong to the class of heroic literature.

In the interpretation of any literary production a primary question should be, To what class of writing does this composition belong? Is

it poetry, or history, or proverb, or law? Is it an epistle, a sermon, or an apocalypse? How different in concept and expression are the books of Genesis and Job, and Daniel and the Song of Songs? Wise men are becoming more and more cautious in expressing opinions on the authorship of Old and New Testament books. The authorship of Hebrews, and Second Peter, and Jude, and the Apocalypse is as uncertain now as in the days of Eusebius. That father of ecclesiastical history took pains in the early part of the fourth century to ascertain the most trustworthy reports of the beginnings of Christianity and the authorship of the various New Testament writings, but he tells us that he found the task exceedingly difficult—"a kind of lonely and untrodden way." Of Peter's two epistles he says that only the first was accepted as genuine, and that James and Jude and Second and Third John were also placed among the *antilegomena*. So doubtful did he find the authorship of Hebrews that, after recording various current opinions, he remarks, "Who it was who really wrote the epistle God only knows." He also informs us that John's Apocalypse was rejected by many who not only denied its authority as a revelation, but declared it so obscure that no apostle or holy man of the church could have been its author. If Eusebius, three centuries after Christ, found it so difficult to determine the origin of these New Testament books, what probability is there that men of a later generation could decide with greater certainty? One is scarcely warranted in calling any of these disputed pieces of literature "mouthpieces of the Holy Spirit." But every modern preacher of the gospel should, like Paul, give diligence to present himself approved unto God and pray for power from on high to proclaim his heavenly message "in demonstration of the Spirit." For the potent gifts of the Holy Spirit were no monopoly of the first apostles of our Lord, but part and parcel of the "promise of the Father," whereby every one who is created anew, in righteousness and holiness of truth, may become a living epistle of heavenly inspiration and speak with a tongue of fire, as the Spirit gives him utterance.

The biblical writers must not be denied the same rights of literary reference and allusion which we concede to others. Nothing is more common among all good writers and speakers than to point a moral and adorn a tale by references to well-known traditions, popular stories, and familiar characters of fiction. No one is justified in assuming that such references commit a writer to any personal opinion on the historicalness of the matter referred to. For surely no one versed in literature can seriously suppose that a writer or a public speaker, in making an illustrative allusion to the misfortunes of Oliver Twist, or the soul-struggles of Hamlet, or the flight of Eliza as told in Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Achilles chasing Hector around the walls of Troy, is expressing or intending to express an opinion on the historical reality of the persons or events referred to. When our Lord or an apostle mentions the writings of Moses, or refers to some Old Testament narrative, he is simply following the custom of popular illustration without a thought of obtruding a critical judgment on questions of authorship and historicity.

To suppose the contrary would be imputing to him a sort of pedantry utterly inconsistent with his character.

Critical studies have dispelled the notion, once quite prevalent, that the prophecies of the Old Testament and the New Testament Apocalypse are "history written beforehand." The book of Job is seen to be a creation of poetic genius like the dramas and epics of the great masters of heroic song. The several characters which the author has introduced and the speeches he has put into their mouths are all of his own creation and composition. The words of Jehovah, out of the whirlwind, as well as those of Eliphaz and Bildad and Zophar, are the literary productions of the composer of the book. All the voices that speak in the Revelation of John, whether from the throne of God, or from the seven spirits before the throne, or from the mighty angels, or from the Son of God, whose eyes were like a flame of fire and out of whose mouth proceeded a sharp two-edged sword—each and all are the composition of the writer of the Apocalypse. And when Jude and Second Peter cite passages from the book of Enoch, we cannot for a moment admit that such citations prove the genuineness of that pseudepigraphical writing. For we are yet in possession of the book of Enoch, and find it to be only one of a large number of similar products of the later Jewish literature dating all the way from about B. C. 170 to A. D. 70.

The same principles and rules of hermeneutics obtain and find abundant illustration in other great masterpieces of literature. Plato's "Dialogues" are his own personal compositions, whether he speaks for Socrates or any one of a score of disciples who ask and answer questions. In Milton's "Paradise Lost" the conversations of the Almighty Father and his Son, as well as those of Satan, and Michael, and Adam and Eve, are all alike the poetic creations of the author of that immortal song. In Pilgrim's Progress also, the speeches of Christian and Faithful, and Apollyon, and Giant Despair, and Ignorance are all of them the compositions of John Bunyan.

An English divine has said that "God knows no orthodoxy but the truth." That truth may be expressed in a literary work of fiction as well as in an oracle of prophecy; in a parable, an allegory, or an apocalypse as well as in a historical record. But we cannot believe that God has given us revelations of his truth in literary forms which are exempt from the laws of literary criticism. We are accordingly bound in all consistency of truth to observe the same rules of literary art and criticism, of grammar and of rhetoric, in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures that are employed in the study of Thucydides, and Livy, and Goethe, and Victor Hugo, and Charles Dickens, and Dante, and Milton, and Robert Browning. Each separate creation of the author's art must be explained in harmony with its intrinsic character and literary form. Failing to do this, one may unwittingly misunderstand the real teaching of the prophets and the apostles and the Christ, and also find himself in collision with a great variety of indisputable facts.

MILTON S. TERRY.

THE POWER OF QUIETNESS

ORGANIZATION has well-nigh become a craze. Generalship is the word of the hour. The amassing and directing of agencies in a given direction is everywhere regarded as the world's great work. The lover and the dreamer must step aside to make way for the all-conquering demonstrator. The romanticist, the idealist, the mystic—where are they? Where are these conservators of domestic peace and stability? To whom shall we look for the restoration of the reverence, simplicity, and impressiveness of Christian worship if not to these quiet souls who stand still and know that God is God?

Even the play element of life is suffering from the inroads of mercenary, competitive, and harshly organized features. The home, the church, the playground, and many other forms of society are groaning under the incubus of an oppressive system of organization. In the constitution of man there is a place for reverence, naturalness, and humor, but how these basic elements of life are disturbed by our multitudinous and rigorous systems!

The art of advertising is overdone. The beauty of literature and the glory of the landscape are assailed by its impudence. Its affected suavities, as well as its noisy obtrusiveness, are an offense to the sensitive and refined. Everywhere we are compelled to witness the noisy exhibition of human conceits. System, publicity, achievement! Who dares to place himself in the path of such a juggernaut or stand defenselessly before such an avalanche? Will the world shut down its vast machinery at the wailings of some nerveless recluse? Can a puny protest halt its merciless march even for a moment? Is it not the rankest species of effrontery to even intimate the slightest modification in the character and course of our modern organized activities? Any objector will be instantly denounced as narrow in vision, and most insolent in attitude, yet, just a moment: does it augur well for any nation when its utilitarian schemes are so pronounced that its finer sentiments are in danger of extermination? Are there not in life quiet, unobtrusive features which demand our respectful attention? Is there not a place for the poet, the preacher, the philosopher, the attorneys of the soul, as well as for the boastful manager of imposing concerns? Can we afford to let these representatives of a deeper and diviner order be carried away by the so-called practicalities or worldly institutionalism of our day? "Where there is no vision the people perish," but where shall we look for our seers? Are they not oftenest found among the quiet men and women who have steadily refused to yield themselves to the clamor and intoxications of a hurly-burly life? We are lamenting the inefficiency of the modern church and some of us suspect that this inefficiency is due to the fact that we have sought to accomplish our warfare by carnal weapons.

The preacher has been enticed from hallowed solitudes. The social organizer or financial manipulator has supplanted the dreamer and the mystic. Our speech betrayeth us. The note of authority is missing in our appeals. Had we quietly communed with God and found our pattern

"In the Mount" we might have appealed more forcibly to the basic and universal needs of men.

How we are rebuked by the very silence of Jesus! "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street," yet how potential is his very stillness! How impossible to escape the silent emanations of that unobtrusive personality!

How ceaselessly, majestically, yet silently the forces of nature cooperate! As in the building of Solomon's temple, no sound of hammer or ax is heard in all this vast creative process. "He that believeth shall not make haste," and the futility of our nervous strivings should have taught us better things. The poise, and strength, and grace of quietness often put our heated arguments and fussy motions to utter shame. Its surprising depth has filled us with a grateful wonder, and its uncommonness has made its presence most refreshing. Said Emerson: "What you are speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you say." There are convictions too sublime for paltry vehicles of speech. You cannot dramatize the finer motions of the soul. There are certain prayers you cannot pour into the narrow molds of human utterance. Many things that lie near the surface will readily leap into evidence, while greater realities will often stay in depths of unbroken concealment. The greatest things are not the noisy and the noticeable, yet how readily we disparage the quiet, self-effacing souls that are about us. Our age is very harsh toward the man who does not keep up with the procession and easily adjust himself to the machinery of the hour. We forget that this nonconformity may be his very excellence, to which we will return and pay our deference in later and wiser years; a rare endowment which makes him rich in counsel and restraint, but which we blindly do not sense.

How pathetic it is to meet old people who feel as if they are in the way or good for nothing! What a rebuke to our standards of life that it should be so! What false economies have led to such a sorry aspect? Is life to be so commercialized that, when its earning capacity ceases, it presents to us no further attractions? Has this quiet, subdued life which moves amid the deepening twilight no gracious influence, no silent message, no worthy place, no accumulated treasures I am bound to respect? The cumulative forces of a lifetime are all here, not clothed and correlated as formerly, perhaps, yet instinct with life and meaning, for "they also serve who only stand and wait."

Everywhere throughout our world are the quietness, inaction, retirement of the aged, disabled, unpopular, and diffident. People so constituted are often made to feel, through popular opinion, or device, as though they were cumberers of the ground, yet, through these unpretentious lives unceasing streams of power do flow. "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." There is power in quietness, there is quietness in power.

Ours is a constructive period, and the self-assertive and spectacular are held in full honor, but to the preservation of our balance, to the nurture of our best ideals, to the highest corrective and directive influences of our time we are vastly indebted to these quiet souls who perhaps mourn

their own seeming disabilities, but who, in quiet reflection, devout prayerfulness, patient suffering and passive virtue, are the most indispensable factors of our feverish time. The mute appeal, the patient endurance, the quiet helplessness speak a message all their own, and in wise restraint and high refinement we reap the product of their worth.

Here is a poor helpless woman in the Audubon Sanitarium appealing for the enactment of a law which shall permit her physicians to end her life and thus terminate her suffering. Would it not be better to assure her of the vicariousness of pain, the eloquence of silence, the helpfulness of impotence, and the deep triumphs of her own dire tragedy? There are some things we learn by a paralytic's cot that we can never hear from a preacher's favored rostrum. There are muffled sobs and smothered accents which address the heart of man as the practiced art of speech can never do. How these lonely and incapacitated souls do temper the harsh conditions of our tumultuous times! How they rebuke our feverish ambition and challenge the very best within us! Their very impotence has arrested our madness and softened us to tenderness and love.

There are secret sins that men must confess. There are hidden tragedies they must make known, but who has ears to hear? We easily master the "art of expression," but how little we know of the "habit of audience." O how much there is in our troubled life which we long to recite to another! But the average man is too hurried, or engrossed, and we must shut the gnawing secret in our own bosom. Yet chastened by pain and tempered by loneliness are quiet souls who lend a listening ear and thus relieve the long pent-up sorrows of men distraught. When shall we recognize our great indebtedness to these silent and sympathetic listeners, these men and women who lent us their ears?

Say not "the forces of the old man are spent." Thou betrayest thine own ignorance and coarseness. He comes to us freighted with the mellowing memories of many years and gladdened with the reflection of a coming day. We cannot afford to miss the halo which already adorns his brow!

Amid life's harnessed energies despise not the sufferer who has dropped his plummet into depths thou never canst explore and out of these silent, somber, fathomless realms has recovered for us the costliest things of life.

Forget not the unmeasured ministry of these rarest souls who have modestly shrunk from public gaze, yet who have created an atmosphere on which the nurture of our nobler self so much depends. Flowers may bloom in the hidden recess of the forest; the nightingale may send forth his worthiest note upon the silent, unresponding night, but shaping the very heart of things, and guarding the common weal, are those unobtrusive souls who give their largess to the world's great work. Quiet are the stars. Asleep the magic forces of nature seem. Silent are the souls of some men, yet how beneficent in worth! Underrated by reason of their obscurity, yet easier is it "to bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion" than to restrain the salutary effect of a quiet, reverent life.

Drop thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease.
Take from our souls the strain and stress
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Osceola, Pa. JOHN HUMPHREY.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

PAUL'S EXPOSITION OF CHRISTIANITY

Rom. 6. 1-11—*Paul's Mysticism*

THE twofold headship of humanity was argued by Saint Paul at length in the fifth chapter, in which the ravages of sin in the human world, taking its starting point with the first Adam, are set forth. In his argument Paul assumes the historicity of the account of the creation and fall of man as narrated in the first three chapters of Genesis. He declares that what was lost through the first Adam has been restored, and more than restored, through the second Adam, Christ Jesus our Lord: "For as through the one man's disobedience the many were made sinners, even so through the obedience of the one shall the many be made righteous. And the law came in besides, that the trespass might abound; but where sin abounded, grace did abound more exceedingly; that, as sin reigned in death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 5:19-21).

Paul's intensely logical mind recognized at once that this great gospel truth might readily be perverted to support the theory of antinomianism. The argument of the objector or the objection which Paul is considering is that the doctrine of gratuitous justification, which Paul has been demonstrating in the earlier part of this epistle, involves indifference to sin and even justifies its continuance by the sinner as it would enhance the measure of the glory of God's forgiving grace. Paul's answer to the objection is that such a thought as continuance in sin on the part of one who has been justified through faith in Jesus Christ is impossible. To the question in the first verse, "What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" Paul's emphatic reply is, "God forbid."

The sixth chapter is devoted to a demonstration of the thesis that faith in Christ makes the dominion of sin over the believer impossible. The one absolutely excludes the other. Justification by faith involves not merely the forgiveness of the sinner, but also the sanctification of the believer. In Paul's thought the life of faith is absolutely irreconcilable to the life of sin. It is this which a generation untrained in spiritual things could not understand, and in setting forth his views he employs that sublime mysticism which abounds in the writings of the great apostle.

In Paul's development of his thesis he affirms that we may not continue in sin because the believer has been united with Jesus Christ by faith, and thus has died to sin and therefore can no longer live in it. He says in the second verse, "We who died to sin, how shall we any longer live therein?" It is difficult to express the exact meaning of the apostle in the phrase "died to sin." To be dead to anything is to be beyond its control; we are insensible to it; it does not dominate us any more. So when the Christian died in relation to sin, sin lost the dominion which it had held over him and he became impervious to its power. The apostle explains this by the analogy with baptism. His language is: "Or are ye ignorant that all we who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death? We were buried therefore with him through baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life." We need not at this point raise the question of the relation of this passage to the mode of baptism. Many find in it a reference to baptism by immersion. The writer thinks the apostle has no such thought in view as to the mode of baptism—at least he is not intending to treat of that—but of the death and burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Baptism was a symbol of union with Jesus Christ—it was the outer seal of the new life which had come to the believer and which was expressed in the baptismal formula. Baptism was a fitting symbol by which to illustrate the point he had in hand, namely, the mystical union of the believer with Christ. His language expressly affirms it, "We were buried with him through baptism into death," that is, we were united to him by faith, and through our baptism we symbolically died with him and were buried with him, so that the baptism represents our mystical union with Christ in his death, burial, and, as an immediate and necessary outcome, also our union with him in his resurrected life. The time when this union was effected was the time when through baptism he publicly accepted Christ and received the seal by which he was attested to be in fellowship with Christ; and as Christ died to sin, the Christian can no longer live in it, but has been "raised from the dead through the glory of the Father" into the new life which is in Christ Jesus.

Paul further declares that the "old man" was crucified with Christ in order that the body of sin, the seat of the propensities and activities of sin, might be destroyed. Verse 6: "Knowing this, that our old man was crucified with him, that the body of sin might be done away, that so we should no longer be in bondage to sin; for he that hath died is justified from sin." By the "old man" he means the unregenerate man, the man who has never submitted to the gospel of Jesus Christ. (Eph. 4:22, 24; Col. 3:9, 10.) And he affirms that this old man, this unregenerate man, this unrenewed nature of ours, was put to death on the cross. His language is, "The old man was crucified with him." That is another of the mystical phrases of the apostle. He says of himself elsewhere (Gal. 2:20), "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me." It is similar to all those expressions of identity of Jesus Christ with the believer which he affirms elsewhere in the most

positive manner. It is similar to another passage (Gal. 3:28): "For as many of you as were baptized into Christ did put on Christ." It is as though the sinner hung with Christ on the cross, and that in his death the sinner with his sins died; and when he was leaving the tomb the sinner with his sins was leaving the tomb; and when Christ rose from the dead, the sinner without his sins, the sinner redeemed from his sins, arose from the dead, no longer the old man, but the new man, the new man that was in Christ Jesus, and he declares that henceforth he should no longer serve sin, for, as verse 7 states it, "For he that hath died is justified from sin," that is, against a dead person a charge can no longer be laid, and the death of Christ has justified the sinner who has believed in him, and he is therefore free from sin. In understanding this passage we need to note carefully the use of the tenses. At every point in discussing the union of Christ with the believer the aorist tense is used, as indicating a definite point at which the action involved took place. King James's version in the sixth verse reads, "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him," etc.; the revised version of 1881 has it more accurately, "Know this, that our old man was crucified with him." In the eighth verse, King James version, we read, "Now if we be dead with Christ"; in the revised version we read, "If we died with Christ." In Christ's death and resurrection were summed up the world's redemption from sin and the world's restoration in Christ. The whole world was included in the great act of human salvation, but this redemption and union with Christ do not become available to us except as we receive them as the gift of Christ and exercise faith in him. What Christ wrought for the world was wrought on Calvary's cross and in his resurrection from the dead. Baptism was the outward act of induction into the church, designating the point of time in which this union with Christ was accomplished.

In the eleventh verse the apostle tells us the aspect under which the Christian shall view his life. His language is, "Even so reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God in Christ Jesus." He now views himself as no longer under the dominion of sin, but as united with Christ and his fellow Christians in the Kingdom of Grace. He answers the question, Are we to consider this crucifixion with Christ and consequently salvation by grace as a gateway to continued sinfulness, to ungodliness of all kinds, or must we view the believer's life as separated in Christ from sin and a life to be lived after the pattern of Jesus Christ? The latter is Paul's assumption. He is to reckon himself entirely impervious to sin, not to consider it, not to indulge in it, not to contemplate it; he is to consider that he is bound no longer in sin, but has completely broken with it; sin and he are no longer to have any relation to each other. In every assault of sin he is to fly to Jesus Christ, and by faith become united to him, and at every step in his life he is to walk with the Master and thus reckon himself to be entirely dead to sin and alive to God, and this life in God is to last for evermore.

It would be impossible in this brief discussion to give an adequate expression of the meaning of these mystical phrases to which attention

has been called. On the part of the critical student these would require special studies, but enough has been said to give some conception of the importance of this mystical side of the apostle's life and thought.

Among the commentators Sanday seems to be the most exhaustive in his treatment of this part of the epistle. He says that Paul arrived at this doctrine of mystical union by the "guiding of the Holy Spirit" and that the basis of the doctrine is "the apostle's own experience." "His conversion was an intellectual change, but it was also something much more. It was an intense personal apprehension of Christ as Master, Redeemer, and Lord." He also affirms that the doctrine in its fundamental conception "has close parallels in the writings of Saint John and Saint Peter."

Professor Sanday into his discussion of the question introduces Matthew Arnold's "St. Paul and Protestantism." He deprecates the defects of Matthew Arnold's treatment, but presents quotations from his works in which he believes that he caught the deep conception of the apostle's thought:

"If ever there was a case in which the wonder-working power of attachment, in a man for whom the moral sympathies and the desire for righteousness were all-powerful, might employ itself and work its wonders, it was here. . . .

"It is impossible to be in presence of this Pauline conception of faith without remarking on the incomparable power of edification which it contains. It is indeed a crowning evidence of that piercing practical religious sense which we have attributed to Paul. . . .

"But one unalterable object is assigned by him to this power: to die with Christ to the law of the flesh, to live with Christ to the law of the mind. This is the doctrine of the necrosis (2 Cor. 4. 10), Paul's central doctrine, and the doctrine which makes his profoundness and originality. . . . Those multitudinous motions of appetite and self-will which reason and conscience disapproved reason and conscience could not govern, and had to yield to them. This, as we have seen, is what drove Paul almost to despair. Well, then, how did Paul's faith, working through love, help him here? It enabled him to reinforce duty by affection. In the central need of his nature, the desire to govern these motions of unrighteousness, it enabled him to say: 'Die to them! Christ did.' If any man be in Christ, said Paul—that is, if any man identifies himself with Christ by attachment so that he enters into his feelings and lives with his life—he is a new creature; he can do, and does, what Christ did. First, he suffers with him. Christ, throughout his life and in his death, presented his body a living sacrifice to God; every self-willed impulse, blindly trying to assert itself without respect of the universal order, he died to. You, says Paul to his disciples, are to do the same. . . . If you cannot, your attachment, your faith, must be one that goes but a very little way. In an ordinary human attachment, out of love to a woman, out of love to a friend, out of love to a child, you can suppress quite easily, because by sympathy you become one with them and their feelings, this or that impulse of selfishness which happens to conflict with them, and which

hitherto you have obeyed. All impulses of selfishness conflict with Christ's feelings; he showed it by dying to them all; if you are one with him by faith and sympathy, you can die to them also. Then, secondly, if you thus die with him, you become transformed by the renewing of your mind, and rise with him. . . . You rise with him to that harmonious conformity with the real and eternal order, that sense of pleasing God who trieth the hearts, which is life and peace, and which grows more and more till it becomes glory."

Dr. Sanday also introduces a quotation from the philosopher T. H. Green. From Mr. Green's lay sermon The Witness of God Dr. Sanday makes the following quotation emphasizing this side of the apostle's thought and showing its importance in order to understand his teaching:

"The death and rising again of the Christ, as he [Saint Paul] conceived them, were not separate and independent events. They were two sides of the same act—an act which relatively to sin, to the flesh, to the old man, to all which separates from God, is death; but which, just for that reason, is the birth of a new life relatively to God. . . . God was in Christ, so that what he did, God did. A death unto life, a life out of death, must then be in some way the essence of the divine nature—must be an act which, though exhibited once for all in the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, was yet eternal—the act of God himself. For that very reason, however, it was one perpetually reenacted, and to be reenacted, by man. If Christ died for all, all died in him: all were buried in his grave to be all made alive in his resurrection. . . . In other words, he constitutes in us a new intellectual consciousness, which transforms the will and is the source of a new moral life."

Enough has been said, we think, to show the importance of this passage and its relation to his great scheme of Christian doctrine as set forth in the Epistle to the Romans and as referred to in Paul's other writings.

The union of the believer with Christ in his life, death, and resurrection and the effect of this union in the personal holiness of the believer is one of the great doctrines which occupy the center of the apostle's thinking.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME MODERN UTTERANCES ON CHRISTOLOGY

THE theology of the nineteenth and the twentieth century has been preeminently Christocentric. Even the negative theology has been forced to concern itself primarily with the life and work of Jesus. In view of the extraordinary interest manifested in the Christological problem in our day, it is believed that the assembling of some representative recent utterances on this subject will be welcomed by our readers. In this con-

nection we would call special attention to Professor Loofs's What is the Truth about Jesus Christ? (Scribners, 1913). This is a remarkably clear and judicious summary and criticism of recent Christological controversy. Not only does Loofs effectively answer the extreme negations of Arthur Drews in his Christ-Myth, and of W. B. Smith in his Ecce Deus, but he also gives valuable criticisms of the Christological views of some of the leading dogmaticians of the present.

As representatives of the prevailing liberal view of Jesus we might select such men as Bousset, Weinel, Jülicher, and Heitmüller. As Bousset's Jesus enjoys a good degree of popularity in its English dress, we shall mention only his discourse in the Berlin Congress for Liberal Christianity, 1910, on "The Significance of the Person of Jesus for Faith." In this address Bousset boldly reasserts the essential position of the older rationalism, revering "Jesus of Nazareth the creative genius, who produced for us the fundamental symbols of our faith and in his own person, as it meets us in the Gospels in an indissoluble interweaving of the fancy of the company of his followers with historical truth, himself becomes enduringly the most effectual symbol of our faith. But behind the symbol and through the picture there glimmer and shine the eternal truths of the faith." Thus Bousset holds the Christian faith to be relatively independent of the historical Jesus.

More typical representatives of a liberal theology are Weinel, Jülicher, and Heitmüller. The eloquent lectures of the former on "Jesus in the Nineteenth Century" have enjoyed a well-deserved popularity. In answer to critics on the right hand and on the extreme left he published in 1910 a pamphlet entitled, "Is the Liberal Picture of Jesus Refuted?" With concessions to the negative criticism of Wrede on the historical value of Mark, he still maintains that we have a true, though not ample, picture of Jesus of Nazareth, the man, the prophet, the founder of Christianity, and the way to God even in our day. A dogma of the "divinity" of Jesus he does not recognize. "Jesus entered upon the great inheritance of his people, which he deepened and renewed, of hearing the God of love speak from out the God of law; and he also possessed the other side of faith in God in a fullness and intimacy of feeling not found elsewhere in his people, a quality given in larger measure to the Aryans: to hear the voice of God in bush and tree, in harvest field and song of birds, in blooming flowers and playing children. Is it something passing strange if we find that the longing for God, whether of Jews or Greeks, of Semites or Teutons, can be satisfied in him?"

Among living New Testament scholars of Germany no one bears a higher reputation than Jülicher, notwithstanding chronic ill health has greatly hindered his literary productivity. He is a typical representative of the liberal attitude respecting Jesus. In his essay on "The Religion of Jesus and the Beginnings of Christianity" in the collective work Die Kultur der Gegenwart, Jülicher writes thus concerning Jesus's Messianic consciousness:

"The full understanding [of his preaching of the kingdom of God] depends here upon having a clear idea concerning the connection which

Jesus has established between his person and the kingdom, that is, concerning his self-consciousness. That God would assure him as a prophet of the kingdom a place of honor therein was, of course, never for him a matter of doubt; even the martyr's death made no difference with this confidence; for to what end was there a resurrection of the dead? But this would hold true in both particulars also of John, the greatest of those born of women. Did Jesus mean to be only a new edition of John, a third Elijah after this second? Decidedly not. For him John is the last, at the same time the greatest, figure of a past world; himself he reckons as belonging to a new world, before whose grandeur all measures of greatness known to the former world fail. Jesus feels himself to be not merely a prophet that announces the new world, but to be one that already enjoys it in full draughts, and that not as one among many others, but as the first, the chief among all, in short, as the bringer of the kingdom of God. It is true he did not loudly set up this claim; indeed, he applied to himself no high-sounding titles at all; but only upon this supposition does his consciousness of his vocation become intelligible to us. Long since the Jewish theology had set in use the name Messiah (Christ, Anointed), perhaps also on the basis of Dan. 7. 13 the name 'Son of man,' for the one commissioned by God to establish the new kingdom. But even if we eliminate the self-designation of Jesus as Son of man from the history, and if we regard as historically suspicious, even in the oldest Gospel, his strange attitude toward the various utterances in which he is addressed as Messiah, which now he hails with joy, now indignantly repudiates, so much at least is certain, that Jesus entered Jerusalem as Messiah, was crucified as Messiah by Pilate, and at Cæsarea Philippi accepted the word, 'Thou art the Messiah' (Mark 8. 29). In other words, Jesus ascribed to himself the most important role in the kingdom of heaven next to God."

In the third volume of Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart is found a very full and very able article on "Jesus Christ" by Jülicher's colleague at Marburg, Wilhelm Heitmüller. The article has appeared also separately in book form. We quote briefly from its concluding paragraph: "The secret of his [Jesus's] effectual influence beyond death lies in his personality, which derived its peculiar stamp from that extraordinary, unparalleled consciousness of his vocation, which, if we regard it as sane, can only be interpreted as an indication that in this man in a peculiar measure creative—the pious says divine—life has entered into human history. Filled with the life in and with God, borne up by this mysterious consciousness of his vocation, Jesus's personality—this is its significance—has become a 'power of God,' a sort of religious power station from which ever new streams and waves of religious power have issued and still issue, the inexhaustible source of the stream of religious life, from which Christendom still draws."

Among contemporary liberal dogmaticians—in this class we do not include such Ritschlians as Herrmann, Kaftan, and Häring—the places of honor belong to Troeltsch and Wendt. At this time we omit more specific reference to the former. The Christology of the latter is very

interesting, for his theology, though liberal, is thoroughly Christocentric. In his System der Christlichen Lehre Wendt says, "The proposition holds good for us, that Jesus was a man, simple man as other men are." This, however, is not to be understood in the sense that he was mere man, to the "exclusion of his being the Son of God in the most proper sense, the mediator of the highest divine saving revelation and the bearer of genuine divine nature. On the contrary, this religious judgment we hold to be fully justified. . . . No proof that the personality of Jesus . . . may be comprehended on a natural, psychological, historical basis can take away or limit our religious judgment that in this true man the truest and highest saving revelation of God was actualized." Elsewhere he says, "The man Jesus was the bearer of the Holy Spirit, and, indeed, of the fullness of the Holy Spirit."

While a good deal of German liberal theology, if judged by formal standards, is not distinguishable from Unitarianism, yet it must be granted that for the most part the person of the historic Jesus is more generally the ruling or attractive force in German liberalism than in American Unitarianism.

If we make the attitude respecting the person of Jesus the principle of separation between "positive" and "liberal" it becomes clear that a large part of the Ritschlians should not be called liberal. No one who is acquainted with Herrmann's Communion of the Christian with God—it is to be had in translation—or his Begriff der Offenbarung can think of such theology as negative. Julius Kaftan and Häring are even more conservative. Even when we come to men like Harnack and Rade, whom we may fairly call "liberal," there still remains a distance between them and the real liberals—men like Bousset, Otto, and Troeltsch. Harnack's view of Jesus is well known from his famous book What is Christianity? From Rade we reproduce the following significant testimony (Christliche Welt, 1905, No. 11): "When it is dark about us, and the eternal holy, invisible God fades from our eyes, we seek and find Jesus, we lay hold upon his truth, his reality, put our whole trust in him, love and fear him above all things. Especially when our untrustworthiness and unfaithfulness, when weakness, sin, and guilt of every sort oppress us in our conscience, we hold fast to him as to one who is at once judge and helper. Why should we not also be worshipful toward him, call upon him, that is, pray to him?" And yet he distinctly says, "It is certainly unsound, if prayer to Jesus supplants prayer to the Father; he that can distinguish will talk with Jesus quite otherwise than with the Father."

As Loofs has pointed out in his book mentioned above, there remains no noteworthy theologian who still champions the Christology of the ancient creeds. Even the Christological constructions of a generation or two ago, especially the kinetic theory, are now but little in vogue in Germany. It will be of interest to reproduce some of the relevant utterances of a few of the leading "positive" theologians of the day. Among these we mention first Theodor Kaftan, general superintendent in Kiel, champion of a "modern theology of the old faith." He declares, "A Christianity without the Christ from above is for us no Christianity."

He gives a concise statement of his position in the following words, "With the specific revelation of God in Jesus Christ stands or falls the Christian faith in God." Kaftan impressively calls attention to the fact that, while the denial of the identification of the "Christian Principle" with the person of Jesus Christ is very old, the expectation and hope of reviving Christianity by means of this denial is relatively new. "However sincerely it is meant, and however persuasively and warmly it is championed, such preaching is nothing else than a great self-delusion." After such expressions the theological public was surprised to read in Kaftan's pamphlet, "The Man Jesus Christ the one Mediator Between God and Man," such statements as the following: "Mediator between God and man is the man Jesus Christ. *Mediator, not God.* . . . In the apprehension of this proposition in all its significance lies the solution of all Christological distresses . . . and that, too, in such a way as not to affect injuriously one tittle of that which I have said of the Christian communion with God as being determined by Christ, of this communion with God as bearing the stamp of fellowship with Christ, of its richness and living reality. All this is rather thereby conserved in its purity and its clearness and its truth." Naturally such utterances were unacceptable to not a few conservative theologians. But we must not forget a certain important limitation of Kaftan's statement. He is speaking, not of the eternal Logos, but of the historical Christ. Furthermore, in a lecture delivered in Hamburg, he affirms and develops the thesis that the fundamental confession of Christendom is that Jesus is the Son of God. "Jesus, the Son of God—dare we go farther and say, very God? The wording of our creed and its echo in our hymns suggest the question. I answer briefly and fairly: rightly understood, yes. . . . Jesus is not like the prophet, whom God enlightens, whom God endows with the Spirit in order to speak through him; in Jesus we have the effulgence of God himself, essentially in God, personally in Jesus; Jesus the personal full revelation of God. This is the meaning when Jesus is called 'very God.' . . . But . . . the name by which we may most simply and aptly and best designate him . . . is and remains that which he himself coined: Son of God."

Some years ago at Eisenach, and before an audience composed largely of laymen, Kaehler and Schlatter delivered addresses on the divinity of Jesus Christ. Brief extracts from these addresses will give a welcome glance into the way of thinking of these two important theologians. It is, of course, not dogmatic formulation, but practical exposition of the doctrine that they here offer.

Kaehler: "People come and say: 'Yes, I should be glad to believe as you believe, I have a deep impression of the glory of Jesus, also of his cross. Also when I hear one speak and testify of the resurrection, then there stirs something in my soul that would fain sing Easter psalms with you; but—but the divinity of Christ! Must I first believe in the divinity of Christ before I turn to Jesus? Must that be so?' When we are questioned thus, have we not the impression that it would be doing these people a wrong to torment them with the thought of the divinity

of Christ and thus frighten them away? Let us in this embarrassment, which might become very painful to us, turn for counsel to the place where counsel for such questions is to be had—and I have found in my life that for all such questions light is to be found in the Bible. Let us look a moment into the Bible. What does it tell us concerning this matter? When did the confession to the divinity of Christ probably for the first time find utterance? On the first Sunday Quasimodogeniti [the first Sunday after Easter], then when the disciples, begotten again to an ever-living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ, were together, and he who had not yet been begotten again came to them, and afterward, overcome by the Lord, fell at his feet and confessed, 'My Lord and my God!' That was not the beginning of the salvation of his disciples. A long way from the Jordan, where he found the first ones, to this hour. The confession to the divinity is not the introduction to the coming to Jesus, to the living together with the Lord in order to acquire faith in him; it is rather the crown of all this."

Schlatter: "I should like in conclusion to draw a few practical inferences . . . (1) That we talk not unmercifully of the divinity of Jesus. An unmerciful testimony to Jesus's divinity involves a poisonous self-contradiction. But it is unmerciful to demand the confession to the divinity of Jesus of those to whom the inner presupposition to it is lacking. Divinity is not given to Jesus in order that we should make out of it a hindrance that renders access to him difficult to others; it is altogether the manifestation of the kindness and philanthropy of our God. . . . (2) We must not divest the divinity of Jesus of the humanity and must not bring it in opposition to his historical life and work. If we no longer have the man Jesus, we also have no divinity of Jesus. . . . (3) We must not use the divinity of Jesus to gaze upon it and must not speak of it as if it were given us only as an object for our reflection. For God did not become man in order to extend our knowledge and bestow on us a remarkable dogma, but to the end that we should be restored to the lost fellowship with the Father."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Religious Experience. By James Mudge. 16mo, pp. 126. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, 25 cents.

Religion as exemplified in the lives of illustrious Christians is presented in this small but helpful and inspiring book. The introduction says: "The subjects of the following sketches were of the most diverse opinions and the most varied callings, as well as of quite opposite temperaments. This should by no means be overlooked. God makes his saints out of all kinds of materials, and on no one pattern. The sixteen

here described belong to ten or eleven denominations. Three were Methodist Episcopalians, three were of the Church of England, two Congregationalists, one was a Protestant Episcopalian, one a Baptist, one a Unitarian, one an English Presbyterian, one a Scotch Presbyterian, one an American Presbyterian, one belonged to the Salvation Army, and one might be called a Lutheran, since he was thus brought up. Among them are ministers, evangelists, educators, bishops, together with one statesman, one soldier, one merchant, one missionary, and one general philanthropist. All are taken from the Protestant churches of the nineteenth century, and hence appeal to us more directly, more forcibly, than could the saints of the Roman Catholic communion or those produced by Protestantism in previous centuries. Amid the differences which will be noted, or inferred, as to intellectual views, denominational affiliations, secular vocations, and external circumstances, there is a significant sameness at one point. All have a passionate devotion to the will divine and account that religion finds its highest development or attainment, its chief manifestation, in oneness with God's good pleasure. All agree on this. And all have hearts glowing with love to Jesus. The essentials of true religion, after all, are few and simple. Minor matters may well be laid aside in the interest of greater concentration on the one thing needful, the welcoming of the will of God in whatever shape it presents itself from moment to moment. He who has learned to do this promptly and heartily has mastered the secret of the highest, happiest life." We select Phillips Brooks and Henry Drummond as samples: "Phillips Brooks had every help that the best of ancestry could furnish. He came of the strongest of Puritan stock. From his father he inherited many of his intellectual qualities. But from his mother came most of that which made him a prophet and a leader—his big heart, his magnetism, his genius. His spiritual nature and his emotional nature were from her. He was not confirmed until twenty-one years of age, at the end of his first year in the theological seminary at Alexandria, Va. This singular postponement of so important a step until he was already entered on his immediate preparation for the Christian ministry is a significant indication of the gradual nature of the work of grace within him. His full conversion was not a momentary, but a lifelong, process, as it has to be in most cases. One thing which made him hesitate so long in taking a decided stand was the fear lest he should lose something in submitting his will to God's. But it became clearly revealed to him that life would be larger, richer, and fuller when seen in the light of God and lived out in union with him. So he chose the way of absolute surrender, and he never tired of impressing upon young men the wondrous fact that obeying God is freedom, that a Christian man is one developed to his normal condition, and that it is sin which cramps and distorts and is an intruder. He was very reticent as to his religious experience, and has left behind him no intelligible account of his conversion. But his biographer declares it was as deep and thorough as that of Augustine or Luther; and it is known that it was his strict, uniform usage at Trinity Church to require from those coming to confirmation unmistakable evidence that

they had begun a new life and had a conscious experience of personal love to God, with a purpose to devote themselves to his service. Although almost dumb as to his inner life, except as it came out in his sermons, in the June before he died he wrote a letter to a young man in which for once he drops the mask a little. He says: 'These last years have had a peace and fullness which there did not use to be. I am sure it is a deeper knowledge and truer love of Christ. He is here. He knows me and I know him. It is not a figure of speech. It is the realest thing in the world. And every day makes it realer. And one wonders what it will grow to as the years go on.' The spirituality which was a prominent feature of his sermons always increased with years. There was a growing devotion to Christ which more and more mastered his whole being. It was the spirit of his mother which increasingly took possession of him. Within a year or two of his death, speaking to the Saint Andrew's Brotherhood, he said: 'Be absolutely simple. Never say to anyone what you do not think and believe with your whole heart. Be simple, be consecrated, and, above all things, be pure. No man who is not himself pure can carry the message of God.' This is true. And the wonderful messages of God which Bishop Brooks carried to such vast multitudes for so many years is no small proof of his own essential purity. It were easy to quote from these messages words which may fairly be taken as representing his own personal experience, for he could scarcely have uttered them had he not first deeply felt them. Space permits us to give only two such passages: 'I find a Christian who has really "received the Holy Ghost," and what is it that strikes and delights me in him? It is the intense and intimate reality of Christ. Christ is evidently to him the clearest person in the universe. He talks to Christ. He dreads to offend Christ. He delights to please Christ. His whole life is light and elastic with this buoyant desire of doing everything for Jesus, just as Jesus would wish it done. So simple, but so powerful! So childlike, but so heroic! Duty has been transfigured. The weariness, the drudgery, the whole task-nature has been taken away. Love has poured like a new life-blood along the dry veins, and the soul that used to toil and groan and struggle goes ever singing along its way.' 'He has called you. Well, till the end, life here and hereafter will be only the unfolding of this personal love which seems to you so dear and so mysterious now. Christ will grow realer, nearer, more completely your Master and your Saviour all your life. That is the whole of your religion. But as you go on you will find that that is enough, that it is more than eternity can exhaust.' It was indeed the whole of this great preacher's religion, and the Saviour grew ever dearer to him all his days. He deeply loved God and truth and men. He belonged to humanity. He won the confidence and affection of the poor to an extraordinary degree. It was because he let his heart out toward them, not simply to them as a class, but to the individuals. He put himself to much trouble to wait upon any one, however lowly, that wanted his aid. He had a brooding love, a special tenderness for men and women. The city, on this account, was much more to him than the country. His mission, he said, was to see people. He never denied

himself to them when they called; he hungered for them when he had been a week or two by himself. Everybody came to him, and he gave himself freely to all. It was a principle with him never to decline an invitation to preach unless prevented by some previous engagement. He was jealous of religion, lest it should be treacherous to humanity. His love for truth was also intense. He grappled successfully with the intellectual difficulties of the day, and fairly conquered the doubts of the age. There was upon him an inward compulsion to translate the old doctrines into the convictions and language of modern life. He stood plainly for the largest freedom of inquiry and for the unimpeded march of the soul forward into ever larger light. He was a valiant champion of the new theology, counting it better than the old, more fully adapted to the needs of the souls of men. He tried to preach it, feeling sure that the world would never go back to the outworn ideas, and especially the expressions, of the past. The nature of true tolerance he explained with utmost lucidity and maintained with utmost rigidity. He was not a whit spoiled by adulation; in spite of his unequaled popularity and continual success, his modesty and humility never failed; he had the same simple, childlike spirit at the end as at the beginning. Strict conscientiousness marked his conduct not only in dealing with others, but with himself. His power in prayer was something exceptional. He knew the way into the holy of holies. The Bishop of Winchester, in dedicating a volume of sermons to Bishop Brooks, uses these adjectives to characterize him: 'Strong, fearless, tender, eloquent, incapable of meanness, blazing with indignation at all kinds of wrong, his heart and mind deep and wide as the ocean at his door, simple and transparent as a child, keen with all the keenness of his race.' He was a thoroughly good man; but it is not necessary to conceal the fact that his piety was not quite the same as it would have been had he belonged to the Methodist Episcopal rather than the Protestant Episcopal Church. He lived in elegant surroundings, he was a frequent guest at large banquets, he was not a total abstainer, he was a smoker. He interpreted Christianity quite largely in the terms of the class among which he moved, in whose society he had been brought up. How could it be otherwise? A person with another environment or a different education would feel condemned for some of the practices he allowed. The fact that he allowed them, although so very good a man, in no way proves that they should be generally adopted on the one hand, nor, on the other hand, does it detract from his goodness. It is exceedingly important that while we keep a clear conscience ourselves—and it is hardly possible to have it too sensitive to the softest whispers of the Holy Spirit, the smallest departures from the way that seems to us right—we should not in any way impose our standard upon others or fail to give them full credit for the beautiful qualities which they show forth, though mingled with habits we deem harmful and that excite our surprise. God fulfills himself in many ways and equally loves his children of various names, though they find it sometimes hard thus to love or appreciate one another." "It must be confessed that Henry Drummond was not exactly a saint of the conventional sort, or after what may be called the regula-

tion pattern, as it is commonly conceived. He was very fond of athletics, was fascinated with fishing and hunting, a keen chess-player, a boon companion of boys to the end, very much given to smoking, always well dressed, had a strong sense of humor and a plentiful supply of hobbies, among them that of collecting old carved oak furniture; was a pronounced evolutionist, and decidedly modern in his views of the Bible. Yet that he was far beyond the ordinary in goodness and holiness all that came into closest contact with him bear willing witness. Professor George Adam Smith, his chief biographer, says, 'There are hundreds of men and women who will always be sure that his was the most Christlike life they ever knew.' This is the testimony of those that knew him longest and most intimately; that he lived constantly in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, appropriating its blessings and exemplifying its teachings. Mr. D. L. Moody, than whom on all accounts there is none more competent to speak, said: 'Never have I known a man who, in my opinion, lived nearer the Master or sought to do his will more fully. No man has ever been with me for any length of time that I did not see in him something that was unlike Christ, and I often do it in myself, but not in Henry Drummond. He was the most Christlike man I ever knew.' Sir Archibald Geikie, who taught him and traveled much with him, said, 'I have never met with a man in whom transparent integrity, high moral purpose, sweetness of disposition, and exuberant helpfulness were more happily combined with wide culture, poetic imagination, and scientific sympathies than they were in Henry Drummond.' Still another says, 'He seemed to possess all the graces and virtues of which as perfect man I dreamed.' Men and women of every rank of life, and of almost every nation under the sun, turned to him for the inspiration which can come only from the purest and poured into his receptive soul their freest confidences and confessions. He was both prophet and priest to a great host. He was a born evangelist. And after the Moody and Sankey campaign in Scotland—1873-1874—which found him in college at Edinburgh, and in which he was marvelously useful, evangelism became the master passion of his life the rest of his days. He had long dreamed of it, and he was eminently fitted for it—a great fisher of men, one of the Andrew type, pleasant-mannered, always getting hold of somebody and introducing people to Christ. This was his most enduring work for the Master—personal contact with others, into whose very hearts he easily entered by a marvelous sympathy. Never, perhaps, was any man so loved as he. He had a genius for friendship, an absorbing interest in others, looking upon their things rather than his own. He had the humility of self-forgetfulness, the patience of love, was always courteous, kind, genial, simple, sunny, and hopeful. He gave sympathy freely, but never called for it. He showed a Christianity which was perfectly natural, unforced, and unassuming. And yet he did not follow the fashions of society; did not care for the things of this world, seeing its extreme littleness in comparison with the attractions of the hereafter, and he never bowed to Mrs. Grundy. He carried about him an air of distinction, but it was an air of purity, not of pride. He belonged to the true aristocracy of pas-

sionate souls—those who live not on the circumference of things, but at the center—live for the things most worth while. With very lofty conceptions of his duty toward his fellowmen, which prompted him to sink personal preferences and ease, he had also an unfaltering trust in God and a deep devotion to his will. He preached an extended series of discourses on the will of God, finding it, as he says, his 'freshest truth, a profound and marvelous subject, a great help to many of my friends.' He was intensely spiritual. 'I have only one passion; that is Christ,' he said, and his daily life and conversation were absolutely consistent, his friends declare, with this all-embracing confession of faith. The ease and winsomeness of his piety was, it should be said, largely inherited. His parents were deeply religious as well as evangelical in doctrine, and his early home was permeated with a bracing Christian atmosphere. He was born at Sterling, August 17, 1851, and died at Tunbridge Wells, March 11, 1897. He began to be a Christian at nine years of age, when he was found, a little, curly-headed boy, weeping to think he had never loved the dear Saviour. At this time doubtless he gave his heart to Jesus. He quite early received what he considered a call to the direct service of God, but, somewhat singularly, he felt no drawing to the ordinary work of the ministry. And though he went not only through the college, but also through the theological classes at Edinburgh (1866-1876), and was even licensed to preach in 1878, he rejected all invitations to settle as a pastor. It is true that he was ordained in 1884, but this was only to comply with the regulations of the Free Church, that he might take the chair of natural science in Glasgow Theological College. He always declined to be called 'reverend,' or preach in the usual acceptation of that term. He gave addresses, lectures, and Bible-readings. He appeared to feel that any touch of professionalism would hinder him in getting close to those he so much wished to reach—the young men and boys, the students of the colleges and universities of Scotland, England, Ireland, America, and Australia—with whom he was such a power for good. He reached, with voice and pen, a wider constituency than almost any other religious teacher of his time. His first book, which made him so speedily famous, Natural Law in the Spiritual World, had attained a sale of 130,000 copies some years ago in England alone, to say nothing of the vast number sold in other lands. His Christmas booklets had an amazing circulation. The Greatest Thing in the World, issued at Christmas, 1889, had sold in Great Britain before the author died 330,000 copies; Pax Vobiscum, issued in 1890, sold 130,000 copies in six years. Others of the series, not quite so popular, sold 90,000, 80,000, 60,000 copies. Who can estimate the good that was thus done? But his greatest contribution to religion was himself. As Mr. H. W. Mabie has said: 'He was a fine example of natural goodness, a beautiful type of normal religious unfolding. He was without cant, exaggeration, undue emphasis of one side of life to the exclusion of the other, affectation of speech, or self-consciousness.' He found the heart of Christianity, the secret of pure manhood, and a beneficent life in a personal friendship for Christ, and this was his chief message. Dr. Marcus Dods, one of his teachers, to whose in-

fluence he was fond of expressing his supreme indebtedness for whatever benefit his life had been, said at the funeral: 'To anyone who had need of him he seemed to have no concerns of his own to attend to; he was wholly at the disposal of those whom he could help. It was this active and self-forgetting sympathy, this sensitiveness to the condition of everyone he met, which won the heart of peer and peasant, which made him the most delightful of companions and the most serviceable of friends. Penetrate as deeply as you might into his nature and scrutinize it as keenly, you never met anything to disappoint, anything to incline you to suspend your judgment or modify your verdict that here you had a man as nearly perfect as you had ever known anyone to be. And at the heart of all lay his profound religious reverence, his unreserved acceptance of Christ and of Christ's idea of law and life. He was through and through, first of all and last of all, a follower and a subject of Christ.' Yet, like the Master and most other good men, he had many enemies, because he was much misunderstood. Their attacks were often cruel, and he sometimes felt them, but he never retaliated in kind. He was obliged to depart from the school of the older orthodoxy, even as was Jesus. He did his best to help on the movement toward a more solid, because more reasonable, faith, and a truer, purer Christianity. They who think this detracted from his saintliness must part company with D. L. Moody, who, though most strictly orthodox himself, was great enough to see that this was not the matter of highest importance, and that mere differences of opinion on doctrine furnish no reason for diminution of sincere admiration or reverent friendship. We find him, however, on his nineteenth birthday, writing in his private journal, which was never seen during his life, 'I think that I can honestly say that the chief desire of my heart is to be reconciled to God, and to feel the light of his countenance *always* upon me. As honestly I think I can say that God in his great goodness has given me little care for the things of the world.' Later, in his interleaved Testament, he gives this 'Receipt for misery: Be a half-hearted Christian.' That he never was. He said, 'I am afraid to move a single step without searching the Scripture and prayer to know the mind of the only wise God.'"

The New Testament Documents. Their Origin and Early History. By GEORGE MILLIGAN, D.D., Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism in the University of Glasgow. With twelve facsimiles. Royal 8vo, pp. xvii, 322. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $3.50, net.

The Text and Canon of the New Testament. By ALEXANDER SOUTER, sometime Yates Professor of New Testament Greek and Exegesis in Mansfield College, Oxford. 12mo, pp. x, 254. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

A NEW day has dawned for the appreciation and application of the New Testament message. The sands of Egypt and the rubbish heaps of Asia Minor have become unspeakably valuable. The consecrated scholarship and industry of men like Deissmann, Ramsay, Moulton, Milligan, and others have enabled us to see that New Testament Greek was the colloquial speech of the common people, the class to whom the gospel of

Jesus was so acceptable. The ancient quarrel between "purist" and "Hebraist" is now found to have been superfluous. The first finds that it is not possible to bring this language under the strict rules of Attic usage; and the second learns that it is not distinctively biblical Greek, but contemporary Greek in its more vulgar and colloquial form. Alas! how many of our controversies, theological and otherwise, are based on inadequate knowledge. And yet we do not learn wisdom from failures. In the light of these new discoveries, there are some who would lose sight of certain distinctive peculiarities which continue to mark the Greek of the New Testament. Hebraisms still remain, although greatly reduced in number. It could not have been otherwise, seeing that the authors of these writings were of the Semitic cast of mind and were also influenced by the translation-Greek of the Septuagint. The number of words peculiar to the New Testament has been reduced to about fifty; but we need not therefore infer that the distinctive message of the New Testament has lost any of its pristine glory. Even those words which are commonly used when placed in the New Testament context become deepened and enriched in content and meaning. Take such words as ἀγάπη, love; ἀδελφοί, brethren; παρουσία, advent; θεῖος, divine; ἀπόστολος messenger; σωτήρ, Saviour: according to the testimony of the papyri, these words were current at the time, but who will deny that they mean so much more, in the light of the sublime character of Jesus Christ? Dr. Milligan speaks with authority on this subject in his lecture on the "Language of the New Testament." The lexicographer who will necessarily supersede Thayer and Cremer has an attractive task on hand, in tracing the history of words and showing the changes that time and circumstances have wrought in their meaning. The lecture on the "Original Manuscripts" is not sufficiently full; on this subject no one is more qualified to write than Professor Souter, the brilliant successor of Sir W. M. Ramsay in the University of Aberdeen. His little volume, mentioned at the head of this notice, is a marvel of condensation and comprehensiveness. We follow this expert guide as he describes how the sources of the text can be reached through manuscripts of papyrus and parchment; through the great Latin, Syriac, Coptic, Gothic, and other versions; and through patristic quotations. The conclusions of both Milligan and Souter confirm the wholesome decision of Westcott and Hort that "the books of the New Testament as preserved in extant documents assuredly speak to us in every important respect in language identical with that in which they spoke to those for whom they were originally written." It is comforting to learn that the numerous textual emendations have not affected in the least any of the fundamental verities of the Christian faith. The two lectures on the literary character of the New Testament do not advance any new position; they deal with the accepted results and show a leaning toward the conservative attitude, in the style characteristic of Ramsay. The object of the Synoptists was homiletic, it was the work of preachers who agreed with each other as to the saving sufficiency of the Central Figure; the Gospel of John is interpretative; it is the work of a student whose purpose was to

strengthen the faith of evangelist and evangelized. This relation of the Gospels to each other is well expressed. The lecture on the "Circulation of the New Testament Writings" enables the reader to appreciate the circumstances of the early Christian centuries and how corruptions crept into the text through errors of copyists, who also took editorial liberties in the interest of what they thought was grammatical accuracy. In this connection mention may be made of the section entitled Prolegomena in An Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament, by Dr. James Moffatt (Scribners). We disagree entirely with the radicalism in the body of this book, yet some of the information found in this part is of value. As to number and antiquity of manuscripts, the New Testament is at a decided advantage in comparison with the classics of Greece and Rome. For instance, the only reliable manuscript of Sophocles was written about fourteen hundred years after the poet's death, and although we have a manuscript of Vergil from the fourth century, the total number of Vergilian manuscripts can be numbered only by hundreds as compared with thousands in the case of the New Testament. The heretics have had much to do in compelling the church to establish its doctrinal position immovably on a thorough intellectual and philosophical basis. But the decision as to what books deserved a place in that apostolic collection the canon of the New Testament was reached by the divinely guided instinct of the whole Christian community. So, then, the voice of Christian experience is heard speaking in this sacred volume. As the papyri and pottery found in the ancient East have thrown the light of confirmation on the text of the New Testament, it behooves us to let our Christian experience bear witness to the saving truths of its message of grace. Mention must be made of the valuable series of notes in the appendix of Milligan's volume, the twelve beautiful facsimiles of ancient writings and the careful indexes. Souter's volume has an appendix of "Selected Documents" which would have been more valuable if they had been translated.

The Pulpit and the Pew. Lyman Beecher Lectures delivered 1913, before the Divinity School of Yale University. By CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 195. New Haven, Conn., Yale University Press. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

THIS volume of lectures will take front rank in the notable series that have been delivered on this foundation. The indomitable pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York city, occupies a unique place among American preachers. Those who have listened to him have always been thrilled and inspired to better living. For the last thirty-three years he has wielded a mighty influence in the religious and civic life of the metropolis. This book may be regarded as a series of reflections and impressions concerning the business of the preacher and the mission of the church. Dr. Parkhurst sets a high and exacting standard for both pulpit and pew. Preaching must induce moral and spiritual sensitiveness; to that end he exhorts that the doctrine of perfection should be proclaimed with insistence, and that sermons should be frequently preached from the text, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as

your Father who is in heaven is perfect." He then adds these sentences for the encouragement of the timid preacher: "Much as we may sometimes shrink from laying upon the hearts of our congregations the burden of so exacting a doctrine, I am persuaded that the great mass of our hearers have a respect for moral thoroughness that they do not have for any kind of moral compromise. Religion suffers more from being belittled in the pulpit than from being magnified, from being dealt out in homœopathic than from being administered in allopathic applications." He is well aware that the ideal cannot be achieved at once, but the only way of ever attaining it is to strike for it at once. This course is all the more imperative, for the pulpit is the one only place where the ideal can be and is expected to be published. Its supreme and exceptional business, furthermore, is to hold itself consistently and pronouncedly to the work of emancipating men individually and collectively from the power of sin. The strength of the pulpit is in its direct address when the hearers are particularized. If this is to be done effectively, the preacher must have "a thorough appreciation of what man is ideally, and a similar thorough appreciation of the intellectual and moral vagaries into which the ideal man has lapsed, the intricacies into which the threads of his thinking have become ensnarled, and the methods and motives by which he has become shaken off from the foundation upon which humanness was originally established." The present age is one of unsettlement, revolt, and denial, so that the preacher must aim to secure for his hearers quietness and establishment of mind. A prophetic fearlessness in exposing evils, such as has characterized Dr. Parkhurst's own ministerial career, is shown to be indispensable. But one of the primary qualifications is the unique religious experience of the preacher which will inspire and make inspiring all his deliverances. Dr. Jowett, the immediate predecessor in the Yale Lectureship, in his book, The Preacher: His Life and Work, emphasizes just this point in a lecture the subtitle of which is "The Service of the Sanctuary." This volume was noticed in the METHODIST REVIEW for January, 1913. Here are some pungent passages from the lecture on "Ministerial Responsibility for Civic Conditions": "Virtue cannot ordinarily be relied upon as confidently as vice to maintain its interest in the cause it is devoted to. So far as relates to civic matters, Christians are Christians only during the months of September and October and the first week of November. Politicians are politicians all the year round. We ought to work to redeem *this* world, not merely to populate the *next*. The anarchy of the saints is no match for the organization of the sinners." Here is a new and uncommon application concerning the responsibility of the laity: "Confirming and educating the faith of believers is the prime office of the clergy; but to initiate into Christian belief those who are not believers, to bring men to Christ, as contrasted with building up in Christ, is, I claim, not the function of the clergyman, but of the layman." This proposition is worked out in a strikingly conclusive manner and is intended to show the preacher that there are latent and unused possibilities in the church, which he must develop by discerning leadership. The need for cultivating the emotional

faculties is repeatedly emphasized throughout the book. One lecture discusses "Love Considered as a Dynamic." The gospel is quite as much an expression of the heart of God as of his mind. It is the impassioned men who have made history, and enthusiasm is the road-breaker. Toward the close of the book we read that "it is by the cultivation of sweet Christian sentiment as much as by the inculcation of strong religious doctrine that the sanctuary accomplishes its mission." It is well that this thought has found such eloquent utterance, not only because of the excessive and one-sided intellectualism of the age, but also because most inexperienced preachers have the idea that men can be "syllogized into the kingdom of heaven." The lecture entitled "Dealing With Fundamentals" strikes a positive note. The two features of God's character which must be set forth are his immutability and his unity, and they will make for virile manhood, as they always have done. This means getting down to the bed-rock of things and experiencing brain sweat, but this is the only way to get one's message and to speak with a conviction that will command a hearing and communicate courage to weary and doubting spirits. Dr. Parkhurst speaks a true and timely word in this expressive sentence: "The old Hebrew Bible is a great book, and those who never respire its atmosphere nor allow their thoughts to move through the superb and massive scenery of its delinations of the Divine Being deprive themselves of a religious tonic as essential to strong and elevated living to-day as it was before the times of the Advent, when the coming of the Lord at Bethlehem lay in the thought of the world only as a great prophetic dream." The closing lecture, on "The Sanctuary and Sanctuary Service," gets at the marrow of ministerial usefulness. There is absolutely nothing that can take the place of this means of grace "in stilling the distractions of the mind and in equipping the soul for the warfare of life and in fortifying it against life's constant temptations." It is the privilege of the minister, with the cooperation of his people, to give such an atmosphere to the church services that those who experience the pressure and severity of life will obtain the spiritual stimulus of the sanctuary ministrations. A good word is spoken for the choir, "whose services are secured not at all with a view to giving us a Sunday concert, but rather and exclusively to the end of touching and stimulating those hidden fountains of reverent devotion and tender sentiment toward God and man which can never be so directly reached or so gently and yet powerfully stimulated as by music when rendered by those who combine the gift of song with the spirit of worship." Well said, and it gives the gist of the matter on this important subject, which under certain circumstances has been an occasion of grating discords. The misquotation of Scripture is not a minor affair, and the honored doctor is guilty of this offense on pages 173 and 190. We must take with a large grain of salt what is said in two places in condemnation of "ecclesiastical statistics." Whatever may be the case in other denominations, there is no Methodist minister who can afford to be without the Methodist Year Book, so carefully compiled by Dr. Baketel. But these things are like the spots in the sun, and we will not stay to enlarge on them, when

there is so much of the greatest value in these pages. Here is the conclusion of the whole matter: "The secret of pulpit power and the secret of sanctuary attractiveness must always remain what it was in the days of the old prophets and apostles, that it is a place where the souls of the people have their vision uncovered to an always newer and fresher prospect of the great things of life and God." Where this is found the mission of the church can never fail, but it will be fulfilled by imparting the benediction of heaven to the denizens of earth.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Letters to Edward. By MALCOLM J. MCLEOD. 12mo, pp. 224. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

"THESE letters are published for one reason solely, namely, that it was Edward's last request." That statement forbids us to think the letters imaginary, as we otherwise might have done. This is a book that is not a book. A book is something intended for publication, written with the public in mind. It was not even dreamed, when these letters were written, that they would ever appear in print. They are private letters which a New York city minister lovingly took the trouble to write during ten months of 1912, from March 4 to December 30, to cheer a young minister with broken lungs vainly seeking health in California. What most impresses the reader of these singularly interesting and engaging letters is the noble lovingkindness of the busy and harddriven pastor of a large and exacting church in "that awful New York"; and the straight, deep look we have into the depths of his soul. At the end of a long, hard, heavy day, midnight saw this weary minister sitting up late to talk cheerily to the broken and dispirited boy in the far West, putting all his energies into the business of bracing and uplifting the spirits of the dear, fine fellow who was trying to hold a pulpit while flesh and heart were failing. As to what relation existed between writer and recipient of these letters, or what chain of events brought them together, no hint is given. But they are actual letters, immeasurably creditable to the man who wrote them and whose private views on many men and things they reveal; and a boundless benediction to the brave young preacher nearing the too-early close of life with his dreams and hopes unrealized. None of Edward's letters are given us. We overhear one side of a strictly private conversation. Rich in stimulating variety and lively interest were the letters which flew from Atlantic to Pacific from a man's heart to a comparative boy. He shares many of his own experiences with Edward. Here is one: "When I started preaching I used to write my sermon on Monday and Tuesday, and then spend the rest of the week committing it; it was awful; four days wasted! Even now I am always thankful when I get safely through the Lord's Prayer on Sunday morning, I am so afraid of getting some of the sentences in the wrong place. The only other memoriter work I try to manage now is the committal service at the grave, as with my eye on the lowering casket

I repeat, 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God,' etc., but I assure you I am always grateful when the end is in sight. I wouldn't dare tackle the Apostles' Creed. Well, the occasion to which I am referring happened about ten years ago. I was to officiate at a wedding. So when the evening came I took down my manual, put it in the inside pocket of my Prince Albert, and was driven to the bride's home. When I arrived at my destination I found a considerable company of friends gathered to celebrate the happy occasion. The house was tastily decorated. Everybody seemed bright and cheerful. I took my stand under an archway that had been prettily planned in the oriel window. Soon there began the opening strains of Lohengrin to which the bridal party stepped slowly in. My hands were clasped behind my back with the manual between them. When the music ceased and all was quiet, I opened it to begin my part, when lo! horror of horrors, the title my eye caught was 'Todhunter's Conic Sections.' Well, I grew cold and hot and then cold again. I was simply stiff with fright. I never could recall just what I did say, but it must have been a frightful fizzle. Even now it causes a funny feeling to creep over me when I think about it." He met a brainy, vivacious girl on a train and tells Edward what she said. This is a bit of it: "We have been three years in our church looking for a pastor, sampling applicants most of the time, and such a lot of old fogies as most of them are. I get out of patience sometimes with our divinity schools—the material they are sending out to us as spiritual leaders. What is the theological seminary for? I would like to know. What is a theological seminary for if not to turn out preachers? I don't believe a theological seminary is for manufacturing scholars. We have scholars enough. The church is sinking with the weight of her scholarship. Scholarship alone will never bring the world to Christ. What we want is men who can preach, and when a man can preach he has no right, it seems to me, taking a college chair. The church should not permit it. Look at the field to-day. There's Dr. van Dyke and Dr. Hyde and Dr. McPherson and Dr. Thwing and Dr. Stryker and Dr. Faunce and Dr. McAfee and a great long list of doctors this and that. What right have these men to be filling college chairs—running around the country begging for money, which, by the way, seems to be the principal work of a college president nowadays—when the church is crying out so loudly and urgently for men to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ? Some ministers can sing a little, paint a little, play the piano a little, dabble in old china a little, and do a little of most anything. I think they are betraying their calling. They were not sent to do a whole legion of little things, but one all-absorbing great thing. Now, for instance, take the man we had a week ago. He preached on the Atonement, and as far as any heart-appeal is concerned he might just as well have been reciting the dimensions of Solomon's Temple. Now preaching, as I understand it, is talking to people's hearts, and the Atonement is certainly a most tender subject, yet the man never once gripped us at close range. I would not call it preaching at all; it was just lecturing. I think the great thing preachers ought to aim at to-day is to be interesting; first of all to be spiritual and then to be

interesting. The little codger who spent the day fishing and did not even get a bite gave a first rate explanation of his hard luck when he said, 'We didn't seem to catch their attention.' And churches to-day have not won the world's attention. Why, in most city churches the choir is gradually squeezing out the preacher, will only graciously allow him twenty or twenty-five minutes now, and if the craze continues. by and by the sermon will be pushed out the back door altogether. Dullness in the pulpit is an unpardonable sin, and yet—shall I confess it?—nine sermons out of every ten to me are dull. I happen to know a professor in one of our leading seminaries and his chair is homiletics, which is, being interpreted, I believe, how to preach. Isn't that correct, doctor? Well, this same teacher of the art and science of preaching started with a great overflowing congregation himself in his last pastorate, and swept the building empty in two years, and now, mark, he is giving lectures to the rising theologues on how to reach the masses. By the way, he occupied our pulpit one Sunday last winter, taking for his text that beautiful heart-reaching invitation, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Now if there is a text in the whole Bible that a man ought to be simple upon (thought I to my lone self as he started out) surely this is the text; but as he proceeded it seemed as if he was transformed into the very genius of darkness. On and up he soared into the fog, above earth and cloud and human creature. After forty minutes or so he came down because he was tired, I presume—and so were we. But then I would rather preach like that than like some others—like the pulpit buffoon for instance. I was in Boston two weeks ago. I was reading the afternoon paper wondering where I would go to church to-morrow; it was Saturday. Glancing at the religious page, I was looking who were to be the preachers. One of the notices caught my eye. It read thus, 'Morning Subject, God's Pocket Handerchief; Evening Subject, The Funeral of Adam.' Now do you wonder that people do not attend public worship as once they did? And yet all the while the simple story of Jesus is the most interesting, the most thrilling narrative ever dramatized by the pen of man. I declare, doctor, I think we need a revival nowadays to restore an evangelical accent to present-day preaching, and bring back the good old times." Dr. McLeod tells Edward what books he is taking with him on vacation. These are some: "First of all, I decided on a volume of Brierley's. So I threw in his Life and the Ideal. I like Brierley immensely. I think he is wonderfully fresh and suggestive and full of good sermon stuff. He is quite a considerable scientist, although a little careless sometimes, I regret to say, in his facts; but then that is not so important a matter to an essayist. Then I have four other volumes of essays from which you will infer, and correctly, that the essay is my favorite form of reading—Benson, Amiel, Montaigne and Hazlitt's Table Talk. Then I have one volume of Joseph Parker. Parker is to me the prince of preachers. None like him! I think he is the most wonderful pulpit orator in the history of the Christian church. I know he was dramatic and eccentric and odd, and I guess there is no doubt that he played more or less to the gallery, but for

sheer brain-power and interpretation, spiritual insight and originality and epigram and human interest, give me Parker every time. I was in London once for three months. The first two months I went to hear every great divine in the city; three or four times on Sundays, and between prayer meetings and harvest homes, etc., as many times more during the week; but the last month Parker was all I wanted, twice on Sunday and every Thursday noon. I felt that they were all pigmies compared with this mighty, inimitable man. And his books have inspired me since more than the books of any other homilist. I know that I have copied him more or less. I can see him now, shaking that great shaggy head, with its little eyes like an elephant's. I can almost feel that funny sensation he used to send through me in those climaxes of his." He tells Edward about going to a certain church (was it the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian?): "I liked him very much indeed, and do you know the thing that impressed me most was the wonderfully effective way in which he uses his voice. He has a splendid speaking-tube to begin with, and he knows how to manage it. Strange, isn't it, that so few of us have mastered that most effective secret, especially as they all tell us that it is such a simple thing. The mismanagement of the voice, I am tempted to think, has done more to spoil good sermons than any other one thing. Why cannot we 'keep down'? I believe it was Berryer, the French lawyer, who remarked that he lost an important case on one occasion by pitching his voice too high. Actors seem to be the only class who know how to speak in a low conversational tone. I remember hearing Wendell Phillips. There was no straining, no screaming, no bellowing, no gasping, nothing preachy. Every word was quiet, mild, clear-cut, distinct. Every word was honored and every word went home. He spoke for ninety minutes, but that marvelous voice never for an instant lost its edge. Every tone fell like a benediction. There were no elocutionary frills, no forcing of the throat muscles as a cruel driver whips his tired steed, and yet from first to last he held his audience as by magic. It was a triumph of vocal skill. The most of us, I fear, have a strange impression that vehemence is persuasiveness, and that whatever else we may or may not do, one thing at least we must do every once in a while—we must make a great noise. Some are so violent as to awaken in my own breast a suspicion of their sincerity. Their earnestness is apt to seem feigned. And I always think, when listening to them, of Lyman Beecher's confession, 'I always holler when I haven't anything to say.' If I were a professor of homiletics in a theological seminary I believe I would have two paintings hung up behind my desk; one, that portrait representing Napoleon with his arms crossed and staring across the water; the other, that famous drawing of Rubens's, namely, 'Hercules beating the air.' I would have them as a silent sermon on the impressiveness of being calm. I have been thinking of late a great deal of that strange something or other which we call pulpit power. There certainly never was a time when it was so much in demand, never a time when it commanded such a price. Even the little churches that write almost every week asking me to recommend them a 'good man,' even these small,

weak, struggling organizations up and down the country have made up their minds that the man who has the honor of ministering to them in holy things must be quite a good deal of a preacher, and the marvel of it all would seem to be that our schools of the prophets, finding out how many Pauls and Apolloses are needed, do not turn out a large supply, when the country is flooded with so many of us who have apparently been fashioned in the common mold and run in the common ruts. And so I was greatly interested in hearing Gardiner. I was struck with the man's style. What he said did not seem to me so very remarkable as the way he said it, the choice wording and phrasing, the confidential manner, the simple speech, the pleasing gesture. He is certainly a man with a very marked style, and it is his own, seemed indeed as if he sacrificed everything to it. I cannot say that his is the 'art that conceals art,' for it looked to me to be written out over everything. It was almost too prominent. I have never heard any one just like him. He gets so very familiar and yet without becoming offensive. He spoke just forty minutes, but he never once lost us. He is mightily interesting and fresh and clear. I would say that he abhors the vague, almost too much so, perhaps because I think most great preachers like to leave a little margin for the imaginative and the mystical. If I were to make a criticism it would be that he labored a wee bit too hard to make us see that he was logical. At every transition he would sum up what he had said in some definite concrete outline. Then, too, I think he lacks the gift of humor for a man who always preaches, I am told, from forty minutes to an hour. There is no let down; it is all serious and thoughtful from start to finish. His sermon was on the ministry of cheer, and he gave me the impression that he felt he was looking into the eyes of tired people, people who had come there for uplift and wing, and tonic, people who wanted a breath of spring and a breeze from the heavenly places—and he certainly gave it to us, sweet and bracing and cooling. How quickly our sermons age! Only a little while and lo they are gray and bald and toothless. Every time I look down into my own barrel I am more convinced than ever what a dry, musty, old receptacle of a place it is. But this message of his was fresh; it was fragrant; it was alive. If he fished it out of a pile of old papers—and he most likely did, for I don't imagine that he has got down to writing anything new as yet—he certainly in some strange way, or perhaps out of some recent experience of his own, infused new blood into it. And really, Edward, I think the average congregation will pardon almost anything if what we give them is only warm and vital. I remember hearing a story once of a sculptor who was comparing a celebrated classical horse with his own. Faults he found everywhere, but, said he, 'I must confess the villainous thing is living and mine is not.' Unfortunately we do not have the opportunity of hearing many sermons, but speaking for myself I read quite a few, and the most of them are so lifeless. I am a little suspicious if we are not all a bit too apt to bury our Master beneath a snow-bank of culture. Most of us know the Greek and the Hebrew a heap sight better than we know the human. I have forgotten who it was that said that while Orton was lighting a match,

Bunyan was setting the world on fire, and I often wonder if a passionate rather than a profound pulpit is not the need of the hour. But Gardiner's personality, I am inclined to believe, is his strongest asset. He preaches out of his own heart and the old becomes new. And after all, is not that what counts most? Dante has been called the first great poet who made a poem out of himself. In Samson Agonistes Milton is his own Samson. In Coningsby Lord Beaconsfield is his own Sidonia. Was not Byron his own Don Juan? And if we preachers are going to hide our personalities are we not withholding our most effective weapon? But some Sunday afternoon I am going to go around again, and then I will tell you more. Just now there is such a mob of people that the place is uncomfortable. Every preacher in the city is taking lessons. I counted twenty-seven round about me in my own territory that afternoon. But after a while all this will wear away, and then I'll thither again." One Sunday, when Dr. McLeod's church was closed, he tells Edward how he spent the day: "Well, I had quite a full day. I certainly got my money's worth. In the morning I went round to hear Fullerton. [Was this the Madison Square Church?] He is a grand old man. Just as brilliant and keen and incisive as ever. His text was the parable of the sower. And he began by telling why this parable heads the list, why the great Teacher did not begin with something else. He might have taken this, might have taken that, might have taken some other illustration. And so by his own unique process of elimination he advanced to his own ground with resistless and tremendous effect. His is certainly a very brilliant mind. I have never heard a preacher just like him, and indeed I cannot recall a single divine in the whole history of the church who I would imagine was anything of his type; he is decidedly unique. He has made his own style and I cannot even imagine a successful imitator. I liked him immensely, but the brilliancy and sparkle are the chief charm. The listener is always looking for it, always expecting it, and rarely is he disappointed. Of course he is a speaker who requires very close attention. Every paragraph is packed with thought. This is no place for listlessness. If I were to be allowed to make a criticism, it would be that the discourse is too severely intellectual. Perhaps some might think that the spiritual is not sufficiently pronounced. One almost feels like a pigmy criticizing a giant, and yet we all have our likes and dislikes, and I confess the way I feel about it myself is this, that the spirituality of a sermon should be its most prominent mark. The more spiritual a sermon is the more it seems to me to fulfill its function, just as the more scriptural and simple and earnest a prayer is the more surely and directly it reaches my heart. But he is a wonderful man, one of the grand men of the American pulpit. In the evening I went up to Columbia to hear Holland. [Was this the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle?] I saw by the papers that he happened to be preaching there. Holland is a great man. I think he is the greatest preacher on Manhattan Island. He is just as brilliant as an opal and with a wonderful play of colors. I like Holland for one thing because he has no tricks, no gallery gymnastics, never advertises, and yet he is full of surprises. You never can

tell just what is coming next. He is, as you know, the apostle of the quiet manner. I sometimes wonder if he does not carry it a little too far. He is a bit overquiet for me. I think if he would cultivate one or two bursts of fervor in his sermons—I think he would add to his effectiveness fully fifty per cent. I always feel when I hear Holland that his discourse lacks something, and I never can tell just what it is unless it be the clinching appeal. He seems to come to the very verge of greatness and miss it. But I do enjoy him immensely. He is a great man, a greater man in my humble judgment than his predecessor Dr. Edwards, and you remember what a giant he was. As an expositor he reminds me of old Dr. Taylor—Dr. William M. Taylor, I mean. How I wish I could succeed as an expository preacher!"

The Making of To-morrow. Interpretations of the World To-day. By SHAILER MATHEWS, Dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. 12mo, pp. 193. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1, net.

Social Idealism and the Changing Theology. A Study of the Ethical Aspects of Christian Doctrine. By GERALD BIRNEY SMITH, Associate Professor of Christian Theology in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. 12mo, pp. xxiii, 251. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

IT is significant of much that the output of literature on the social interpretation of the gospel is so extensive. The pendulum has clearly swung from one extreme of extravagant other-worldliness to the other extreme of intense absorption in the transient present. The church is urgently called upon in these days to advocate all manner of social panaceas, and the danger is that its supreme mission is liable to be compromised with humanitarian programs. The socializing of the church must not be allowed to despiritualize it. Christianity certainly has a message to society, but it always begins with the redemption of the individual; and it is only when he is filled with spiritual passion and social enthusiasm that the redemption and reconstruction of society become effectual. These two volumes by Mathews and Smith breathe a spirit of prophetic optimism. Dr. Mathews is keenly alive to the present situation and always strikes a note of assurance and confidence as he interprets the signs of the times with discernment. Under four subheads, "The Common Lot," "The Church and Society," "The Stirrings of a Nation's Conscience," "The Extension of Democracy," he deals in a popular way with a variety of public questions like gambling, athletics, education, peace, honesty, jingoism, and thirty other topics of immediate interest. Here is a paragraph about the church which hysterical critics would do well to ponder: "To say that the institution that has founded practically every hospital, and endowed practically every college, that supports practically every charity and ameliorative agency, that has bred practically every man and woman now working among the poor, that has originated practically every reform, and whose members have compelled the passage of practically every law looking to the benefit of the poor—to say that such an institution is indifferent to the needs of the masses is to give way to an impatient and unworthy pessimism." While

he favors the largest amount of social service, he also acknowledges that the "people cannot be amused into conscientiousness," and that after everything is done to furnish three square meals a day and to provide picnics, picture shows, basketball teams, banquests, and the like, the churches will "commit suicide if they do not help society out from its conviction of sin into a sense of brotherhood through fellowship with God." Mathews rejoices in the "ethical renascence among Christians," and Smith attempts in his book to relate the moral values of the older loyalty to what belongs to the newer methods. The mediæval program was well adapted to the conscious needs of that age, and for many centuries ecclesiastical ethics exercised a powerful influence. New occasions then arose, but those who were wedded to the traditional system seemed to be oblivious to the changed temper of the times and clung to the old with such tenacity that its ethical appeal was discredited. The development of a secular theory of industry, the secularization of politics and scholarship, the changed position of the church in a secular state, and the rise of a secular ethics have precipitated a serious crisis. It has so happened—for the worse, and not for the better—that the industrial and economic ferment of the day, which is essentially democratic, has ignored ecclesiastical Christianity, which is aristocratic. This is particularly true where the established church exists, as in England and Germany; but who will declare that The Inside of the Cup, by Winston Churchill, is not a portrayal of alarming conditions in our own midst, although allowance must be made for certain liberties of the moralist? The moral challenge of the modern world is thoroughly equipped with new scientific knowledge, and regard must be had to the fact that even the spiritual life of man is conditioned by such materialistic items like housing, recreation, sleep, food, labor. If the church is to maintain a moral leadership, from which some would oust it, then it must offer a religious interpretation of life that is consonant with present needs. The mediæval mind was satisfied with finished theories, but the modern mind is more concerned to attain mastery of method, because of its faith in the evolutionary progress of life. "The principles of scientific management," so strikingly being carried out in the industrial world, and finely expounded by Frederick Winslow Taylor in a recent book under that title (Harper & Brothers, Publishers), have a message to the modern church, and it is encouraging to know that these new teachings, or, rather, applications, are obtaining in the church. The pragmatic test of efficiency is readily invoked, but we have no fear of the consequences whenever the church may be summoned to the bar to give answer concerning its service. Think, for instance, of the scientific tests of efficacy that have been applied to the Bible. The value of this sacred record has been immeasurably enhanced because of its actual power to quicken our religious and moral ideals, and not on account of any particular theory concerning its origin. This thought has been strikingly set forth in a volume by Professor Wallis on "Sociological Study of the Bible" (The University of Chicago Press). It is unfortunate that this author so calmly assumes as final the radical conclu-

sions of biblical criticism and bases his arguments on what are unreliable foundations. But his study of the evolutionary growth of Hebrew religion and life is of value, since it emphasizes the truth that the men who gave us the Old Testament did not state their moral views primarily in a general or abstract way, but formed them on the basis of actual experience. The latent idealism in the human soul will never be satisfied with any democratization of life that ignores the spiritual aspects of things. We can guard against error only as we reckon with Christ, whose God-consciousness was as unique as his human-consciousness. The church will receive moral courage and spiritual insight only as it becomes more thoroughly acquainted with the mind of Christ. It will then be able to transmit his salvation which shall transform the thought and life of society with intelligent thoroughness. The problem is how to correlate the spiritual life of God in Christ to the needy life of the day, in view of the ethical and economic evolution that is taking place. No one doubts that our supreme need both in the church and outside of it is a fuller reception of the divine life which will inspire daily duties. One thought that finds repeated emphasis and illustration in Professor Smith's important book is that there is no finality in the expression of truth, but that its forms are conditioned by changing needs and demands. The urgent call to theologians and ministers, then, is to reconstruct religious beliefs in the light of these facts. This will provide a positive faith in the creative enthusiasms of the gospel, and those who hold it will thus labor ceaselessly, undiscouragingly, and with renewed vigor for the redemption of society and of the world.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

All the Days of My Life. By Amelia E. Barr. 8vo, pp. 527. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, cloth, illustrated, $3.50, net.

"An Autobiography—the Red Leaves of a Human Heart" is the suitable subtitle. A more intimate and open unfolding of the story of a notable and efficient human life has seldom been made; a more engaging life-talk has not often held readers captive with its spell; a more wholesome, inspiriting, and enriching book can hardly be found for the library table and for family reading by young and old. An intensely human book, earnest, sincere, passionate, full of a courage dauntless and gay, and a faith which shineth like the sun. There is not a timid or a doubting sentence in the entire volume, albeit more than one or two of the experiences related can be described only as terrible. Mrs. Barr says she has written it "mainly for the kindly race of women," and that if it will help any sad or doubtful woman bravely to meet her own destiny, she will have done well. She has done well not only in the living, but in the writing of the life so gallantly borne through many troubled, busy, happy years, and no one will lay down the record without a feeling of refreshment and a strengthening of all those secret yet powerful convictions that after all life is deeply worth while. Amelia Huddleston began "this incarnation," as she tells us, in the little town of Ulverston, Lancashire,

England, and charming are the early chapters that relate the life of vivid interest led by herself and her family in various parts of the country, for her father was a Methodist minister, frequently transferred from one charge to another, and she was of the goodly and gifted guild of ministers' children. The mysticism of the North tinges Mrs. Barr's views of existence, and side by side with the homely and attractive details of daily life goes a murmurous echo from the shores of that other world, which to her and her people was also a close and daily experience. Her ancestry was one of preachers, priests, and sea-faring folk, and her spirit runs straight with this inheritance of deep convictions, lonely lives, and wild deaths. She was "a child eager for work and play, and half afraid the world might not last until I found out all about it." This eagerness remains with her to-day, and throughout her life one is aware of an immense vitality, of a quality of spirit untiring and undefeated such as belongs to pioneers. One of the earliest sorrows that came to the little girl was the death of her brother at ten months. A touching picture of the procession through the streets of Penrith is given, led by boys of ten years of age, who bore the coffin by means of white linen scarfs, singing a sweet, old hymn, and followed by the mourners on foot. Soon after two other brothers die, one by accident. And then follows loss of money, and Amelia goes out into the world of work as a teacher, finally settling in Scotland, where she meets her future husband. After a brief season of ease and happiness, various causes make it necessary that this new, young husband, Robert Barr, and Amelia make a fresh start. And it is the wife who counsels coming to America. From there on the story is an American story. After three years, most of them in Chicago, where Mr. Barr became involved in politics of a bitter and personal type such as were too common in that day, and from which he fled in danger of assassination after worsting his enemy in the face of the city, Mrs. Barr joined him in Memphis with her children. One young son had died in Chicago. Memphis was in terror of yellow fever, then the terrific scourge of half America, and the little family was forced to leave hurriedly. The trip down the Mississippi on a slave boat was a wonderful one contrasted with the travel of to-day. Finally they reach Texas, settling in Austin. Then comes the Civil War, with all its harrowing accompaniments. There is a glimpse of Houston "sitting in front of Tong's grocery store, looking like a lion, and wearing a Serape Saltillero like a royal mantle." Austin changes, for the "sweet, quiet, flower-scented streets were no longer haunted on moonlight nights by white-robed girls, and lovers singing 'Juanita' to their tinkling guitars. They were full of rangers and frontiersmen, of deserting United States soldiers, and of little squads of Indians." There is a dramatic scene after the war is over between Mrs. Barr and her maid: "'Harriet,' I said, and she turned her eyes upon me, but did not speak, 'you are free. From this hour you are as free as I am.' 'Say dem words again, Miss Milly,' she cried, 'say dem again.' I repeated them, and as I did so her sullen black face brightened, she darted to her child, and, throwing it shoulder high, shrieked hysterically, 'Tamar, youse free! Youse free, Tamar!' She looked in its face, at its hands,

at its feet. It was a new baby to her—a free baby. Actually the mother love in her face had humanized its dull, brutish expression." Soon comes a move to Galveston. And then occurs the most terrible tragedy of a life that has had many things sad and grim to bear. Yellow fever desolates the city. The picture of the place is simply, unforgettably drawn. Amelia walks through the city of death with her husband on a necessary errand: "A walk through hell could scarcely have been worse. The beds of the dying were drawn to the open windows, and there was hardly a dwelling wanting a dying bed. The faces of the sufferers were white and awful, their heads covered with crushed ice. They were raving, moaning, shrieking, or choking with the appalling vomito. A dreadful haze hung over the city and the sea, a haze that appeared to be filled with the very odors of despair and death. The smell of yellow fever came from the open doors. There is no odor to compare to it. The soul sickens and loathes and trembles in its presence." Before the pestilence departed Mrs. Barr's two sons and her husband died under it. Her daughters had it and recovered; so did she. But while she lay helpless she heard her children shrieking in their death agony—saw her husband stagger from the room, never to return. The heart breaks to read it. And there, in her suffering, she prayed to live that her three remaining children might not be left alone. She did live. A few months later her last child, a son, was born, to die five days later from the fever contracted before his birth. "So far I had endured the will of God, but I was not resigned. It was so hard to make my heart believe in its great loss. Often as I sat sewing I would say: 'I must be dreaming! I must wake up! I must go to the gate! He may be coming now!' And I would rise to go to the gate, and would look and listen, and sometimes I heard the quick, strong step for which I waited and listened." But soon this dauntless woman again faced the facts of life and her duties. After some attempts to make a living in Galveston she decided to come to New York. At forty, with three girls, the eldest seventeen, the youngest seven, without money or friends, the widow landed in New York and looked about for work. Teaching came first, but proved hard work with slight return. Then, by chance almost, Mrs. Barr turned to writing. At once she knew she had found her true field. And the succeeding pages tell of her new life, a life of constantly increasing success and peace, of work faithfully and joyfully performed. She began "with five dollars and eighteen cents in her purse . . . and absolutely alone in the battle of life, but confident that God and Amelia Barr were a multitude." That was over forty years ago, and a multitude of readers have delighted in her books for more than a generation. She owns a beautiful home; her daughters, save the youngest, are happily married. The final chapters tell of crowded and busy years, of the well-known people who became Mrs. Barr's friends and acquaintances, of letters received, and of parties, play, and work—always work. The last chapter is devoted to the expression of Mrs. Barr's convictions as to the meaning of life and the relation of this particular existence to others. In her view nothing that happens in or about her lacks a far and eternal cause. She is not afraid to speak of God, from

whose hands she has taken her life. She is a strong friend to her sister woman, a believer in suffrage for all. Mrs. Barr is 82: "But neither my soul nor my heart is old. Time has laid his hand gently on me, just as a harper lays his open palm upon his harp, to deaden the vibrations—that is all. The sunrise has never melted for me into the light of common day . . . I have lived and I have loved and I have worked, and at 82 I only ask that the love and the work continue while I live. . . . The rest is with God."

Luther's Correspondence and Other Contemporary Letters. Translated and edited by PRESERVED SMITH, PH.D., Fellow of Amherst College. Volume I, 1507–1521. Pp. 583. Philadelphia: The Lutheran Publication Society, 1913.

THE above house has recently published three works among the most valuable printed within a decade: Seeberg's History of Doctrines (1904), Richard's Confessional History of the Lutheran Church (1906), and the above book by the author of The Life and Letters of Martin Luther (Houghton Mifflin Co., 1911, reviewed in these columns at the time). Seeberg's book is translated by the Rev. Dr. Hay, and for those who cannot use his last edition in German, it is the best History of Doctrine for those many clergymen and students who have been fascinated by the brilliant but too facile generalizations of Harnack. Seeberg is equally scholarly, equally interesting as a writer, as Harnack, but more judicious and reliable. His History of Doctrine is a noble and notable achievement. The late lamented Professor James W. Richard, of Gettysburg Theological Seminary, was the finest scholar in church history, liturgies, and creeds in the Lutheran Church in America, a church rich in theologians. He was a man of broad and independent mind, who exercised an immense influence on the younger generation of ministers in the General Synod of the Lutheran Church, and was a teacher and writer of power and learning. The present reviewer has read probably five hundred pages of his scholarly and brilliant church history and related articles in the Lutheran Quarterly, of which he was one of the editors, and can speak with first-hand knowledge of the research, learning, and acuteness of judgment which went into his masterpiece, The Confessional History of the Lutheran Church. Alas! that this brilliant mind was quenched in death so suddenly and so soon! We come now to the book before us. Ever since his graduation at Amherst a dozen years or so ago, the author (son of the Rev. Henry Preserved Smith, D.D., who had to leave Lane Theological Seminary in 1893 for his liberal views), who is the author of a very radical Old Testament History, Scribners, 1903, and is now librarian of Union Theological Seminary, has been studying Luther, and has been publishing monographs and reviews on him, including the notable Life above mentioned. Of all English-speaking students he is, therefore, the most competent to get out a book like the one before us, which is to be completed in three volumes, and when completed will be by far the most valuable collection of contemporary documents having to do with Luther and the Reformation accessible in English. It will be absolutely indispensable to all serious students of that wonderful sixteenth century,

and to all who want to know Luther, his friends, and opponents, it will be a godsend. Though the Germans have many collections like this, one can only be surprised that a work so necessary has never been done in English before. But having waited so long, we have a prize indeed. The translations are exact, the selections are surprisingly complete (even some letters inserted not in the thirteen-volume Enders edition), and all furnished with notes and other information. It is a book to be hailed with joyous enthusiasm, and ought to be in every public and semipublic library in English-speaking lands, and in the private library of every one interested in the Reformation. And you never can tell when that interest may be challenged. For instance, in The New York Times, November 20, 1913, there is a report of a lecture before the Catholic Library Association in the grand ballroom of Delmonico's by a priest, in which he repeated the charges of Denifle about the immorality of Luther. Who of those who heard the lecture or read the report, Catholic or Protestant, were in a position to refute the fearful slanders of Denifle as to Luther's moral degeneracy in the crucial years before and after his break with Rome? Has the lecturer himself read the answers to Denifle written by the Protestant scholars of Germany, or even the adverse criticism of his book by a Roman Catholic professor of history in a German university? Has he read Walther's elaborate reply to Denifle and others in his Für Luther in der Rom: Handbuch der Apologetik Luthers und der Reformation (Halle, 1906)? Now, such a book of sources as this by Smith is the best possible antidote to the wild theories of Denifle of Luther's immorality. Here are men who knew Luther well during these years. They write to him, he writes to them. They are unstudied private revelations. They completely refute the distorted reconstructions of Father Denifle, who, however, in parts of his book has given us criticisms of value. Take Erasmus alone, who knew well both Luther's friends and foes. If any one will read the Erasmus letters in Smith's book, or the chapters on his relation to Luther in Faulkner's Erasmus, it will be seen how psychologically and historically impossible are the Denifle suppositions of a moral collapse as accounting for Luther's break with Rome. As to Denifle's and this priest's charge of obscenity, we commend the admirable remarks of Boehmer in his Luther in Lichte der neueren Forchung, 2 aufl., 1906, pp. 103-109, a little book, but worth its weight in gold. No one can know Luther and the Reformation thoroughly who has not sunk himself into the correspondence of the period, and thanks to our American scholar at Amherst, the student who is lame in his German or Latin can do that for the first time on his own soil. May the other volumes come in due course, to be followed, let us hope, by a new English critical edition (translation) of the Table Talk.

The Men of the Gospels. By Lynn Harold Hough. 16mo, pp. 98. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

By his books, his lectures before Annual Conferences, East and West, his addresses before Browning societies and other literary associations, his evangelizing weeks spent at colleges and schools in winsome, inti-

mate, and convincing religious converse with students, his work for and in Epworth League assemblies, his frequent writings in Reviews and Church papers, the pastor of Mount Vernon Place Church, Baltimore, has become almost as distinctly known to the general religious public as to his own congregation. His list of twelve men of the Gospels begins with John the Baptist and ends with the Man of Nazareth. Of these brief sketches one has said: "There is terse and compressed statement. The characters are etched rather than described. They stand out in bold relief." As good as any to use as a sample seems this one on "The Heroic Doubter:" "This is not an easy world for a man without wings. Thomas, the loyal, doubting disciple of Jesus, did not find life very bright or glad. No wings of mounting faith had been given to him as a part of his equipment; he was of a slow, hesitating habit of mind. He distrusted vivid and heated speech. He did not understand men of mystical temper. He was a prosaic, earnest man, essentially commonplace in thought and feeling. Peter and Thomas present a most interesting contrast. Peter had faith, but lacked steadiness; Thomas had steadiness, but lacked faith. Peter rose to heights and also sank to depths; Thomas rose to no such heights and sank to no such depths. Peter had great flashes of intuition, but he did not always keep his hold on the truths which came to him in these moments of inspiration. Thomas had no such moments of sudden intuitive insight, but when once he grasped a truth his hold on it was sure and tenacious. One wonders a little at finding Thomas among the twelve. It seems strange at first that Jesus desired to have such a man as a member of his immediate circle. It seems strange that Thomas, being just the sort of man he was, cared to be numbered among the twelve. The enterprise of Jesus was one which required glowing faith, a quick sense of the unseen, and an agile mind ready to see and appropriate new ideas. These are just the characteristics which Thomas did not possess. The mission of Jesus, however, was not to men of a certain temperament and intellectual type. It had to do with humanity. Each fundamental type was to be reached and mastered. Thomas was needed to complete the apostolic circle. Then Thomas was infinitely attracted by Jesus, though his mind did not completely follow his heart. He felt the compulsion of the personality of Jesus, while his judgment followed his devotion with lagging steps. There was an inner battle in Thomas. His heart and his head did not agree. It was through his heart that Jesus spoke to this man of a sluggish mind, and Thomas followed his heart. He had no end of mental misgivings, but his loyalty was unswerving to the end. Discipleship was a more or less thorny path for Thomas. Jesus kept saying things he did not understand, and what he did understand did not always commend itself to him. When a flash of mental sympathy went through the circle of the disciples Thomas often stood with perplexed and troubled brow. He did not share in the moment of illumination. But all the while he grew more deeply attached in a personal way to his Master. He did not understand him, but he did love him with a great devotion. The time came

when Judæa was a hostile country to Jesus. There were hatred and plotting, and to go there again meant a grave risk of life, but Lazarus died, and Jesus announced to his disciples that he would go back into what had become for him the enemy's country. The disciples looked at each other furtively. It was a wild and useless risk their Master was taking. If he insisted on going, would they go with him and risk their lives too? Or would they refuse to accompany him on so foolhardy a journey? It was Thomas who spoke and for the time became the leader of the twelve. He had no light to throw on the subject. The future was completely black to him. He had no faith, but he had heroic loyalty. If they went back he felt that they would all be killed. But they had given their allegiance to Jesus. It was no time to fail him now. 'Let us go,' he said, 'and die with him.' The desperate loyalty of Thomas roused the other disciples, and they all followed the Master back to Judæa. Probably no one was more surprised than Thomas when no tragic results followed immediately. When the last terrible tragedy came Thomas sank into misanthropy and despair. It was not so much a reaction with him as with the others. He had had his deep misgivings, and lately they had grown stronger. Now his sober judgment was vindicated. His Master had failed. He had been killed. Thomas would never see him again. It was small comfort, however, that Thomas had expected some tragic end to the ministry of his Master. He had loved Jesus, and now that face of glowing, eager friendliness and lofty love would never be seen again. His heart bled at the thought. He had nothing to look forward to. He had only wonderful memories. He sat nursing them in silent gloom. He had not heart enough to meet with the disciples as in mutual fellowship they tried to comfort one another. Thus he missed the first appearance of Jesus to the company of the disciples. When he heard of it he refused to believe that it was true. He would not allow his wounded heart to be comforted by delusive hopes. He would not believe unless he could touch the very marks of Calvary on the body of Jesus. He was a materialist by nature. The last word of proof to him was the testimony of touch. Now, however, Thomas did meet with the disciples. Again Jesus appeared while his skeptical disciple gazed with wide and wonder-filled eyes in which love and doubt struggled for the mastery. He was perfectly honest and earnest and sincere. His mind simply refused to take the great truth in. Then Jesus stooped to the need of Thomas. He offered to submit to the very test Thomas had required. He commanded him to reach forth his hand and touch the marks of the hour on the cross. Now, for once, Thomas had his flash of intuition. Now, at last, he had his moment on the Mount of Transfiguration. He did not reach forth his hand. He opened his mind. He took the great truth in and welcomed it and accepted it. Mind and heart were in accord at last. With a great joyous faith which the years were to be unable to change, he cried out, 'My Lord and my God.'" Garrett Biblical Institute has done well in electing Dr. Lynn Harold Hough to the chair of Church History.

Thinking Black. Twenty-two Years without a Break in the Long Grass of Central Africa. By D. CRAWFORD, F. R. G. S. (Konga Vantu). Royal 8vo, pp. xvi, 485. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $2, net.

THE Livingstone celebrations last year did a great deal to direct the attention of Christendom to the profound needs of Africa. The heroic services of this consecrated "Path-Borer," as he was called by the natives, roused the interest of young Dan Crawford in 1889, when he was nineteen years of age, and he resolved to follow the trail that had been opened by Livingstone. He landed at Benguela on the west coast and "bore in" for twenty months; he was then "shut in" for twenty-two years; and then he began to "bore out," so that he might make report to the Christian church of the people among whom he had been laboring. This book is one of the most thrilling and entrancing of annals and travels, written, as was the greater part of it, by the light of a poor apology for a tallow dip. It also has a great many full-page illustrations. We have here vivid descriptions of the country and its people, its fauna and flora, its riches and poverty, its needs and embarrassments. This writer combines the humor of Dickens, the irony of Carlyle, and the style of Kipling, with an ardent passion for the salvation of "the land of the long grass," for whose benefit he has also contributed a Luban translation of the New Testament. We consulted the "World Atlas of Christian Missions," to find only a few names underscored with the significant red line that indicates where the lighthouses of the gospel have been established. We then turned to the last annual report of the Board of Foreign Missions of our church and were pleased to read in pages 324-346 of what we are doing in East and West Central Africa. "With these most ignorant peoples how important it becomes that the teacher should know his pupil. So far as possible he should enter into the heart of the pupil and feel as he feels; he should enter into his brain and see as he sees. A native will know quite well within four paces of a person whether that person is afraid of black people or disdains them. One cannot teach a native at all well by holding his nose with one hand and proffering the gospel with the other." So wrote Dr. Richards, one of our own honored missionaries to East Africa, in a symposium on "Religions of Mission Fields," published by the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. This is what "thinking black" means. Crawford resolved to live on familiar terms with the African in his native habitats and think his thoughts after him. The heavy price that he paid gave him the ability not only to speak to the native, but also to understand what he said. "But the Negro must really be seen in his own compact and cramped stockade town, and I shall never regret beginning my life in Africa in one such village on the Kunje River. Cooped up inside the same stockade, air stale and sour, we black and white lived together for months, the same beehive huts and porridge our portion." What manner of domicile was it? "Their average beehive hut is a verminating hole, a den of disease, and indeed the most valuable characteristic of that heathen hut is just this impossibility of living in it: it drives you into the fresh air. Prefer the hut, and you will be bitten all night by large fat—but need we

discuss the exact zoological designation of these creatures? These pests are legion, and what with our own creeping pace of travel by day, coupled with these other creeping things by night, I dreamed two nights in succession a curious jumble of a dream—a vision this of a large roomy railway station placarded all over with monster advertisements, 'Keating's Powder.' The railway, one opines, stood for a rebuke to our caravan's creeping pace, and 'Keating's' was—well, for the other creepers." One of the preliminary difficulties in appealing to the Negro is due to his prejudice. "The slaves of precedent, they dog the steps of a thousand ancestors, and such is the tenacity of the Negro type that to this day their whole outfit of the twentieth century A. D. can be found perfectly reproduced on Egyptian monuments of the same century B. C." Patience must therefore be a pet virtue in this lazy land of sluggish mind and stagnant lives. Slavery is described in many pages with a vividness that helps one to realize how foul is this open sore and tragedy of Africa, and how hateful are the barbarities of this traffic in flesh and blood. "But here they are far from home, that long wriggling horror of a slave track before and behind them, so thin and hollow-eyed, you can think of them only as a moan materialized into flesh." There are also some sharp and stinging sentences on the rum slavery: "The liquid sold was such wicked stuff that it could almost corrode a paving stone—what, then, happened to the Negro?" Cannibalism, polygamy, cradled among the zebras and antelopes; baby brides the darkest smudge in a dark history; living sacrifices of wives who are buried alive with their dead lords—these are among the poison-reeking fruits of the tree of ignorance, superstition, and sin, so deeply rooted that its branches spread far and wide, and many mourn and lash themselves in the shade thereof. Crawford certainly had some great experiences. "I was in a tight corner in the Sera plains when a humble lucifer would have been the simple solution. Black clouds had rolled up from the far Kundelungu range, and the heavens rang with the loud artillery of thunder. Then the lightning began to fork and flash. Driven into a deserted hamlet before the advancing deluge, a random choice of a hut was made—too random, alas! for the thing was many sizes too small for one. Only just in the nick of time, for growl went the bursting thunder, and the torrential downpour was upon us. Doubled up there in a leaky outhouse with an odd flash of lightning for your only candle. A sudden thought came. What if— Just then, 'hiss' went the notorious noise of an unseen 'mamba' from a corner of the dark den. My heart seemed to stop for repairs. As though this longing for a lucifer had actually pressed the invisible button of an electric light-current, flash! came another single steel-blue streak of lightning, and there, plain as a pikestaff, a long green snake showed in the flash of fire. Atrociously, maddeningly, for one flashing moment, I sighted my co-occupant of the den, then, back both man and snake were hurled into the blackness of that pestiferous gloom. 'O for a kindly lucifer!' thought I. For who does not know that a snake never really attacks a man, only bites out of fear, and only because you have stumbled over him in error? Need I say that, as that mamba blocked the doorway, I had to tear down the

grass wall for escape, preferring my sheets of rain to a snake under the other sheets?" This missionary went out in faith, and, forsooth, there was no other way. "Good it is we have no society guaranteeing a stated salary. For cut off as we are from our nearest bank by one thousand miles, the said society would be politely and cleverly baffled how to send our quarterly remittance." Throughout the book there are sparkling sentences and paragraphs written in classic purity of style. Here is a passage that illustrates the author's manner and matter: "Down goes the sun like a ball of fire over dark Lubaland. The first sough of the cold night wind goes through like a dart. The distant dogs in the fishing hamlet howl. The frogs croak, croak, and the bitterns bump, bump. To climax weirdness, the fire has recently swept through the long yellow grass, covering the land with a dark pall. The sluggish stream by which we camp seems a mere trickle of liquid mud, the only hint of water being the deeper dye of green down its hollow. There you draw your drinking water the color of bad tea; there, too, at sunset the reedbuck comes down to drink. And as the darkness deepens the sighing sounds of Africa's dark are heard saying, 'The night cometh when no man can work.' Afar the golden-crested crane is calling!" This is just the kind of a book to read when one is suffering from the blues. There is not a single dull page and nowhere is the minor note of discouragement heard, although the trials and oppositions were many. The secret of the author's buoyant spirit is explained not by presence of mind in emergencies, but, as he confesses, by the presence of God, which he realized to his safety, comfort, and delight. The cause of missions will be greatly advanced by this breezy and brilliant narrative.

METHODIST REVIEW

MARCH, 1914

Art. I.—LIFE-GIRDING AND THE NEW VISION OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

An old Arab woman on the River Nile in Egypt was looking for top soil for her melon patch. Scratching at a mound by the river side, she uncovered some clay tablets. These tablets, when deciphered, furnished authentic historical data for a period in Egyptian history which had been understood but little. The mound was Tel-el-Amarna. It marked the spot where the Pharaoh Akhenaten had built his capital and had reared his temple for the worship of the true God as a spiritual deity over against the materialistic animal worship of the time. But the new departure was too high for that day. The Pharaoh died overwhelmed. His body was hidden away in a dishonored tomb. Temple and city fell into ruins and became heaps for the bittern and the jackal. But in time the tablets rehearsing the story were found. And now Egyptologists pronounce Akhenaten "the world's first idealist and the world's first individual."

John Fletcher Hurst was an idealist. He belonged to the Brahmin caste of scholarship and refinement. All the more keenly, perhaps, did he feel the certain condescension among scholars, even in his day, concerning the people called Methodists. He recalled that Warburton, in the earlier days, had said of Methodism that it was the social waste which had been cast aside and by spontaneous combustion took fire. He lived to hear the fling of Matthew Arnold that Methodism might be emotionalism tinged

with morality, but it lacked sweetness and light. Himself an approved scholar, welcome in any circle of intellectual exclusiveness, John Fletcher Hurst determined to claim for his church that leadership in the realm of the mind which long since she had won in the life of the spirit. As the location for his venture he selected the capital of this country. Here he sought to found a university of loftiest pretension. Through the medium of the same undertaking he purposed, moreover, to unite the two, so long disjoined, knowledge and vital piety. Against the glow of his own enthusiasm there soon arose the inevitable shadow of reaction. He himself was misunderstood. His scheme was deemed "a dream," "a white elephant," a "flash in the pan," a "Gargantuan Frankenstein which must fall apart through its own unwieldiness." And so he died. Many discerned not the signs of the times. Of the American University they said, "It is heaps for the bittern and the jackal."

They did not understand. Nor little wonder. He himself must be an idealist to understand that word of Nietzsche, "It seems that in order to inscribe themselves upon the heart of humanity with everlasting claims, all great things have first to wander about the earth as enormous and awe-inspiring caricatures." Again was this paradox an actuality. For, while the enterprise of a university at the national capital seemed only to be wandering about the earth as a caricature, in reality it was inscribing itself with everlasting claims on the hearts of multitudes. "The Whirligig of Time," says the clown in Twelfth Night, "brings on his revenges." The emphasis in human events and in human interest has been shifting since that earlier day of Hurst the dreamer. Joseph's dreams always come true. The spirit of the times, even now under our own eyes, is changing. To us is being revealed, through the American University idea itself, the opening of a great and effectual door for service in enlightenment and Christian learning. Changes, almost spontaneously, step by step unfolding themselves, are obliterating one by one the grounds of objection to the enterprise. The question of competition, for example, already has been eliminated. The query as to how extraordinary advantages for higher learning could be pro-

vided for through this undertaking, without the raising of some Crœsus-like, impossible sum of money, has been answered. The fear that the plan itself has been outgrown is seen now to be only a mental quickening to a different angle of approach. Closet philosophers remind us that this is a wonderful age and that if we are to do our day's task worthily in this new world of thought and life-girding, it must be no ordinary contribution that we shall make to the guidance of men. Aye, verily. But here we find the very clue from the labyrinth for which we have sought so long.

This is a new day, not only in the life of the spirit, but also in the practical affairs of men. And it is this vision of the new day that has lighted us to a new faith in the American University undertaking. For under the new light it is seen that within the bosom of this very enterprise there lies slumbering the one norm of life which can adapt itself efficaciously to the altered needs of the time and through this very adaptation thrive. Let us pause for a moment and see what are the needs which thus must be met.

Three characteristics mark the thought life of our time. The first is the search for ultimate reality. The human spirit seems bewitched in its eagerness to find the ultimate explanation of things. This attitude of spirit expresses itself in research work of every character. Our industries and trade, manufactures, our inventions, methods of transportation and communication, our food production, our agricultural conservation, even our fisheries, all are revealing our increasing dependence on science and discovery. The social fabric is involved in the outcome of research investigations now being conducted in laboratories, research stations, experimental plants, observatories, weather bureaus, and hospitals. Remedial agencies for the race in unfathomed richness are found to inure to research workers. Radium and mesothorium project their light of hope into medicine. Serum therapy reinforces the fight against contagion. The *anopheles maculi pennis*, the dread yellow-fever bearer, is caught on the wing. And these results are merest sparks or scintillations from the fires of the toiling research benefactor. At last we have come to see that humanity itself is to get on largely through the discoveries and ventures of such pioneers as Harvey, Jenner, Lord Rayleigh, Sir

William Crookes, Edison, Madame Curie, Stiles, Major-Surgeon Reed, Pasteur, Richet, Carrel, Burbank, and their like. As a consequent upon this is the fact that these very investigations and results are revealing a hitherto undreamed of partnership between research and the training of youthful minds. Louis Agassiz foresaw this. In his university work long ago he combined the two ideas. His students at the outset were put at research work as the best method of developing their own powers.

A second characteristic of the thought life of today is the vitalizing of truth when once discovered. This vitalizing of truth we find made possible through the dissemination of educative information at first hand to the people. The effort to prevent disease, ignorance, and immorality by enlightenment through channels that shall reach the humblest classes, such as health exhibits, warning signs, picture displays, and various other morally instructive objective demonstrations, is one of the marks of the day. The new vision of social service, the uplift of the people through organizations directed toward publicity and instructional ends, the ever-widening utilization of the printed page, the pulpit, and reform campaigns, with their frank discussion of subjects hitherto *tabu*, the bringing of new facts and inspiration through Chautauqua circuits to communities where the common people live, the enormous popularity of the problem novel, and the new utilization of the stage for informing the careless—all such tendencies, to one who understands, mark a supreme trend of present-day life.

A third characteristic of our time is the development of individualism. The secret of the present vogue of Dr. Maria Montessori is that through her method of training childhood she is endeavoring to answer a demand aroused by the psychologic and biologic researches of the past two decades. She says, "The fundamental principle must be, indeed, the liberty of the pupil." In this doctrine of liberty the Montessori method is based upon the individual.

No longer is there any thought of molding all individuals alike in life training. Now it is sought to find the capabilities of each individual and to develop those capabilities. The principle is being accepted that the selection of particular individuals of

unusual powers for special development will secure to the race its most rapid advancement through properly equipped leadership. This may account for the revival of interest in the work of the Austrian monk Gregor Mendel. Certain it is that there is a well-defined evolution forward from the work of the great forerunners in education—Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Herbart, and Froebel. And there is a new emphasis given to individual divergence from type. So we have increasing specialization in study and more and more emphasis laid on vocational training.

Now, what is the inevitable conclusion to be drawn from all this? Is it not that any institution which today aims to minister to the modern needs must adjust itself to these new tendencies and interests in life? Gone forever is the day when human learning can be summed up in the old academic *trivium* and *quadrivium*—*Lingua, Tropus, Ratio, Numerus, Tonus, Angulus, Astra.* Gone forever the day when a university doctor can lecture on all fields of knowledge, or a medical professor can occupy, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said that once he did, not a chair in the professional school, but a whole settee. This is because we are coming to realize that the old saying that knowledge is power is not true. Useless knowledge has no relation to power. And it is *power* that we must have as girding for the life of the new day. For, as De Quincey suggests, the difference between knowledge and power is of celestial diameter. Every step that we take in knowledge only gets us further along on the same plane. But the very first step in power is a step upward as on an ascending Jacob's ladder stretching from earth to things above the earth; it is a flight upward into another sphere where earth is forgot and angels come and minister unto us.

With the problem thus frankly stated, is there any way by which the American University can be put into functioning existence, so that it can meet the needs which are characteristic of the life of our time? Is there any field which this institution can enter, bringing the gift of power, and yet be saved from useless or destructive competition with other existing institutions? Is it possible to retain the ideals of the founders and yet at the same time enable the university to enter on a beneficent career of bring-

ing to other existing schools, not rivalry in the struggle for funds, students, and prestige, but cooperation, elements of assisting strength and quickening, wider scope of life and a projected efficiency? Is it possible? In this day and generation of grueling fight for one's own, can such things be? Again the answer is, "Aye, verily!" As ground for our answer, let me hasten to call attention at once to unique conditions existing to which the American University has access. It is not so much what this institution has as what now it is able strategically to do.

All the world knows that over a century ago George Washington called the attention of the American people to the extraordinary advantages that would inure to the whole country through the right utilization of the government resources for education and scholarly research. These resources are massed in the government archives, departments, bureaus, museums, libraries, and similar institutions. It often has been recited how George Washington in his will made provision for the actual founding of a national university at the capital of the country, which should carry out this plan of putting the government departments to distinctively educational use. It may not be so familiar to all, however, that "Washington was not alone in his purpose. Directly or indirectly, the first six presidents favored with a greater or less degree of earnestness the foundation of a national university."

Nothing came of it all, however, while the government treasures themselves kept heaping up and multiplying, until now they represent an almost unparalleled storehouse of riches. "Every branch of human knowledge has a literary deposit in Washington."

It is to this educational equipment of the national government, which for a century thus steadily has been accreting, that we propose to turn for the means of enabling the American University to do some of the things to which allusion has been made.

Certainly will the university be enabled, through this Federal treasure house of educational material, to attempt her first task, that of helping to answer the call to a *search for ultimate reality*. This will be done through the organization of an institute for research to be operated in connection with the government departments and bureaus and yet be a component function in the life of

the American University. This institute will not be intended to carry on research work of its own. Rather will it be simply a *nexus,* or connecting link, by means of which students may be introduced to the opportunities for research now existing in the government departments. It is designed to make available what already exists, but is not being put to its maximum educational use. This institute will have a director of research. He will have a thorough knowledge of the opportunities for research in the government offices. The primary function, therefore, of the director of research will be to open the door to those channels of new discovery and scientific suggestion which exist under government auspices.

What is involved in this proposal may be gathered from a remarkable statement by President Hadley concerning research facilities now existing in the government departments at Washington: President A. T. Hadley, Facilities for Study and Research in the Offices of the United States Government at Washington, p. 9.

It would be time wasted to seek to demonstrate the research opportunities open in Washington. Professor Balfour, of Oxford University, declared: "There is no city in the world where scientific study can be pursued to so great advantage as in Washington." In learning and enlightenment Washington will take the place which Paris has held. She will be what the Greeks called Athens, the *omphalos,* the world's center.

It is easy to see a thing after it is done. Here the statesman is he who, like Francis Asbury, foreseeing the great future of this country, is wise enough to desire to preoccupy its most strategic points with centers of Christian light, but in a larger day than that of the apostolic circuit rider shall not forget the national capital, where in balance hang the issues of life and death for many peoples. The Roman Catholic Church, which so wisely, for her purposes, maintains in this country 321 newspapers and public prints, counts it worth her supreme effort to build at Washington a great school of learning, which with vision she calls The Catholic University of America. And his Holiness, who has taken this university under his own special watch-care and for it cherishes unending solicitude, announces to the world that the

institution is to be the chief training station of Catholicism for the western hemisphere. One is reminded even now of those earlier lines of the poet Wordsworth:

> The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff
> For occupation of a magic wand,
> And 'tis the Pope that wields it: whether rough
> Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand.

At such a center as the national capital, therefore, none ought to feel that such direction of effort as is contemplated by the American University is unwise or ill advised. The research work of the Rockefeller Institute alone would demonstrate the wisdom of the initial part of the plan. But in Germany research work distinctively is carried on under the auspices of the universities. And there notably, while with us increasingly, there is a remarkable development in industrial research as a recognized function of universities and technical schools.

Such an attempt upon our part, moreover, answers the desire recently expressed by the University of Pennsylvania to set apart certain of her professors for purely research work. The kind of work which we have in mind has been done at the government departments with high success by post-graduate students from West Point and the Naval Academy. Students of the Catholic University of America at Washington now are putting to valuable use the same resources. Such an institute as we intend to operate can become an intermediary and intellectual clearing house between other American institutions of learning and the government offices. In time it could become a bureau of information for foreign scholars and institutions. As such the scope and value of its life would be measureless.

How clear the field is may be gathered from the fact that national legislation has provided for the free use by students of all that the government has in the way of educational equipment. The expense of the adventure, therefore, would be nominal. The institution, moreover, which puts into operation this plan will not be encroaching on the field or work of any other existing institution. For such an undertaking could be possible at no place but at Washington. The government collections which have been

gathered and massed at the national capital, by the very nature of the case, can have no duplicate. They must remain unique.

Again, this is the accepted time. Events each day make more evident the growing feeling that the time has come when the educational resources of the government at Washington ought to be put to practical ends. We arrogate not to ourselves or to our enterprise that which is beyond our capabilities or our proper scope—none the less, we fully are minded now to make the high adventure, to break through the hedge, and to lay virile and quickening hands on these resources.

What wealth of material, what matchless opportunities are ours! Authorized and justified by the spirit and the letter of two acts of Congress, one can say, "Here is the equipment of The American University. Here are our laboratories, our libraries, our museums, our experiment stations, our art galleries, our botanical gardens. They are ready and waiting. Have they not dignity and promise? Where on earth can they be surpassed."

The second step in the development of the life of the American University will consist in an attempt to assist in the *vitalizing of truth* that once has been discovered. This will be done by means of a system of lectureships. The dissemination of knowledge through lectures, as a defense for its dignity and value, does not need to cite the lectures of Plato in his garden or the discussions by Aristotle in the shady walks around the lyceum. Aberdeen University for four years existed on lectures alone. Illustration of the power that can be exercised through a wise system of lectures is found in the Bampton lectures in Oxford University. These discourses on theological and philosophical thought, made possible by the beneficence of John Bampton and delivered in Saint Mary's, Oxford, where John Wesley preached, have had not a little to do with changing the course of higher thinking in the Anglo-Saxon world. Mark also the delightful labors of enlightenment revealed in the work of the Lowell Institute of Boston. Whether it be the young poet, Noyes, picturing the sea in English poetry, or the learned Von Dobschütz explaining the influence of the Bible on civilization, or that wizard of speech George Herbert Palmer discoursing on Edmund Spenser—tell me, is there any

one element more distinctive and helpful in the higher education of the American people than is provided by the choice spirits summoned to noble task and utterance through the call of the Lowell Institute?

Exchange professorships and popular university extension lectures are assuming more and more an earnest and permanent character. Institutions of learning are coming to feel that diversified series of attractive free lectures are a fitting part of university life as related to the community life of the people. No undertaking of any university in the country is attracting more widespread interest, perhaps, than are the picturesque but highly satisfactory traveling tent exhibitions and peripatetic platform demonstrations for instructing rural populations now being conducted by the University of Minnesota. Out in his own State the farmers affectionately call the scheme "George Vincent's Circus." And when were farmers or farmers' boys ever backward about attending a circus? Such lectures as are proposed in the American University need not necessarily be confined to Washington. Lecturers can be secured and sent to such points as will offer largest opportunity and most fruitful field for the message. Such of the lectures as may deserve permanent form will be published. Thus, like the Bampton lectures, these discussions can be made a continuous contribution by the university to the advancement of knowledge, and they will be conveyed through that channel which carries to the largest numbers and the most ready minds at the least possible cost.

The third and final provision in the proposed inauguration of work by the American University will be an attempt to meet the demand for a higher development of *individualism*. This will be done through the maintenance of a comprehensive system of fellowships. On the nomination of other universities, colleges, technical and professional schools, proper students will be selected and granted fellowships for study at agreed-upon universities or places of investigation in America and abroad. The selection of these fellows and the academic oversight of their work will be lodged in a board of award of seven members, who will be given the right to employ for special needs the services of approved

scholars. The university convocation day will be the set time for public functions in connection with the fellowships, and indeed for all public work involved by academic degrees or distinctions. These fellowships will provide for the payment of satisfactory stipends to assist the students to unique opportunities for the development of themselves as instruments for the higher development of others. Fellows who have pursued satisfactory work will be invited to embody the results of their study in popular lectures to be delivered on the convocation day at Washington, or at such other places and times as the university may direct. Lectures which are deemed worthy will be published as a part of the permanent educational output of the institution.

The fellowship provision will be found, at certain points, to coalesce with the research idea, since it will permit a wider distribution of research work than can be carried on at Washington, or, indeed, at any one given locality. It is interesting to see how the fellowship plan is beginning to ramify throughout the whole field of higher university work. The formulation of such a plan will be recalled as characterizing the initial efforts of our own Federal government for educating the Filipinos. In connection with a proposed exchange of professors between South American institutions and Harvard, the republics of Chile and Uruguay are planning to send students as well to study at Cambridge, while Argentina proposes annually to send to the United States from 50 to 100 students of high grade to carry on post-graduate work in their varied fields.

In making his presidential address to the Chemical Section of the British Association this year (September 15, 1913), Professor W. P. Wynne declared that "he who is able to convert education committees and private donors to the view that a far better return for the money can be assured if part of the large expenditure on scholarships for matriculated or non-matriculated students were diverted to post-graduate purposes, would have done a service to science and the state the value of which, in my opinion, cannot be overestimated." This advice is being followed by some of the women's colleges in England. Newnham College, Cambridge, for example, has been putting increasing stress on fellowship work,

with the result that several brilliant young women recently have been enabled to do work, in which they have contributed vitally to the advancement of science. (The Englishwoman, November, 1913. Women and Scientific Research, by E. Eleanor Field, p. 153-4.)

The present activity of the Carnegie Institution of Washington is an attempt at the development of the field of knowledge through the work of approved scholars who make researches and experiments or collect material for subsequent work by other matured scholars. We, on the other hand, shall concentrate our efforts on the training of the human instrument itself. We shall do this through the molding of young men and women who as yet have not "arrived," to borrow the French phrase. May we not, therefore, be doing a more vital work than the Carnegie Institution in the degree that trained manhood and womanhood and potently developed youthful life transcend in importance for future usefulness the mere addition to the sum of human knowledge or the heaping up of material for future exploitation? The world moves by great personalities. There is no substitute for the contagion of personality, and it is into the radiant arena of the possible achievement by personalities brought to flower and fruitage through our efforts that we make our venture and take our chance.

The Rhodes Scholarship plan is a most interesting contribution to the better good fellowship of the English-speaking races. But Cecil Rhodes was an Englishman. Some very admirable and highly competent Englishmen are a little predisposed—dare we say it?—to be insular. They have such excellent and thoroughly satisfactory reasons for being insular in the glorious life history of their own "tight little isle." None the less, insularity does interfere somewhat with that *Weltblick,* that world-vision, on which a very good friend of mine, Herr Hegel, was wont to insist as the prerequisite for a right understanding. Was not Cecil Rhodes, the empire-builder, touched a little with insularity when he provided that his scholars must study at Oxford University alone? Who would utter other than reverence for Oxford University, that sweet mother nurturer of English culture—*Alma*

Mater, fortunata, illuminata, beata? But are there not other spots than Oxford where angels do come and minister unto men? Is it heresy to suggest that the *Pane degli Angeli* of Dante's dream may be distributed to even better advantage for mental assimilation and soul-quickening elsewhere than at Oxford if that venerable mother possesses only in mere fragments or possesses not at all some particular portion of the bread of the angels which the heart doth covet? He who would know the science of the Romance languages wisely might prefer the Sorbonne even to the towers and halls which do hold such purple charm in the gloaming on the meadows of the Isis. For some reason best known to themselves, have not medical men beaten a path to Vienna? Why should a young architect overlook the École des Beaux Arts at Paris, or wherefore should a young engineer of any race neglect our own Massachusetts Institute of Technology? Out of what varied races have come the ardent souls who now recall the plain rooms and hard benches where in Jena, perhaps, or Leipsic, or beside the Spree, through metaphysical mists more wonderful than any English fog, spirit spoke to spirit and the soul made answer and followed the gleam! The Oxonian John Wesley, desiring a change, went to Herrnhut and there found Zinzendorf. So, by extending the privileges of the fellowships of the American University to allow the fellows to pursue their studies at any university or in any place where the opportunities are greatest, may there not be accomplished work more significant for the future than can be done by any method which restricts the study to one university or one environment alone?

The Chinese government saw great possibilities in the Boxer indemnity money which was returned to China by the United States. Acting under the best expert advice that the world affords, the Chinese authorities have devoted the income from the indemnity fund thus returned to the support of a national university fellowship system. By means of this fellowship system Chinamen of unusual promise are being sent each year to America to be educated at American colleges and universities. Bishop Lewis informs me that, through intelligent administration, the funds and the usefulness of this fellowship plan itself constantly

are expanding. The plan is becoming of increasing leavening power to the whole Chinese nation. The last report of the indemnity university fellowship fund certainly is a commanding proof that the Mongolian spirit is awake to the cumulative advantage which by this means will endow the Middle Kingdom more and more with a true world vision and world feeling.

To add one last personal note of interest to this picture, take, as a concrete illustration of the thought, the case of a young physician who for several years was on the staff of the Wuhu General Hospital in Wuhu, China, and who now is on the staff of the Harvard Medical School in Shanghai, China. During his service in the Far East there has come to this earnest medical worker an insistent need for instruction in his special branch of research in parasitic diseases, especially the diseases incident to residence in that part of the Orient. But there are only two men who can furnish this physician what he requires. One man is in Europe, in London, at the School for the Study of Tropical Diseases; the other man is in the University of Illinois. Or, as a complement to this case, take the experience of a young man who, after studying at Wesleyan University, had determined on a course of study which must take him to the famous Dr. Koch, in Berlin, Germany. It was a hard struggle to reach that goal, but the way was conquered. The young man gave himself to the opportunity. Personally I recall him now as I saw him in those student days in the Prussian capital, laboring as an unknown toiler with such devotion at his self-appointed task. But not in vain, for there that young man received the direction and impulse which later issued in a priceless service to the world through his discovery of the cause of the hook disease. As a friend and counselor suggests, "How much simpler and better to seek out and find men like these and give them opportunity for study under those specialists in the whole wide world who can teach them what they need to know, than to undertake the duplication of grounds, buildings, and faculties already in existence."

Thus, in the American University, as now projected, we have a plan that is at once irenic and practical. It can be worked from the plant as now we have it. But far more vital than this is the

fact that this proposition covers the latest modern needs in life-training. We are not rash, therefore, we believe, in expressing the hope that as this plan is considered it will come to be accepted as the natural starting point for an undertaking in the higher life—training which can be made of far-reaching scope and importance. If there are objections to the plan, let us not forget the old saying, "Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must be first overcome." The late William Stead was appealing to all hearts when he said, "My idea is that everything wrong in the world is a divine call to use my life in righting it." Such a thought absorbed into the soul would find a holy and transforming use for criticism. It would change the critical attitude at its very source into a yearning to help.

"Very good," says some one, "but some pertinent questions will have to be answered. May not this plan be a plausible make-shift for simply opening the institution? Will not recourse be had later to the more commonly accepted and traditionally distinctive university faculty work? By and by will there not be founded an ordinary academic college? Thus competition, crowded out at the door, may climb in later at the window accompanied by seven more dreadful attendants?" In all frankness we answer that no action by the present board of trustees of the American University can be made binding upon any subsequent board of trustees. Only the provisions of the university charter granted by the United States government itself are immutable, save as changed by act of Congress. Moreover, who can forecast or foresee what a generation or two may bring forth of change in the life of any American school of high standing? Professor Bowne somewhat facetiously was accustomed to say that we ourselves dwell in a constant razzle-dazzle in the life of the spirit. Things change rapidly in this land. The plan of Bishop Hurst, for example, only a quarter of a century ago, without question was the last word in higher education at that time. But within these twenty-five years the whole spirit of education and the emphasis of the educated life itself have shifted. And so the original plan of Bishop Hurst—let us be frank—is outgrown, and we are forced into a new adjustment. This same process may be true concern-

ing the working basis of our own present initial effort. Undoubtedly the present plan will require constant shifting and steady vital readjustments, but, notwithstanding all this, this plan, as now laid bare, hides nothing. In itself it is the whole enterprise so far as, with our present light, we are able to compass it. We do not intend to open an undergraduate college. We have no intention whatever to have recourse later to any hidden schemes which for the moment are held in the background. On the contrary, we distinctly are of the opinion that this present plan in itself is an undertaking calling for all attention and effort. If worked unitedly by us all, it can be made a great achievement, not so much for the Methodist Episcopal Church as for the whole country, where now the battle of Protestantism and the Light again is being fought out for humanity. Only this time it must be fought to the finish. We can flee no further to escape it.

The great thing, the truly momentous issue here involved, which does not, at the first cursory hearing, appear on the surface, is this: The provision which admits all other schools to all the benefits inuring from the undertaking of the American University itself is truly of far-reaching significance. If the provision is correlated properly, if the work itself is carried out in a generous spirit of mutual consideration, if, for the sake of the larger hope, we will hold in abeyance some of our own questionings, the enterprise can be made a natural working out to fitting conclusion of the theory of Christian education as understood and propounded by the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"But," says Mr. Worldly-Wise-Man, "are you not overvaliant for the truth? Who will pay for all this? Whence will come the money?" The answer is that the financial plan under which now we are working is a proposition that the American University shall raise $1,500,000, in three units of $500,000 each. The first unit of $500,000, when raised, shall be used for the opening of the institution. After the university has been opened, the general plan will be continued through the effort to complete the whole fund by raising the additional two units amounting to a million dollars. We have raised the first unit of $500,000. Thus we hope to have in hand for our initial operations a working

endowment fund of $500,000 clear of all encumbrances. And this amount is the exact sum which by a bill now in Congress has been asked of the United States government as the preliminary foundation for establishing the proposed Federal University at Washington. Toward the subsequent additional million-dollar endowment fund which we propose, we already have subscriptions amounting to $200,000, without mentioning certain other dependent funds. But, without thought of any futurities of asset, let there not be forgotten, in considering this project, that wise word of Professor Faulkner, "The history of education is the best commentary on the question of the sacred prophet, 'Who hath despised the day of small things?'"

"But that Federal University proposition," says Mr. Faint-heart, "is not that, after all, to be the effective stop to all your hopes and plans? What need will there be for the American University when the great Federal University at last is founded at the national capital? Will not such a national school of learning, supported by the Federal Government, render futile the hope of activity upon the part of such an institution as you are trying to establish? Would it not be wiser to sell to the promoters of the Federal enterprise your site and buildings and use the proceeds in some practical way for educational work or institutions already existing?" We shall enter upon no discussion of the proposed Federal University. Such an institution may be founded; and again it may not be founded. We, like the hero of traditional fiction, have a heart prepared for any fate. Lest we may be charged with trifling, however, let it be said that the present proposed plan for the American University has thoroughly in mind the possibility of a national university at the national capital. But this possibility of the future establishment at Washington of a Federal university only adds to the availability of our plan. In the event that a Federal institution is organized, this plan assures such conditions that the existence of the American University will not be disturbed thereby. Rather will the call for its activity be the clearer and more insistent. For now mark clearly two consequences that would spring out of the existence, side by side, of the American University and the proposed Federal institution. The

only changes necessitated in the scholastic life of the American University through the existence of its neighbor would be the shifting of the center of emphasis in the American University. Not only would the American University be afforded a heightened ability to accomplish its distinctive work through a proper affiliation with the Federal institution—some such role, perhaps, as is filled by Mansfield College at Oxford—but also it would have committed to it a new duty, a vast opportunity, unique and priceless.

If the proposed Federal institution is founded, it will be weak and practically atrophied at one point. By the nature of the case the Federal University must resemble in character all of the similar American institutions supported by the State. One of the significant features in connection with our State universities is the need that is emerging for influences outside of the State university to supply to its students that religious instruction and care which the institution itself does not offer. This condition is one of the crucial problems in our national life. More than one half of our Methodist students are in State-supported institutions, and the increase in the number of students thus situated is so rapid that at the present rate of increase it will be but a few years before the proportion will be three quarters. In meeting the problem of supplying religious care and instruction to its students, the Federal University would resemble the State universities. Because of this fact, in the selfsame hour that recorded the foundation of a Federal university at Washington there would be opened to the American University a great and effectual door of spiritual usefulness.

The devoted labors of the Christian workers who now at four State universities are pushing a campaign of constantly growing effectiveness and triumph for their Lord is a suggestion of what is meant. These spiritual masters of men, at these most vital centers of life for all the States involved, are laying the sweet persuasions of the Christian Church, like the healing shadow of Peter, across the hearts of receptive multitudes. These are prophetic workers. They have caught the vision of a great opportunity for community centers bringing community leadership. They are holding open channels of supply of ministers for the altars of

God. Through activities of like character with these so singularly blessed of the Master, the American University could become the pilot-flame of the spiritual life for the National University at the national capital. As such the American University would possess always a unique field of loftiest influence. For to all our science there is a vital doctrine of final causes that "articulates us back from the halls of learning to the seething life of humanity." And there we could furnish a spiritual note to a materialistic time.

The supreme culminating virtue, says the poet of the Faerie Queene, is the virtue of magnificence. To see large, to mark the end from the beginning, to behold the glory where others see only the mean or the commonplace—that is the culminating virtue of life. It is this virtue of magnificence that distinguishes, we believe, the American University. As yet her glory is the glory of the imperfect. But face to face with her opportunity, would it not be a sad thing indeed, would it not be evidence of dethronement from any right to divinely granted power, if this undertaking, freighted with such vicissitudes and also with such prayers, did not seek to have in its plans some fore-gleam at least of what the future may bring? This is an adventure not for a day. It claims the far-off increase of the years. Other men, other generations must have a part in molding this work, which we shall commit to their hands as only our beginning. Then, by the faith and vision of the fathers, by the toil and sacrifice that have been the hidden foundations of the present existence, by the assurance that comes from the consciousness of high purpose, let us build worthy of the early hopes. The supreme fact of a right direction at last is secure. Have no fear of the outcome. Here are involved elements and interests that will compel success. Only let us meet the divine testing as it was met by Seneca's pilot in the storm: "O Neptune! you may save me if you will; you may sink me if you will; but, whatever happens, I shall keep my rudder true!"

Franklin Hamilton

Art. II.—THE MASTER SPIRITS

The Master Spirits! How much they have had to do with history, passing their vision and faith and courage and greatness on to the lesser souls! The New Testament seer writing to fellow Israelites reminds them that about all of their progress has been due to men like Abraham, Moses, Joshua, Gideon, David, and the other "privileged great natures" who had sighted the "better country" and fired the hearts of their people with longings for it. The men who "carry the fire" and make straight the paths to the City of God—do we think often enough of them? Do we appreciate them as we should, and drink at the fountains they have opened for all mankind?

Robert Browning, like the New Testament seer, took comfort in thinking of the zealots, the poets, the patriots, who have labored for the redemption of the race. One of Browning's services to his readers is that he will not let them forget these Greathearts. He has little patience with the worldly-wise men who save their skins but lose their souls; or with those other unhappy spirits, the doubters, who wander aimlessly without enthusiasm because without faith. But he never wearies telling us of those Master Spirits who make the way for their fellows from the wilderness to the sunrise. Bishop Blougram's Apology is a case in point. It is a monologue in which the ease-loving, shrewd old bishop talks his hour out, not in defense of the faith, but in justification of himself. But though the poem is a monologue, two figures are kept before us throughout—nay, three figures, for there is a third whose presence, though unseen, is felt from first to last and who forms the standard by which we are enabled to measure the good bishop and his young friend. The story of the poem is very simple and the accessories few, that the theme may ever lie before us: the weakness of doubt and the shame of mercenariness.

Sylvester Blougram, *Episcopus in partibus,* of the Roman Catholic Church, has invited Gigadibs, a young literary man, to sit a dinner out with him that they may see "truth dawn together";

—truth that peeps
Over the glasses' edge when dinner's done,
And body gets its sop and holds its noise
And leaves soul free a little.

Gigadibs is thirty. He has written a catchy article for Blackwood's Magazine. He is a Philistine. He has very little use for the church. He is, however, at least honest, and has what the bishop calls "a grand simple" ideal of life. In other words, he is to the bishop a visionary. On his side Gigadibs is frank enough to admit that while he might be able to choose such a career as Napoleon's and give himself to empire building, or to a literary career such as Goethe's, or while he might be a man about town, as Count D'Orsay, he could never think of an ecclesiastical career. Why? Because an ecclesiastic, though successful enough to become a Pope, highest and freest of all ecclesiastics, can never be himself, "imperial, plain, and true." And he, Gigadibs, can never play a part. In fact, that is why he does not profess to be a Christian. He cannot give full assent to all the doctrines. Christianity does not solve all the mysteries. He therefore will have none of it. The "better country," the kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, to Gigadibs, the half-baked, cock-sure literary man of thirty, seems altogether unreal, improbable.

Some interpreters have felt that Browning is in sympathy with Gigadibs. It seems to me that that is to miss the meaning of the poet's message. Surely the agnostic, the Bohemian, was never Browning's ideal. On the other hand, Mr. Hutton, parting company with other critics, has recently reinterpreted the poem as being an argument for faith, and holds that Blougram speaks for Browning. This is to miss the mark also, if we are not misled; though the poem is a witness to the reality and greatness of faith. Blougram's argument for faith is a mere incident of the poem. And it is impossible to think for a moment that Browning thought of Blougram as a true vicar of Jesus Christ. In 1856 a Roman Catholic writer, supposedly Cardinal Wiseman, in the London Rambler, while speaking in qualified praise of the poem, asserted that it defended in Blougram a self-indulgence

every honest man feels to be disgraceful. How strange that such diverse opinions should be held! It certainly seems clear that the bishop was a self-indulgent, a soul deeply immersed in fat. But is it not equally clear that it is preposterous to say that Browning defended this? What he does do is to make it repulsive. Browning simply uses Blougram to dispatch Gigadibs, which he does with consummate cleverness and evident relish, making manifest the unsatisfactoriness of a life of doubt. He shows the youth that he is nothing short of a visionary, refusing to take what help he can get because he cannot get all the help he wants. That is on a level with the wisdom of the man who should refuse to take any comfort aboard ship because it was not possible to take his piano, books, marble bath, and so on. We are in this life face to face with conditions, and the part of wisdom is to make the best of them, not to play the fool even in a superior way. And so far as his Philistinism is concerned, his fine skepticism, Blougram would have Gigadibs know that that is due to superficial thinking. There are at least as many reasons for faith as for the young man's noncommittal life.

Does the young man admit this, and think then that he has as much right to his life of doubt diversified by faith as the bishop to his life of faith diversified by doubt? He is wrong. For the great count against such a life of doubt, of suspended judgment, is this: it paralyzes all the forces and energies of the soul.

> **Belief or unbelief**
> **Bears upon life, determines its whole course.**

Doubt leaves the soul cold. The doubter is not the doer. Grant that Napoleon did not believe in God, in the judgment, in justice, right. Still, though we consider him mad in taking up the line of action he did, which meant spatter of brains and writhing of bowels for "blown-up millions," nevertheless it is clear that he had some "crazy trust" in God knows what, his star, that led him on.

> **Be a Napoleon, and yet disbelieve?**

Absurd! So ever. The believers are the builders. Doubt does not work, cannot work. A man for his soul's health must make

his way toward certainties and convictions. And the great count in favor of the Christian's faith is that it brings out of man the best there is in him. Moreover, the soul is so constituted that it cannot remain fixed in doubt as to God and the good of life and duty and destiny. We refuse the call of Christ, and start on a life of unbelief, and,

> Just when we are safest, there's a sunset-touch,
> A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
> A chorus-ending from Euripides—
> And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears,
> As old and new at once as nature's self,
> To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
> Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring,
> Round the ancient idol—on his base again—
> The grand Perhaps. We look on helplessly.

The old misgivings have swept in upon us from a new quarter. We now doubt our doubt. Perhaps God is, and perhaps he is the good God, and is working in a way beyond our thought, and perhaps the truest word ever spoken of him may be Christ's word. Why may not his way be the true way?

Is the young man certain that he has the best possible point of view from which to sweep the spiritual landscape with his eyes? Perhaps another approach would change the look of things. Besides, why does not Gigadibs live out his life consistently? His skepticism strikes at the very roots of morality. Is not this law, which says, "Thou shalt not steal, nor kill, nor lust," a human contrivance? Why obey it? why not go the whole length? Why obey the simpler command and yet withhold obedience from the higher, when both the lower and the higher alike sweep out beyond our power to track or comprehend? This grand simple youth—after all, is he as consistent as he thinks?

Gigadibs is evidently worsted in the sword-play, and is on the ground. But he yields stubbornly. He cannot understand why faith is so difficult, or why so beset by doubt. Then the bishop elaborately works out Browning's thought that it is thus we receive the finest discipline of the soul. That makes a man—a man worth something.

God stoops o'er his head,
Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
He's left, himself, i' the middle: the soul wakes
And grows. Prolong that battle through his life
And you get a man with goodly thews of soul.

It is not necessary to follow Blougram's reasoning into all of its ramifications, for much of it arises from his desire to justify his own life and the creed of Hildebrand. I have given that which bears clearly on such lives as that of Gigadibs. The bishop does make a telling argument for faith by showing its fruitfulness. Did not Christianity meet the needs of the human heart, its aspirations, its hopes, its loves, its sorrows, it could not abide two generations. It has swept the earth in an increasing triumph because it has fitted into human need and has carried the soul of humanity aloft to the noblest achievements. Blougram fails, however, sufficiently to respect the young man's craving for pure truth and for absolute sincerity. He browbeats after the manner of his kind, yet it is all in character. It is not his to question, but to command. Besides, the dear man has stifled so many convictions in his own case, and has so often played a part for the sake of worldly circumstance, that we should not expect him to recognize such claims. What we need to keep clearly in mind is this: young Gigadibs is in doubt because of failure to think far enough, to grasp the nature of the truth he is trying to apprehend, to get a right point of view. And the wrongness of such a noncommittal life is seen in its moral fruitlessness. A man's power is as his faith, not as his uncertainties. Let not Gigadibs and his kind cause us to lose faith in the better country. See that such are sick souls to be cured. But Browning takes greater delight in putting the good bishop to confusion. All the way through you feel the author is laughing at the worldly wisdom of the shrewd ecclesiastic. At the end he puts the key into the hand of the reader:

Over his wine so smiled and talked his hour
Sylvester Blougram

. . . . . .

With Gigadibs the literary man,
Who played with spoons, explored his plate's design,

And ranged the olive stones about its edge,
While the great bishop rolled him out a mind
Long crumpled, till creased consciousness lay smoothed,

"For Blougram, he believed, say, half he spoke."

Gigadibs, who represents a large class to-day, does not believe in the better country because he lacks in intellectual earnestness, is superficial, dilettant.

Let us turn for a moment to look more closely at Blougram, who certainly is one of the great creationss of the nineteenth century literature. Dowden says of him: "He is delightfully frank and delightfully subtle; concealing himself by self-disclosure; opulent in ideas; shifting the pea of truth dexterously under the three gilded thimbles; blandly condescending and amiably contemptuous; a little feline, for he allows his adversary a moment's freedom to escape and then pounces upon him with his soft and furred claws; assured of his superiority in the game, and using only half his mind; fencing with one arm pinioned. . . . Why should not the nineteenth century of mundane comforts, of doubt troubled by faith and faith troubled by doubt, produce a new type—serious, yet humorous—in an episcopal Pascal-Montaigne?" It is the best characterization of the intellectual side of Blougram that I have seen. And if Blougram is nothing else, he is a brainy bishop, a match for any who may "oppugn" his life. Hear him. Gigadibs has hinted that the bishop's influence is with the hoodlums rather than with the men and women of discernment. The bishop scorns the insinuation, and replying:

You, for example, clever to a fault,
The rough and ready man who write apace,
Read somewhat seldomer—think perhaps even less—
You disbelieve! Who wonders, and who cares?
Lord So-and-So, his coat bedropped with wax,
All Peter's chains about his waist, his back
Brave with the needlework of Noodledom—
Believes! Again, who wonders and who cares?
But I, the man of sense and learning too,
The able to think yet act, the this, the that,
I, too, believe at this late time of day!
Enough; you see I need not fear contempt.

Blougram well knows his part—knows that a bishop need not be

> a fool or knave
> When there's a thousand diamond weights between.

But Blougram's swiftness and strength of intellect serve to make more apparent his moral shortcomings; his lack of earnestness, honesty, real faith, moral aspiration. Blougram is indeed no stupid. No more is he a seer. He is a priest and a man of affairs at the same time—one, however, who in his scramble for things has let things make the best of him. He has come to think more of his barns than of his soul. He represents the second type to which we have referred: those for whom the better country lies far—amiable, corpulent, worldly, ease-loving, place-seeking, spiritually foundered Blougram! The chief thing about him, that over which he revels as a miser over his pots of gold daily poured out into his hungry hands, is his worldly circumstances, his visible success, the world's acclaim. He does not say there is no "better country," but he is in no haste to get there:

> I am at ease now, friend; worldly in this world,
> I take and like its way of life.

He indeed recognizes the existence of the "better country," but is well satisfied with this and believes immensely and absolutely in his body, listening ever to its every word. He makes out a good case for faith as against his skeptical guest, but he believes not because faith fruits in peace, and joy, and love, and spiritual strength, but because it has brought him the bishop's palace, and purple, ease, power over others, estimation of men, Greek busts, Venetian paintings, books bound in gold, the ability to travel

> With ten mules to the carriage, and a bed
> Slung inside,

with dukes petitioning to kiss his ring; and then, besides, leisure for various pursuits that may strike his whim. And, mark you, this man Blougram is no Oriental prince, but a disciple of the lowly Jesus, who had not where to lay his head! But do not say, "Poor Jesus!" That isn't it. It is, "Poor Blougram!" He has esteemed the treasures of Egypt greater riches than the reproach of Christ. He has parted from the goodly company of prophets

and martyrs. Verily he has his reward, but the poor fool does not know that he has missed the main chance; at any rate, he does not care. Some have resented Browning's thus representing a bishop; but was it not the poet's thought to make this common folly seem altogether foolish and hideous? So he takes one who certainly had every chance in the world to know that life is better than raiment. What is there that a man can trade his soul for without losing?

Do we ask ourselves: "But is it a sin to succeed, to win power, to gain wealth? Should not faith lead to material prosperity as well as to spiritual strength?" That is not the question. There should be no difficulty at this point. Doubtless not a few persons win success who do *not* lose their souls. Doubly blessed are they. Browning would not think of raising such a question. What Blougram has done, and millions of others before him, is this: he has counted his trading of his soul for the world a fine bargain. And this temptation to take tthe flesh pots of Egypt in preference to the "better counry," though a common one, is wonderfully subtle and powerful. It is hard always to keep one's loins girt. It is easy to become so absorbed in earthly pursuits that we shall forget to keep oil in the spirit's lamp. Why remain pilgrims on earth? Is Vanity Fair such a bad place after all? After a while we shall press on to the Heavenly City, whose builder and maker is God. If we may trust Jesus, yes; and common observation, the history of the soul, is often this: power, place, money—these are gained; they feed the soul's lust for things until that lust becomes dominant, controlling; meanwhile, the desire for the "better country" grows feebler and feebler, until at last it becomes exhausted. That is why it is hard for those that have riches to make the "better country." They have the temptation, common to rich and poor, to covet. But besides that, they have the added temptation that arises out of possession. No! it is not a sin to succeed. It is not necessarily a sin. It may be. Success may be a poor thing. There are many who pay too much for it. Let us not quibble: there are millions to-day, as there were in the days of Christ, who cram their barns while their souls starve, and as many more who barter their souls to

find out that the devil has not delivered even the earthly goods promised. Honor, integrity, right, justice, mercy, human souls, are sold in the market every day for loaves and fishes. Bishop Blougram is a high representative of this class. Rich in intellect, in power, in earthly goods, he is nevertheless a spiritual pauper.

How weak is Gigadibs; how poor the bishop! How far above either the man in whose heart burns a deathless desire for the "better country," who ever presses toward that goal, if need be, through fire and sword. The doubters are not the doers. The world owes no great debt to the Blougrams. Indeed, the Blougrams will see to that. The believers are ever the builders. It is the man of faith, the man who believes in God, in the essential goodness of the universe, in the glory of life, that subdues kingdoms, works righteousness, fights valiantly, endures the fagots and the dungeons and fills the night with the Lord's songs. Bishop Blougram's Apology is Hebrews, chapter 11, turned into modern poetry and adapted to present-day life. The message lies clear through the poem, but lest by some strange oversight the reader may misread, and that all may see the sordidness of the soul that has sold its birthright, Browning makes Blougram confess that the man in whose heart is the desire for the "better country" is the supreme man. Hear him:

> There are exceptional
> And privileged great natures that dwarf mine:
> A zealot with a mad ideal in reach,
> A poet just about to print his ode,
> A statesman with a scheme to stop this war,
> An artist whose religion is his art—
> . . . . . .
> such men
> Carry the fire; all things grow warm to them;
> Their drugget's worth my purple. They beat me.

This is the third person of the poem: the man of faith. His drugget is worth all the episcopal and princely purple in the world. His heart is not like the waves driven and tossed, unstable in all its ways. He is not forever chasing up and down the world in search for his soul. Nor is he a hireling. He has refused the pleasures of sin, the riches of Egypt, the lust of the eyes, the

pride of life. Before his enraptured vision shine the spires of that city whose builder and maker is God. He may be a pilgrim on the earth, like Abraham; an outcast, like Moses; a despised shepherd, like Amos; like his Master, he may not have where to lay his head; he may be counted as the offscouring of the earth, or he may be a candidate sure of the martyr's crown. It matters not. In his heart burns the fire of God, and spite of all the untoward circumstances of life he fills the world with melody and the hearts of men with loftiest aspiration.

Browning is right. This is the supreme man. The New Testament seer is right. The doer is this man of faith. Empires, industries, literatures, religions, spring out of his brain and heart. He alone is capable of the "heights of nobleness, depths of devotion, lengths of endurance, breadths of sympathy," which the life of the world daily calls for. He may not know the Almighty unto perfection; he perhaps has not solved all mystery and fathomed all the meaning of life; but he sees some things clearly and he trusts God. He is not forever asking, "What do I get out of this?" He knows there are some things in every generation, and in every neighborhood, and in every life, that need to be done to keep the world from being swallowed up of hell! And he knows that these things are never paid for in the coin of the market place. He is above the itch for pleasure, the lust for reward. His purpose is his pleasure and his reward. He cheerfully struggles against wrong and kindles in the hearts of his fellows his own desire for the "better country." And he and his kind are the Torch-Bearers, the Path-Finders, the Master Spirits.

James Allen Geissinger

Art. III.—THE DOGMATIZATION OF "EVOLUTION"

The recent Darwinian anniversary was widely celebrated by the world's savants. The brilliant addresses, essays, and reviews which it evoked, and which have later found their way into print, have called renewed attention to the deep significance of Darwin's work and the permanence of his influence on the course of modern thought. The volumes so produced are most welcome, for the literature of the subject with which they deal had become tiresomely voluminous and bewildering. The press had been pouring forth a tumbling succession of treatises embodying facts newly observed, experiments newly conducted, theories newly fledged, headlong guesses, criticisms more or less well grounded, idealistic sneers, and jubilant announcements of sweeping reaction of sentiment, heterogeneous enough to confuse the sanest mind. The flood was becoming too deep to ford and too full of cross currents to be breasted by the stoutest swimmer. The nontechnical reader may, therefore, well rejoice to find it comfortably and securely bridged by competent hands. For these volumes furnish a kind of authoritative supplement to and culmination of a discussion which greatly needed clarification and summation. They contain, in a word, the ripest conclusions of current scholarship upon the central topic in question as voiced by representative explorers in the widest and most diverse fields of human inquiry.

At two points, at least, these deliverances will be as surprising and disappointing to many as they are nevertheless emphatic. Treatises announcing the "Collapse of Evolution" and rejoicing over the "Death-bed of Darwinism," have of late attracted much attention and won much confidence, but the eminent scholars here represented seem wholly oblivious of such "collapse" and shed no tears over any such "death-bed." They are uniformly enthusiastic, instead, in declaring that "evolution" is now a fixed article of faith, securely and finally authenticated. They interpose, to be sure, some minor reservations and qualifications, and differ as to some insignificant matters of detail, but as to the main issue they are in absolute accord. They seem, indeed, to have reached

that stage of unhesitating confidence long since predicted by Professor LeConte. They are no more ashamed to be called, in the broad sense, "evolutionists" than to be sneered at as "gravitationists." They agree, furthermore, without exception, in pointing to Darwin's Origin of Species as the pivotal center on which the whole "evolution" movement of thought has turned. His primacy is recognized in that he was not only the first to give a firm footing to the idea of "evolution," but the first to inaugurate, or at least to give dominance to, the "evolution method"—the only method worthy to be called truly "scientific." Such is the verdict which the twentieth century renders as embodying the "conclusion of the whole matter," and it cannot be denied that it is a formidable thing to encounter. For the tribunal which utters it may be reckoned as, in a certain sense, official. Its constituents are men of preeminent rank in their various spheres and are of unimpeachable candor and capacity as thinkers. Their conclusions are also based upon and buttressed by a prodigious wealth of testimony gathered from the widest and most multifarious fields of research. Evolution cannot, then, be superciliously dismissed as a whimsical conceit, a wanton dream, having no solid reality within it or behind it.

And yet, in view of certain anomalies in the history of opinion, especially as emphasized by some peculiar features of the present case, it cannot be considered either disrespectful or perverse to hesitate in accepting even so positive and harmonious a decision as bringing an "end of controversy." No field of inquiry is more obscure than that which covers the sources of human belief. The footprints of the race in pursuit of truth have been as tortuous, capricious, and often as perversely wrong, as those of the Children of Israel in the wilderness. The cherished faiths of one generation have been scouted as superstitions by the next. Venerable traditions, uncontradicted at last as they had been unverified at first, have nevertheless of themselves melted away into empty azure. In successive eras school after school of philosophy has become dominant, each in turn laboriously tearing to tatters the web of theory which its predecessor had as laboriously wrought. Ever and anon some colossal Nebuchadnezzar has be-

stridden the mental world and set up an "image of gold" before which, overwhelmed by the uproar of "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music," the multitude has "fallen down and worshiped." And then at times great landslides of opinion have occurred, sweeping away or burying out of sight the accumulated conclusions of age-long thinking. Still more remarkable, their origin seems as unaccountable as their range is vast and their vehemence irresistible; for, like other landslides, they are traceable to no more adequate occasion than the loosening of a pebble or the shout of a shepherd boy. Good Bishop Butler was so perplexed by the seeming irrationality of these eccentric phenomena that he soberly questioned whether whole peoples or groups of people might not become simultaneously insane. He was one of the most discriminating of observers as well as one of the sanest of thinkers and most cautious of writers. Startling as is his statement, it is not likely that he would have confessed that he had spoken "in haste," as did the psalmist when he made the extravagant assertion that "all men are liars." Mr. Balfour, beset by like puzzling lack of intelligible basis for widespread and rapid change of belief, seems inclined to the conclusion that the bulk of human opinion is first imposed by authority and then communicated by contagion. In his acute work the Foundations of Belief he remarks that "the power of authority is never more subtle and effective than when it produces a psychological atmosphere or climate . . . favorable to the life of certain modes of belief, unfavorable, and even fatal, to the life of others." In these "climates" the "acceptance of some opinions and the rejection of others" becomes as automatic and reasonless as "the processes of digestion." This is not the first recognition of the reality and potency of these epidemics of dogmatism. Glanvil, in the seventeenth century, had already observed them and given them the very same name—"climates of opinion." Walter Bagehot in his Physics and Politics elaborately discusses the subtle processes through which a kind of hypnotic mastery over the popular mind is reached. A conservative instinct at first resents any proposed change of opinion; for "one of the greatest pains in human nature is the pain of a new idea. It is, as common

people say, so 'upsetting'; it makes you think that, after all, your favorite notions may be wrong, your firmest beliefs ill-founded." But then comes the imitative impulse, and "the main seat of the imitative part of our nature is our belief, and the causes predisposing us to believe this or disinclining us to believe that are among the obscurest parts of our nature." Meantime an indolent passivity of mind refuses to contend, preferring rather to float with the tide, and "every idea vividly set before us soon appears to us to be true, unless we keep up our perception of the arguments which prove it untrue and voluntarily coerce our minds to remember its falsehood. 'All clear ideas are true' was for ages a philosophical maxim, and though no maxim can be more unsound, none can be more exactly conformable to human nature." To all these agencies are to be added the pressure of social contact and its demand of conformity as a condition of continued harmony. "Scarcely anyone can help yielding to the current infatuation of his sect or party . . . he has lived in an atmosphere of infectious belief, and he has inhaled it." Again, the overshadowing force of a great personality is not to be overlooked. "This is the principal mode in which the greatest minds of the age produce their effect. They set the tone which others take and the fashion which they use." Finally, dissent becomes disgraceful and intolerable and the tyranny of the new faith becomes complete. "Experience shows how incredibly difficult it is to get men really to encourage the principle of originality. . . . Men are too fond of their own life, too credulous of the completeness of their own ideas, too angry at the pain of new thoughts, to be able to bear easily with a changing existence; or else, *having* new ideas, they want to enforce them on mankind—to make them heard and admitted and obeyed before, in simple competition with other ideas, they would ever be so naturally."

But does not the hunger for solid fact, which nature study characteristically demands and breeds, lift its votaries into a higher realm, free from the intrusion of such cyclonic perturbations of judgment? Frequent, sometimes indignant, protests to that effect are heard. But no higher authority need be appealed to, in this connection, than that of Professor Huxley. He was at

once the foremost of Mr. Darwin's champions and the most enthusiastic eulogist of the "scientific method" connected with his name. Reviewing the circumstances attending the change of attitude of the "church scientific" toward the Darwinian hypothesis —first denouncing it as rank heresy and then speedily adopting it as pure orthodoxy—he pronounces it a "scientific *volte face*" of most extraordinary, if not paradoxical, character. Having first interposed a protest against the mischievous work of certain headlong "Uhlans" of science whose occasional "strategic movements to the rear" are naturally interpreted as a "battle lost by science," he adds the broadly significant confession that "the error is too often justified by the effects of the irrepressible tendency, which men of science share with all other sorts of men known to me, to be impatient of that wholesome state of mind—suspended judgment; to assume the objective truth of speculations which, from the evidence in their favor, can have no claim to be more than working hypotheses. . . . Science moves slowly to the conquest of new worlds." Accepting this sage counsel from so imperious a counselor, ought we not to lapse into a state of "suspended judgment" before accepting, as the gift of a kind of cyclone, a conclusion which, according to its own canons of authentication, could not arrive except through a slowly steadfast process of evolution?

The Origin of Species was first published in 1859. Fifty years may seem long to the individual, but it covers scarcely a pulse-beat in the life of the race. It surely allows scant space for the hardening of a timidly advanced "working hypothesis" into an oracularly announced, if not intolerant, dogma. The permanent "survival of the fittest" could scarcely have issued from so brief a "struggle for life" in an age-long rivalry of opinion. It is true that, among the ideas long knocking at the door for world-acceptance, that dimly lurking behind the term "evolution" has, under various guises, been most persistent. But it has been as persistently and indignantly repelled as an impostor. Can it be that it has suddenly put on its true raiment and entitled itself to be welcomed and installed in the place of honor as the true, but hitherto unrecognized, master of the house? Professor Osborn, in his learned work From the Greeks to Darwin, has traced

with rare patience and skill, through the pages of philosopher and poet alike, the evidence that a like vision has incessantly haunted the mind and that the effort to define its outline and persuade others of its reality has been as incessantly impotent. He might, with equal justice, have cited the utterances of theologians, among whom the same notion is often recurrent. Among these, Augustine suggested, in the fifth century, that the "present lies hid in the past" even as the "tree in its seed." Nicolas de Cusa, in the fifteenth century, anticipated the current use of the very word in question, describing a "line" as the "evolution of a point." Stillingfleet, in the seventeenth century, insisted on the existence of a "seminal principle" in nature, from whence all "living creatures" proceed, and Isaac Watts, in the eighteenth century, ventured beyond his better-known sphere as a hymnologist to speculate on the same theme. In an article entitled "The Laws of Nature Sufficient for the Production of Animals and Vegetables" he urged that "it is unphilosophical, and not very honorable to the Deity, to say that the rules of natural motion which he hath established are not sufficient for the hourly and necessary purposes and effects of Providence. . . . It is not derogatory to represent the great engine of this visible world as moving onward in its appointed course without the continual imposure of his hand. This would be required ten thousand times every hour; for there is not a moment passes that millions of creatures are not formed." It may be safely admitted that such an instinctive and persistent drift of speculative outreach toward a single point of the compass strongly indicates a glimpse of somewhat ahead worth seeking, but the road from "somewhat" to "what" may still be long and uncertain. The speck on the horizon is obvious enough; but it is yet to be seen whether it will prove a merchantman, a Dreadnought, an iceberg, or the headland of a continent. Columbus had not discovered vaster America when he landed on insignificant San Salvador. A nebulous glimpse of fragmentary truth, if mistaken for full vision of the whole, may block mental progress and leave us in possession of a pitiful caricature instead of the reality. However vast may be the range of physical phenomena fitly summarized in "short hand" under the term

"evolution," it still remains, as to the universe at large, only, as the Marquis of Salisbury characterized it, a "comfortable word, . . . one of those indefinite words from time to time vouchsafed to humanity which have the gift of alleviating so many perplexities and masking so many gaps in our knowledge." For, aside from the still acknowledged difficulty in defining the exact nature and significance of the process referred to, it is not yet quite certain what it is that is evolving or being evolved." We would not be lacking in respect for the "judicial temper" of the "scientific" mind, nor undervalue the worth of the "assured results" reached by the "scientific method," but we cannot ignore the blunt reversal of judgment in our day concerning the "assured results" of fifty years ago. Louis Agassiz may fairly be accepted as representative of the "scientific" sentiment of that day. He was exceptionally diligent, patient, clear-headed, and well-informed as an explorer of natural phenomena. He, in common with his "scientific" contemporaries, had almost no faith in the potency of "resident forces." He reckoned it incredible that any earthly conditions whatever, external or internal, could have brought about those variations in form and feature which mark the divers segments of the human race. He pointed to the Egyptian monuments and the persistence of race-types already established, and there delineated as conclusive evidence that centuries could not give space for such divergence, and that there must have been "special centers of creation" for each. If this be extravagant, how enormous has since been the sweep of the pendulum of "scientific" opinion to the opposite extreme. The chief representatives of the guild of nature-students of to-day beg us to believe that her native powers are competent not only to produce varieties of the race, but the race itself, together with all living things, from formless protoplasm. "Nature is able to produce all things without the help of the gods," said Professor Tyndall, quoting and indorsing Lucretius. It appears, then, that like phenomena carefully studied and interpreted by calmly "judicial" minds of the highest type, at an interval of a half century, suggest conclusions directly opposite. The same critical acumen which on "scientific" grounds then discarded as incredible the notion of the "Descent of Man"

from a single human pair, now unhesitatingly affirms his "descent" from an "arboreal, pointed-eared progenitor." It then thought the overcredulity of the simple-hearted believer in the biblical record ridiculous because he failed to "strain out the gnat" of Adamic origin. It now reckons equally ridiculous the incredulity that hesitates to gulp down the "camel" of ape ancestry.

It is true that men's eyes have ranged wider and looked deeper as the years have gone on, but new facts have brought new problems, often more perplexing than the old. If interpretation of the few facts was so questionable, can their multiplication make it less difficult? With each new enlargement of vision, through microscope or telescope, the universe grows apace and its riddle becomes harder to read. The key that might unlock Darwin's narrow problem cannot safely be relied on as the "master-key" of all things. It is a long road from the possibility suggested in a "working hypothesis" through the probability attaching to a popularly accepted theory, to the certainty required of a fixed dogma. For that certainty we must still wait patiently.

Art. IV.—FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE

Among the individual spiritual forces of modern England a high place belongs to Frederick Denison Maurice. He was born in the first decade of the nineteenth century. His work was begun in what Tulloch has called "one of the most vital epochs in the history of English religious thought." The religious indifference and intellectual despair of the eighteenth century were followed in the first half of the nineteenth century by a great awakening. The new ideas in science, the enthusiasm in religious and social reforms, were unmistakable signs of a new spirit abroad. It was the period of which Wordsworth has said:

> Joy was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven.

The mere mention of the names of Coleridge, John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, Newman, Kingsley, and Robertson is suggestive of the tremendous significance of the time. The modification of religious opinions had set in with great energy. The reaction from deism in the Wesleyan revival and in the evangelical movement in the Church of England did not solve the thought-problems which religion faced. The failure of the Oxford movement and the waning power of the evangelical revival were followed by another wave of skepticism—a skepticism quite different, however, from that of the eighteenth century. It was the skepticism of honest doubt. It was not born in intellectual despair, but under the strife of new ideas. The early writings of Carlyle, the poems of Clough, the bitter struggles of Kingsley and Robertson with doubt, the divine despair which breathes in Matthew Arnold—all witness to the intellectual turmoil and spiritual unrest of the time. It was a period when men did not find in the church the truth upon which they could rest in certainty, so they were driven into the wilderness by their own spiritual hunger for the truth. The religious problem then was how to bridge the chasm between the intellect and living Christian experience; in other words, how to bring Christian experience within the sphere of the intellect and to lift up the intellect into the higher atmosphere of spiritual re-

ligion. It was a time which needed a prophet of God with the intellectual grasp to command the higher minds of the day and with spiritual vision to make men see the reality of divine things. Such a man was Frederick Denison Maurice. Of no one is it more true that the boy was father of the man. In his temper of mind, in his fundamental position, and in the dominant principles of his life he was the same from the first to the last day of his career.

In an unusual way his early surroundings tended to develop in the boy that earnestness of conviction, independence in judgment, and generous tolerance so nobly characteristic of the man. His home was the scene in miniature of the religious controversy in which he was to be so conspicuous for fifty years. His father was a Unitarian minister of the unaggressive type, much interested in political and social matters. His mother, a woman of strong individuality and intense religious earnestness, was a gloomy Calvinist. Some of the sisters were members of the Church of England, others were dissenters. Out of this chaos of religious beliefs, he sought to find the underlying truth in each one. After a long struggle he found the principle of unity in belief in God as he is revealed in Jesus Christ; and this is at once the formative principle of Maurice's theology and the practical guide in all his work. In his college life at Cambridge he gave promise of his exceptional career, but still more evident than his intellectual gifts was the spiritual elevation of his life. He was the soul of the Apostles' Club at Cambridge, as Wesley was of the Holy Club at Oxford. He left Cambridge without graduating because he was unwilling to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles. The next few years he spent in London, as editor of the Athenæum and in the study of the law, revealing a great anxiety for spiritual development and no concern whatever for outward advancement. He writes to his mother in a vein of disappointment: "I seem to have been diving head-foremost all my life, getting glimpses of new lights, new truths, which I could sometimes almost believe were my own, but yet I was never practically governed by them." At the age of twenty-six, after a period of spiritual depression and struggle, he decided to take orders in the Church of England

and enter Oxford. Much to the grief of his father, he was baptized as a member of the Church of England; his only explanation of his rebaptism being that he was directed by the Holy Spirit.

As an undergraduate student at Oxford he met Mr. Gladstone and Lord Elgin, with whom in later years he developed a close intimacy. When he entered Oxford the Anglican movement, under Newman, Pusey, and Keble, was at the height of its influence, but his spiritual insight was too profound and his grasp of the truth too broad to be molded by it. His Oxford training undoubtedly increased his appreciation of the historic church of which he was always a most loyal member. But he was as far from being a High Churchman as he was from being a rationalist. He found the key to the religious problems not in an infallible church or in infallible reason, but in the love of God and the sonship of men revealed in Jesus Christ. His Cambridge training broadened his views, while Oxford increased his idealism. Arthur Hallam wrote of him, while a student at Oxford: "The effect which he produces upon the minds of men will be felt directly and indirectly in the age that is upon us."

His curacy near Leamington, the chaplainship of Grey's Hospital, London, and Lincoln's Inn, his professorship at King's College, his ministry at Saint Peter's, in London, and the chair of moral philosophy in Cambridge comprise his record of public life. Scarcely any clergyman of equal importance in the history of religious thought failed to attain higher dignity in the church. He cared nothing for official recognition. His one ambition was to serve the church. He was more than indifferent; he was strongly opposed to promotion. When urged to become a candidate for the principalship of King's College, he wrote to Archdeacon Hare: "If ever I am to do anything for the church it must be in some subordinate position." A deanery or a canonry had no attractions for him whatever. But our chief interest in Maurice lies not in events of his outward life, but in him as a teacher of religious truth. He was preeminently a modern prophet. He entered upon his career with the conviction that God had sent him upon a special mission. More than any other teacher of this time, he seemed to be possessed with the certainty of the being of God and of his

relation to men. To him no knowledge was so certain and no fact of life so unquestionable as a man's relation to God. So strong was his sense of the reality of unseen things, so profound his conviction of spiritual truth, so manifest his fellowship with Christ, that his faith spread by a sort of contagion. In the directness of his spiritual converse with God and in his confidence in the divine revelation to men he is like the old Hebrew prophets; he spoke not about God, but through him God spoke to men. The struggle of the day was between atheism and Christ. As Kingsley has said, "Men were despairing of their religion and of the social life of the country." Maurice met this despair not with theological statements about God, but with a belief in God and with an intense conviction that God has revealed himself in Jesus Christ. He was at once the most humble of men and the most confident in the utterance of his message from God to men. He was utterly indifferent to his own fame, social position, or personal advantage, because he was "wholly occupied with the great truths of God, of which he was the recipient." "Of all men of his age," says Professor Tulloch, "he realized God most vividly." Not simply in his personal religious experience, but his whole horizon of life, ecclesiastical, national, domestic, educational, was bounded and illumined by God. As was said of Spinoza it may most truly be said of Maurice, "He was a God-intoxicated man." Mr. Gladstone, describing him, applied to him the words from Dante, "A spiritual splendor." Like Arnold of Rugby, the mind of Maurice seemed to be habitually under the influence of the Divine. His whole being was interpenetrated with religion. He lived in "a deep consciousness of the invisible world."

What of the teaching of this modern prophet? The keynote of his theology was his intense belief in Jesus Christ as the revealer of God and the Redeemer of men. His attitude toward the church and the Bible, toward all ethical and social problems, and, above all, toward the living men around him, grows out of the belief that God is the Father of all men; that Christ is the spiritual head of humanity The theology of Maurice is preeminently Christo-centric. He looked at every man not, like the Calvinists, as merely a fallen creature, but as a child of God in

Jesus Christ. The very heart of his theology is in these words to his mother: "Dearest mother, you long to believe yourself in Christ, but you are afraid to do so because you think there is some experience that you are in him necessary to warrant that belief. You have this warrant for believing yourself in Christ, that you cannot do one loving act, you cannot obey one of God's commands, you cannot pray or hope or love, if you are not in him. There is the greatest difference between the believer and the unbeliever. But the difference is not about the *fact* of being in Christ, but in *belief* of the fact. Those who disbelieve it walk after the flesh. They do not believe that they are joined to an almighty Lord of life, one who is nearer than their own flesh. The truth is that every man is in Christ. The condemnation of every man is that he will not own the truth." In short, Maurice's main contention is that man as man is the child of God, and that God has communication with his children as close and satisfying as the converse of friend with friend. He based his belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ not chiefly upon the Bible proof texts, but upon the cry of the human heart for such a revelation of God as only an eternal Son can make. The fundamental principle of Maurice's teaching is that every man is in Christ, that men are the children of God, and the task of the church is to make men conscious of their divine relationship and always realize it in their conduct. He had for the Bible the highest reverence. No man who believes in its absolute infallibility had for the Bible a higher reverence. He writes: "The Bible becomes more sacred to me the more I read it. I have no sympathy with its arraigners, even too little with its critics, yet I feel compelled to stand against those who turn it into a god." He did not regard the Bible as a "Collection of Dogmatic Writings," but as the record of the revelation of God. He regarded the church as the institution which bears witness to the spiritual life of man; baptism as the sacrament by which we claim our vital relation to Christ, not as a mechanical act which produces a supernatural result; and sin as our departure from our spiritual birthright in Christ. His conception of salvation, his philosophy of moral conduct, his theory of the church and of human society, begin and end with Christ. In one of his letters he writes: "I was

sent into the world that I might persuade men that they might recognize Christ as the center of their fellowship with each other, so that they might be united in their families, in their countries, and as men, not in schools and factions."

This teaching brought Maurice into the storm center of religious controversy for a quarter of a century. The first great controversy which agitated his life was concerning the meaning of "eternal life." He was accused by Dr. Jelf, the principal of King's College, of being a Universalist, and after a hasty investigation was expelled from the college. He did not deny the possibility of endless punishment of the wicked. He asserted that eternal signifies not endless, but a condition or state. The eternal things to him were the unseen things. The eternal life, according to his views, is the life which men know through the knowledge of fellowship with God. He never asserted that unbelievers are saved, but that the essence of eternal life is the forgiveness of sins, not the remission of penalty. The emphasis of his teaching was placed upon the importance of men finding and living now the eternal life. It is not strange that Maurice was thus misunderstood if we consider the boldness with which he asserted that Christ is the essential ground of all life, and that every man, as a man, has a spiritual relation to Christ. Mansel's book, The Limits of Religious Thought, in which he contended that revelation does not reveal, seemed to Maurice to strike at the very root of the Christian faith. While he was not able to match words with Mansel in logic, he saw clearly that his argument would become the basis of agnosticism as it was proclaimed later by Spencer and Huxley. Mansel declared the knowledge of God to be impossible. Maurice affirmed that the incarnation was the perfect revelation of God. Notwithstanding the Bampton lectures were hailed with a tumult of applause from the religious press, and Mansel was honored with one of the metropolitan deaneries, Maurice contended with all the conviction of his own mighty faith that revelation does reveal, and that God can be known. Maurice in his great book What Is Revelation? "met Mansel," as Doctor George A. Gordon declares in his book on Revelation and the Ideal, "with more insight into the ways of the Divine Mind in dealing with the human spirit

than in any other volume in the English tongue." Professor A. V. G. Allen pronounces this controversy of Maurice and Mansel on "What Is Revelation?" the most significant one in the history of the church since Athanasius and the Arian controversy.

The controversy with Bishop Colenso on biblical criticism deeply agitated Maurice. Colenso had long been his special friend. Maurice was indifferent to the minute details of historical criticism, but he was inexpressibly shocked by the conclusions to which Colenso's argument led—the denial of any substantial truth in the narrative of the Pentateuch. He writes with evident emotion these caustic words: "To have a quantity of criticism about the dung in the Jewish camp and the division of a hare's foot thrown in my face, when I was satisfied that the Jewish history had been the mightiest witness to the people for a living God against the dead dogmas of priests, was more shocking to me than I can describe." Colenso was hailed by the populace as the apostle of free thought; but Maurice continued to declare his faith, firm in "the conviction that the solitary Man upon the cross is always stronger than the surrounding crowds of soldiers and priests."

One prominent feature of the writings of Maurice is his denunciation of systems and opinions as distinguished from principles and methods. There is no hope of understanding him unless this distinction is kept clearly in mind. He believes that truth is to be found in all systems, but that the party spirit is apt to obscure the truth. He believed that every man had the faculty for receiving the highest spiritual truth, and that God was constantly revealing himself to men. His warning, therefore, was always against the danger of substituting devotion to a system for earnest search for the living truth. The vital question with him was never the truth of the High Church or Low Church or Broad Church Party as against the others, but What will meet the needs of men in their struggle toward the light? What will take hold upon the foundations of life? He cared nothing for opinions; he cared everything for vital faith, under whatever form. With his unsparing denunciations of systems and opinions he combined a high appreciation of the creeds and articles of faith. But his

enthusiasm for creeds was because he found in them an expression of the vital faith of the church in all ages, not the complete and final statement of Christian faith. He revered the creeds because they set forth the supreme divine facts as objects of men's faith. But he insisted upon no exact standard for the interpretation of the creeds and articles, only upon their value as an expression of and a guide to living faith. As an expression of the enduring faith of the church, he pronounced the creeds, and with unwonted emphasis; as a label of a set of opinions, inclusive of all Christian truth, he would deny every word in them. Maurice was always a loyal and enthusiastic churchman, but his attitude toward the church and its sacraments and rites must always be interpreted from the standpoint of a living faith in God. So strong are some of his statements about the church and its services that as keen a writer as Julia Wedgewood has claimed him as a High Churchman. But he protested most vigorously against the efforts of Newman and his party to enthrone the doctrines of the church as authoritative dogmas, and thus keep the world always in a condition of childhood. Pusey and Keble believed that God had revealed himself only in the rites of the church. Maurice declared every man in his own mind and conscience to be the subject of the knowledge of God in Christ. With all his reverence for the historic institutions of the church, he never tried, as did Newman, "to hold back the aggressive forces of the human intellect." He had a strong hatred of priestly assumption. "He was the Jeremiah of his age, the priest who rose against the priesthood. Sacramentalism was to him a vital truth; sacerdotalism, a detestable heresy." He is commonly associated with the Broad Church Party. Even Professor Tulloch, in his admirable book on Religious Thought in the Nineteenth Century, characterizes him as a Broad Churchman. He undoubtedly held more in common with this school of thought than with any other. And yet he was in no true sense a Broad Churchman. He was as far away from the position of Doctor Jowett as he was from Cardinal Newman. So far as the name Broad Church designates a liberalism that deals in negatives, it was the farthest removed from the teachings of Maurice. He turned away from Unitarianism because of its barren negatives.

He "started from Christ as the great affirmation both of thought and life. Man comes to his highest consciousness in Christ; he finds his true place in society only in Christ." This was his positive theology. The last words which he penned are an emphatic protest against his name being associated with the Broad Church or with any other party. He stood outside all parties; his only allegiance was to the truth as God gave him to see the truth.

Every student of Maurice will find another strange paradox. He was at the same time both tolerant and dogmatic. He was tolerant, most generously tolerant, of the views of others. His principle was always to think and let think. At the same time he was dogmatic in his teaching. But it was a dogmatism in form only; a dogmatism which was an expression of the certainty and intensity of his convictions. What he believed was to him certain, divine fact, admitting of no question. If he was dogmatic it was not a dogmatism born of narrowness, but it took its rise in the strength of positive principles which he considered absolute. What, then, of his theology? If we are looking for definite statements of belief in the form of propositions to be repeated, they are manifestly wanting. If we are looking for a logical system complete in its details, it is certainly not to be found. His teaching was severely criticized by every school of thought in his day. He was at variance with Calvinism from the outset of his ministry. He pronounced Arminianism "a feeble mixture." His theology was certainly not Puritan, and in its emphasis at least it was not Pauline. He was not adequate in his treatment of sin and the atonement and conversion. God is not merely love, but law. Conversion is more than the acceptance of a fact. Sin is more than selfishness, it is rebellion. Redemption does not secure fellowship in Christ till men repent and believe. If theology is a "fixed science, with hard and fast propositions" whose form and content are alike unchangeable, Maurice must stand convicted at many points. But if it is the earnest effort of the inquiring mind of man to grasp and express the mind of the Master under the guidance of the Spirit of Christ, we may well give Maurice a place with the great theologians of the church.

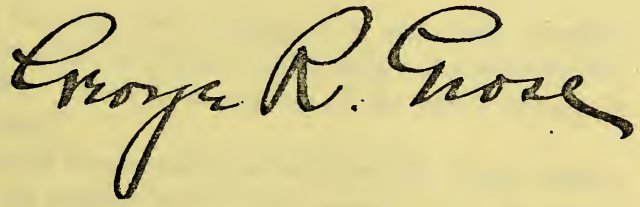
No account of the work of Maurice would be adequate that did not include his service as a reformer. The Socialism of his day was avowedly anti-Christian. The working people were turning away from the church, believing that the church had no interest in their welfare. In spite of the opprobrium which it brought upon him, he undertook to bring the social movement under the control of the Christian ideal. He did not attempt to reconstruct the forms of social life, nor to regenerate the community by christening a new organization. He did give practical direction to the cooperative movement; he founded the workingman's college; he founded Queen's College, the first chartered institution in England for the higher education of women; he organized systematic charity, and established homes for girls, and in many other ways promoted the health and happiness of society. Matthew Arnold's criticism is wholly unjust, that he spent his life "beating about the bush with deep emotion, but never started the hare." But his greatest service to the working people was this: he spoke of eternal things in language that was intelligible and in a spirit that was attractive to the common people. Therefore they heard him gladly. While he drew to himself the greatest minds of his day, and profoundly influenced them, he had the same deep, sympathetic interest in the humblest man, an interest that was inspired by his great conviction that every man has the faculty for the highest spiritual knowledge and experience. The most distinguished service which Maurice rendered was as a preacher, not as theologian, nor as reformer and educator. Whatever form his thoughts took, whether essay or lecture, they bore the impress and glowed with the spirit of the preacher. From the time of his ordination to the end of his life he was pouring out the treasures of his heart in testimony to the truth. His sermons lack the popular quality of Robertson's. His style was lacking in literary flexibility. He was also lacking in that healthy interest in the natural life of men in which Kingsley and Phillips Brooks were so rich. But in spite of his monotonous voice and his overserious mood of mind, and the want of personal appeal, he was always an impressive preacher. His sermons breathed the divine breath and brought power and light to his hearers.

What was the great service which Maurice gave to the Christian world? He did not do important creative work in theology. He did bring to religious thought a spiritual elevation which redeems religion from priestcraft and theology from cold intellectualism. His sympathy with all the intellectual movements of his day and his strong assertion of the rights of theology in the face of the arrogant claims of modern science did much toward securing a rational standing ground for religion in a day that was hazy with a "low-breathed skepticism" and a formal theology. In an age when traditionalism and unbelief were blinding men's minds to spiritual realities Maurice asserted the great truth of Christian idealism—man's essential divinity in Jesus Christ—as the rational basis of knowledge and of religion. The contribution which he made to philosophic and religious thought is not great. His books will not be read for their light upon our thought problems. But he did a greater thing. He held a few of the essential truths of the gospel in the white light of his own life until they became effulgent for generations to come. He was not a religious pedant, but a spiritual prophet. He not only declared truth, he made it luminous. While he gave to the church no new conceptions of truth, he saw a few large truths so vividly, and proclaimed them so courageously, and applied them to life so energetically, that it seemed like a new revelation. And it was. He was the head of no party, the founder of no school of thought, but he was the inspirer of Tennyson and Gladstone, Kingsley and Hughes, and a multitude of the common people whom no man can number. And he has done this immortal service because, as Canon Farrar has said, "He left the legacy of one of the purest, noblest, grandest characters which his generation has seen." He was a simple-minded, humble man, full of human sympathy for others, while intensely occupied with eternal realities, so candid as to be devoid of caution, so strong in his convictions as to seem stern, so courageous as to be fearless of the strong. He rose completely above the infirmity of ambition. He was railed at by the religious press and denounced by clerical dignitaries, and yet he was both just and generous. He was never swerved from his position by the clamor of the populace or by a "clerical stampede."

> He loved the world that hated him; the tear
> Which dropped upon his Bible was sincere.
> Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
> His only answer was a blameless life.

As Huber has said, "his whole being was drenched in Christianity." Many who knew him most intimately adopt the words of Archdeacon Hare: he was "incomparably the grandest example of human nature that it has ever been my happiness to know." When the death summons came he calmly said, "I go to life, not death." In his last breath he repeated the apostolic benediction, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

An anecdote given on the authority of Lord Houghton is an admirable epitome of his life story and of the high character of his influence. When he was in the midst of his career five Cambridge men, with no special tie, were talking over a recent execution, previous to which the chaplain of the prison had spent the whole day with the condemned man. All agreed that there were very few persons whose presence at such a time and for such an interval would not add a new horror to death. The conversation turned on the choice which each would make, in the last hours of his life, to accompany him to its verge, and it was agreed by all five that each should write the name of the person he would choose. The five papers when opened were found to contain a single name—the subject of this study.



Art. V.—DANTE THE THEOLOGIAN

In the Dante chapter in the Hurst Church History, I, 889-901 (1897), it was said that attempts to classify the greatest poet between Virgil and Milton went in three surprisingly different directions: (1) he was a revolutionist and freethinker, (2) he was a pre-Reformation reformer or Protestant, and (3) he was an orthodox Catholic. Further studies in his religious teachings, which were twice the subject of a Seminar, as well as comparison with the results of Dante experts, have amply confirmed the conclusions of that chapter. Let us, then, look at Dante as a Catholic teacher. I do not pretend to take up the doctrines in logical order.

Baptism is a saving ordinance. Because the heathen—even the good—have not received it they are forever doomed to linger in the first circle of hell (Inf. 4. 30-34). One might almost suppose that Dante by a kind of irony was making the doctrine detestable, because he calls attention to the anomaly that many of these were virtuous and merited reward and it was only their lack of baptism that damned them. But this interpretation is impossible. Their fate filled the soul of the poet with grief:

> Sore grief assails
> My heart at hearing this, for well I know
> Suspended in that limbo are many a soul
> Of mighty worth.

It was at the font that the marriage vow was made complete between Saint Dominic and faith and the pledge of salvation given (Par. 12. 56-58). There is no mention of the Lord's Supper in the Divine Comedy.

The conception of penance is entirely Catholic, except there is no thought of the penance as attrition: namely, that the sorrow for sin that springs from the fear of hell is sufficient for salvation, providing it is the expression of a real determination to flee from sin and providing it is followed by absolution, it being considered that the grace of absolution supplies anything lacking in the perfection of the penance—a conception which has been for centuries thoroughly at home in the Catholic Church. The three

steps that lead the way to purgatory are contrition, confession, and satisfaction, and Dante takes them in their full significance (Pur. 9. 93ff.). I think Plumptre has admirably caught the symbolism here. He says (in his note on the passage): "The white marble in which he saw himself mirrored indicates the self-knowledge without which contrition is incomplete, the purity of conscience which can recall the memories of the past without fresh guilt"; or, if I might add a thought, it represents that clarifying and quickening of conscience which it receives when the light of eternity shines upon it, by which all one's former sins are reflected back as in a mirror. "The dark gloomy hue, the broken and rough surface of the second stair, symbolizes the state of the heart as laid bare in confession, in all its black unrighteousness. The crimson hue of the porphyry is in like manner the fit emblem of the charity which is the spring of all true works of satisfaction, possibly also of the 'blood of price' shed upon the cross, blood which was thought of partly as an expiation for the sins of the world, partly as the outward token of a burning and consuming love. Lastly, the adamant threshold upon which the angel was seated represents at once the rock foundation of the church's power to pardon and the firmness of soul required in the confessor, who is the instrument by which that power is exercised."[1] On the threshold of the door of purgatory sits the angel, guarding it against the impenitent, symbol of the absolving power which God has committed to the church. The sinner falls penitent before him upon the knees and strikes three times upon his breast, symbol of sorrowful confession.

> Then prostrate at the holy feet I lay:
> Mercy I begged, and opening of the gate,
> And thrice I smote my breast in contrite way.
> Then on my brow he did delineate
> With his sword's point seven P's and said, "When there
> Thou go'st within, cleanse these wounds obstinate!"[2]

The seven P's (*peccata*) are the seven deadly sins which are to be purified in the seven circles of the purgatorial mount, which,

[1] Hettinger's explanation is substantially the same, Die Theol. der Göttlichen Komödie des Dante, Köln 1879, 87, 88, though he makes the second stair contrition and the third intention (that is, the intention to make all possible amends).

[2] Pur. 9. 110–114.

according to the mediæval system, were Pride, Envy, Anger, Sloth, Avarice, its opposite, Prodigality, Gluttony, and Lasciviousness. These sins must be cleansed or atoned for by the appropriate penances before the soul enters the bliss of Paradise.

> Here
> I cleanse away with these the evil life,
> Soliciting with tears, that He, who is,
> Vouchsafe him (Christ) to us.[1]

The salutary tears of purgatory help to unite us once more to our Lord from whom our sins have separated us:

> That kindly grief which reespouses us to God.[2]

No sham penitence is allowed, but only such as includes a determination to avoid the sin in the future as Catholic theology demands,[3] and as Guido da Montefeltro found to his cost when he was deceived by the absolution of Pope Boniface VIII for future sins, that sin being his wicked counsel ("large promise with performance scant")—how Boniface could destroy the seat (Penestrino-Palestrina) of the Colonnas. In spite of this anticipatory absolution granted by the Pope himself, and in spite of Guido's clothing himself just before his death in the garb of Saint Francis of Assisi, he goes to the eighth Bolgia of hell. You cannot repent of a sin and will to do it some time.

> No power can the impenitent absolve;
> Nor to repent and will at once consist,
> By contradiction absolute forbid.[4]

Honest confession is indispensable. When Dante confessed to Beatrice his going aside to false pleasures, she says:

> Hadst thou been silent or denied
> What thou confessest, not less known had been
> Thy guilt: from such a Judge thou canst not hide.
> But when a man's own mouth is open seen
> Himself of sin accusing, then the wheel
> In our court turns against the sword's edge keen,[5]

instead of allowing the sword to fall.

Can any of the penances or satisfactions be bought off by indulgences, with which Dante was thoroughly familiar (intro-

[1] Pur. 13. 98–101. [2] 23. 74, 75. [3] Aquinas, Summa Theol. iii qu. 86, art. 2.
[4] Inf. 27. 118ff. [5] Pur. 32. 37ff.

duced in the eleventh century), and the abuses of which were the first warning notes of the Reformation? Whether there might not have been an impartation of indulgences carried on under conditions which would have met with Dante's approval I would not say. But certainly his whole conception of penance and the tremendously serious way in which he thinks of the purgations of the intermediate world show that the ethical looseness—not to say frivolity—underlying the doctrine of indulgences was abhorrent to him. So it happens that whenever he speaks of indulgences he does so with reproach and scorn. In a great passage in which he scathes the preachers of his time he speaks of the devil bird (compare Inf. 22. 96; 34. 47) nestling in their monkish hoods, and implies the worthlessness of their pardons (as indulgences were sometimes called).[1] In A. J. Butler's edition, page 383, he translates literally, "they would flock to every promise," but understands the reference to be to indulgences. Whether the "sold and lying privileges" (*privilegi venduti e mendaci*) of 7. 53 refer to indulgences, as some commentators think, or to the sale of Papal and episcopal patronage, as others, or to both, as is probable, the passage bears witness to Dante's detestation of all such methods to increase the church's revenues; practices which make Peter blush blood red and then glow with such indignation that his face seems to flash fire.

It is hardly necessary to say that Dante's conception of purgatory is Catholic through and through. According to theology, the saved go to purgatory for two reasons: (1) to get free from the last stain of sin, and (2) to get square with the justice of God. When these two things are accomplished, the soul of itself enters the Light Eternal to share the Beatific Vision. This is Dante's thought exactly.

> And of that second region will I sing,
> In which the human spirit from sinful blot
> Is purged, and for ascent to Heaven prepares.[2]
>
> Purging as they go
> The world's great darkness off.[3]

[1] Par. 29. 118ff. [2] Pur. 1. 3ff. [3] 11. 30.

As to the second element, notice the lament of Omberto:

> Here my lot ordains
> Under this weight to groan till I appease
> God's angry justice, since I did it not
> Amongst the living, here amongst the dead.[1]

To do this the inmates of purgatory are glad; they do not wish to get rid of their pain till it has done its salutary work. One of the spirits strains himself to see Dante as he passes, but dares not lift himself too far lest he should lose the burning fire (26. 13). The pain itself becomes solace when it leads us to the tree of life (23. 70).

> O ye elect of God, whose penal woes
> Both hope and justice mitigate.[2]

How long do the pains last? At the worst only till the judgment.

> Reader! I would not that amazed thou miss
> Of the good purpose, hearing how just God
> Decrees our debts be canceled. Ponder not
> The form of suffering. Think on what succeeds:
> Think that, at worst, beyond the mighty doom
> It cannot pass.[3]

But the works and prayers of the living could shorten this stay for the dead (Par. 15. 95; Pur. 13. 124ff.). In the sixth cornice of purgatory Forese expiates his sin of gluttony, but the prayers of his pious wife have secured for him, who repented only at the last, respite from the usual waiting in the antepurgatory—thirty years for each year repentance was delayed (3. 136-141; 4. 127-131)—and introduced him immediately into his special circle where such sins as gluttony were purged and atoned for.

> So quickly here to stay
> To drink the wormwood sweet of this my pain,
> My Nella's hot tears sped me on my way.
> With her deep sighs and prayer's devoutest strain
> She drew me from the region where men wait,
> And set me free from circles that detain.[4]

The person whose prayers are thus availing must himself be in grace (4. 124). On account of the fact that the prayers and the good deeds of the holy living help the dead, the latter in purgatory frequently ask for these prayers.[5] Professor Moore

[1] Pur. 11. 70. [2] 19. 76. 5. [3] 10. 109ff. [4] 23. 85–90.
[5] 5. 68–72, 85–87; 6. 25–27, 8. 70–72; see also 3. 141; 4. 133, 134; 11. 129, 130.

makes the point (Fortn. Rev. 62. 893) that never in purgatory proper (9th canto to end), only in antepurgatory (cantos 1-8), are these requests made for the prayers of the living, since when the soul is once in the purifying pains of purgatory itself nothing can avail. Then only indirectly could the intercessions of the saintly living aid the sufferers; namely, in making them more reconciled to their lot, more spiritual in their desires, and thus really, if not literally, abbreviating their lot.

Purgatory is desired by the dead. Its pains are the necessary preparation for the bliss supreme. Some of its sufferers begrudge the time they spend talking with Dante, as it takes them out of their pain for the moment. They suffer those pains willingly, foreshortened to their faith and imagination by the glad fruition. Moore calls attention to 21. 61ff. as explaining the desire of purgatory and the philosophy of release from it. As the passage is difficult, I give it in Moore's prose translation: "That the purification is complete the will alone gives proof, which when wholly free to change its abode seizes upon the soul, and the soul then rejoices so to will. Before that it wills indeed, but the desire suffers it not, which desire divine justice in opposition to the will sets toward the torment, as it was formerly (in this life) set toward the sin." That is, the higher ultimate will is always to mount up to paradise, but the immediate desire is for the remedial pains which are the absolute condition of that final flight. "When at last," says Moore, "the soul is conscious that it is entirely pure and free, and that no barrier stands between it and God, then it gives itself, as it were, the signal for its own release" (*lib. cit.* 892).

All this shows us how abhorrent to Dante would have been the external or artificial means of emptying purgatory used by the church in the latter part of the Middle Ages. Nothing can shorten those purifying pains except the soul itself. It must suffer them, and it is a joy to suffer them. Dante would have spoken even more strongly than Luther when the latter said in the twenty-ninth of his 95 Theses, "Who knows whether all of the souls in purgatory desire to be redeemed from it?" For he would have said, "We know that many do not desire to be re-

deemed from it except after they are entirely cleansed and fitted for the eternal mansions."

It is sometimes said by Catholic apologists that purgatory, including Dante's, is not a place of suffering and agony, as Protestants think, but of joy and light. There is a sense in which this is true. Purgatory is not a place of *penal* suffering. There is a light there, though it is not the light of Christ's presence, as that floods paradise. "Hope has dawned," says Carlyle, "never-dying hope, if in company with heavy sorrow." "I do not believe," says Saint Catherine of Genoa (1447-1510), "that it would be possible to find any joy comparable to that of a soul in purgatory except the joy of the blessed in paradise; a joy which goes on increasing from day to day as God flows in more and more upon the soul. On the other hand, they suffer pains so great that no tongue can describe them."

But Dante will not allow us to idealize the actual condition of purgatory in the interest of the Catholic Mission.

> The grievous lot, I deem,
> Of this their torture bows them to the ground.[1]

> Those souls went on their way beneath their weight,
> As oft in dreams such evil fancies breed;
> Round still and round, in anguish disparate
> And wearied all, along the bank they wound,
> Purging the darkness thick of earth's estate.[2]
> And if this stone were not a hindrance fell,
> Which on me lies to tame my stiff neck's pride,
> And me to keep my face down doth compel.[3]
> Writhed 'neath the weight to which his limbs were tied.[4]

At the sight of another set

> The heavy sorrow did my sad eyes drain . . .
> And as the blind the sun's rays vainly seek,
> So to the souls of whom I spake, but now
> The light of heaven shows but a glimmering streak.
> For thread of iron pierceth every brow
> And sews their eyes up, as with falcon wild is done.[5]

On the other side devoted souls were set,

> Who from that suture did such pain endure
> That with the tears forced out their cheeks were wet.

[1] Pur. 10. 115. [2] 11. 26ff. [3] 11. 52. [4] 11. 75. [5] 13. 57–72. [6] 13. 82–84.

Gloom as of hell and of a night bereft
Of every planet under scanty sky,
With naught unclouded by the dim gloom left,
Ne'er laid so thick a veil upon mine eye,
As did that smoke which covered us all o'er,
Nor sackcloth e'er so rough the sense to try. . . .

Voices I heard, and each most piteously
Appealed for mercy and for peace to pray
The Lamb of God, who all our sins puts by.[1]
In the fifth circle where I now did move
I saw a people weeping very sore;
Prostrate, with face that ne'er from earth did rove.

"*Ad haesit pavimento*" evermore,
I heard them say with such oppressive sighs,
Scarce knew I what the words they muttered o'er.[2]
When I perceived, like something that gives way,
The mountain shake, and felt a chill from thence
Such as he feels who sees death near to slay.[3]

He sees the souls lying on the earth wailing from long custom (lines 143, 144), and, unlike our apologists who talk so lightly of the joys of purgatory (line 151),

So went I full of thought disconsolate.

I have marked some other passages which go to show that purgatory is not paradise, and that its pains are not Christian Science pains, but I have not space to quote them.[4] In Longfellow's note to Purgatory 10. 73 he quotes from Brunetto Latini, Dante's supposed teacher, the legend of Trajan's admission to heaven, which closes with these words, words which show how the mediæval mind looked upon purgatory: "And thereupon the angel spoke to Saint Gregory [Pope Gregory I, the Great] and told him never to make such a prayer again [the prayer for the deliverance of Trajan from hell] and God laid upon him as a penance either to be two days in purgatory or to be always ill with fever and sideache. Saint Gregory as the lesser punishment chose the fever and sideache."

We have seen that prayers by the living for the souls waiting in purgatory or antepurgatory were a part of the theological world of Dante. Was the converse true? Did he also believe that

[1] Pur. 16. 1–20. [2] 19. 70–75. [3] 20. 127–129.
[4] See Pur. 22. 52–54; 23. 22–39; 24. 38, 39.

the purgatorial sufferers on their part interceded for those still in the flesh? He did. The noble paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer with which canto 11 opens closes with these words:

> This final prayer, dear Lord, from us doth flow,
> Not for ourselves, for we no longer need,
> But for their sakes whom we have left below.[1]

And Dante adds:

> If there for us such pleadings aye abound,
> What here for them may those add or say
> In whom the blest root of good will is found?[2]

A word as to Dante's teaching as to grace and merit. Grace is absolutely indispensable for any progress toward God:

> When indeed
> The ray of peace by which is kindled love,
> True love, which still in loving love doth breed.[3]

In the great speech of Beatrice, in which Dante lets in the light on his own life, two influences are mentioned as keeping him toward the good: (1) the mighty spheres and stars (compare Inf. 15. 55; Par. 22. 112) and (2) the benign

> Largess of heavenly graces, which rain down
> From such a height as mocks our vision;

by these two influences this man

> Was, in the freshness of his being, such,
> So gifted virtually, that in him
> All better habits wondrously had thrived.[4]

In the Lord's prayer already referred to—

> May thy kingdom's peace
> Come unto us; for we, unless it comes,
> With all our striving thither tend in vain.

And,

> Grant us, this day,
> Our daily manna, without which he roams
> Through this rough desert retrograde, who most
> Toils to advance his steps.[5]

Like all the mediæval interpreters, as well as most of those of the ancient church, Dante interprets the "daily" bread of the

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[1] Pur. 11. 21–24. [2] Lines 31–33. [3] Par. 10. 82–84. [4] Pur. 30. 112ff.

[5] 11. 7ff. Hettinger (Die Theol. göt. Kom. 78, note) quotes St. Thom. Aq. Summa, I, ii, q. 109, art. 8, to the effect that "man cannot remain daily without mortal sin without grace. It is possible to avoid individual acts of sin, but not all."

prayer as spiritual food.[1] But this grace does not work invincibly. It may be resisted, in which case

> But all the more perverse and wild and rude
> Becomes the soil, with ill seed, left untilled,
> As 'tis with more of natural strength endued.[2]

Here merit also comes in. The views of the saved were exalted by "enlightening grace and their own merit," "so that in their will confirmed they stand, nor fear to fall." Forever to "receive the grace which Heaven vouchsafes is meritorious" (Par. 29. 61ff.). Grace received begets love and merits grace (compare 10. 83ff.). As Aquinas says, "By a meritorious act man merits increase of grace, so also the consummation of grace, which is life eternal" (*Summa* I, ii, q. 110, a. 2). Grace affiliates as loving mistress with the mind[3]; it clears the conscience of the foul scum so that the mind's stream may flow clear and limpid through its depths (Pur. 13. 88-90). In a beautiful passage (of which Cary's seems the most literal translation) he states the process of salvation.

> We all
> By violence died, and to our latest hour
> Were sinners; but then warned by light from heaven,
> So that repenting and forgiving we
> Did issue out of life at peace with God,
> Who with desire to see him fills our heart.[4]

From the profound depths of grace God pours his love over the soul, illuminating and saving (Par. 20. 118ff.). From all this it will be seen that Dante is quite Catholic in first attributing the spring of our salvation to God's grace, and yet a part to man's doings so as to guarantee the rights of merit.

It is hardly necessary to say that there is no recognition of the doctrine of justification by faith alone. In that splendid canto (Par. 24) where Peter examines Dante of faith it finds no expression. It is true indeed that Peter calls faith,

> This jewel rich and true from whence
> Each virtue draweth all its might,

but that is only the ordinary recognition of a certain priority of faith in the spirit of Heb. 11. 6 which all confessions allow. It

[1] Compare the *panem supersubstantialem* of Vulgate trans. of Matt. 6. 11.
[2] 30. 118–120.
[3] 24. 118. Compare Aquinas: *Gratia est forma accidentalis ipsius animæ* (I, ii, q. 110, art. 2).
[4] Pur. 5. 53ff.

is not at all the Protestant doctrine of justification, which Dante, if he had known, would have rejected.

Dante combined a hearty recognition of predestination with a strong assertion of free will. He makes Marco of Lombardy argue like a Bledsoe or a Whedon:

> Ye who live now the cause of all assign
> To Heaven above, as though necessity
> Moved all with it along a predestined line;
> If this were so, then in your deeds would lie
> Free will destroyed, and 'twere unjust to give
> Joy for good deeds, for evil misery.
> Ye from the heavens your impulse first receive—
> I say not all—but, granting that I say,
> Light, too, is given or well or ill to live,
> And free volition, which although it stay,
> Faint in first fight with those star destinies,
> Conquers at last, if trained in wisdom's way.[1]

The stars have an influence, but they are not controlling; man can fight against them and conquer. If, therefore, we take the wrong path

> In you the cause, on you the blame must rest.[2]

Of course, through sin the will becomes ensnared and more or less in bondage, and it is one of the uses of purgatory to make the will upright and all-controlling, and bent irrevocably toward God and right. When that is accomplished the penitent may be dismissed to follow his own happy motion to mount up to find the Vision Glorious. In the last stage of purgatory Virgil dismisses Dante as not needing any more his guidance:

> Look not for me to signal or to speak;
> Free, upright, healthy is thine own will now,
> And not to do as it commands were weak;
> So crowned and mitered o'er thyself rule thou.[3]

Beatrice strikes a high note in all our hearts in her fine argument:

> The greatest gift that God of his free grace
> Gave at creation, and most near in kind
> To his own goodness, foremost in the race
> For praise, is freedom of the will and mind,
> Which to all living things intelligent,
> And those alone, hath been and is assigned.[4]

[1] Pur. 16. 67ff. [2] 16. 83. [3] 27. 139–143. [4] Par. 5. 19–24.

But the mystery of predestination has its august place:

> O how far removed,
> Predestination! is thy root from such
> As see not the first cause entire; and ye,
> O mortal men! be wary how ye judge:
> For we who see our Maker know not yet
> The number of the chosen; and esteem
> Such scantiness of knowledge our delight:
> For all our good is in that primal good
> Concentrate; and God's will and ours are one.[1]

God fills the creatures whom he has made with free grace diversely according to his pleasure (32. 64-5). There Dante leaves the great antinomy—untrammeled free will on the one hand and God's predestination on the other, the everlasting riddle of the ages.

In regard to the Pope and the church, Dante held to the ordinary Roman Catholic view. The Popes were the successors of Saint Peter; they held the keys and governed the church by divine right. The scorching and damning words by which he flays them in his righteous wrath on account of their many iniquities need not mislead us as to his real reverence for their office. Even a Pope whom he believed not legally entitled to his seat on account of his simony, Boniface VIII, he did not wish to see maltreated by the officers of Philip of France, because, being *de facto* Pope, there is something due the office.[2] He speaks of the keys given over by Christ to Peter,[3] of the "Holy See, where the great Peter's vicar sits of right," the "pastor of the church to be your guide,"[4] "he who bore the office of chief shepherd" (Par. 6. 16). This is brought out farther in his other writings, where the Pope is the "chief pontiff, vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ and the successor of Peter, to whom we owe not all that we owe to Christ, but all that we owe to Peter" (De Mon. 3. 3). It is true indeed that Dante did not believe in the personal official infallibility of the Pope, in the sense of the Vatican Council (1870), but that fact did not make him any the less an orthodox Catholic in 1300. He places Pope Anastasius II (496-498)

[1] 20. 130–138.

[2] Pur. 20. 86–90. See also Par. 12. 88–90, where the See itself is distinguished from "him who sits there in degenerate line."

[3] Inf. 19. 91; Par. 24. 35. [4] Inf. 2. 24; Par. 5. 77.

in hell for having compromised with heresy (Inf. 11. 8), and he deliberately accuses the Popes of contradicting the truth (De Mon. 3. 3). But as to the right of the office itself, in the current Catholic view of it, he entertained no doubt. He would have looked with abhorrence on one who, like Luther, burned the Pope's bull and deliberately rejected his spiritual authority. He would have sent Protestants to hell for their heresy as quickly as he sent Popes to hell for their greed. And the modern gloss of "invincible ignorance" by which refined and educated Catholics now save their Protestant friends from the eternal fires would not have appealed to him.

As to the Scriptures, Dante shows himself extraordinarily familiar, quoting them in his various works five hundred times. He believes them divinely inspired in the fullest sense. After citing Augustine's words, "Faith will totter if the authority of the divine Scripture be shaken," he bursts out (speaking of the perversion of Scripture): "O worst of crimes, even though a man commit it in his dreams, to turn to ill use the purpose of the Eternal Spirit. Such a one does not sin against Moses, or David, or Job, or Matthew, or Paul, but against the Eternal Spirit that speaketh to them. For though the reporters of God's Word be many, yet there is one only that tells them what to write, even God, who has designed to unfold to us his will through the pens of many writers."[1] The efforts of so-called freethinkers to exploit Dante in the interest of Unitarianism or similar views,[2] though they are a tribute to the many-sided appeal of Dante's spiritual and intellectual genius and to the boldness and breadth of his attitude, do a gross injustice to his ingrained orthodoxy. His Catholicism was not assumed for protection; it was the warp and woof of his being. Ah, no, Dante was no "liberal."

But did Dante believe in the sole authority of Scripture in the Protestant sense? No. The Scripture comes first, but tradition comes after, which also has authority, secondary, but real. He speaks of "those venerable chief councils, with which no faith-

[1] De Mon. 3. 4.

[2] Compare the interesting and valuable article by J. W. Cross, the husband of George Eliot, on Dante and the "New Reformation," in Nineteenth Cent., Feb., 1890, vol. 27, pp. 327-343, where he also speaks of the poet's interest in social regeneration.

ful Christian doubts but that Christ was present. For we have his own words to his disciples when he was about to ascend unto heaven, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,' to which Matthew testifies. There are also the writings (scripturæ) of the doctors, Augustine and others, of whom, if any doubt that they were aided by the Holy Spirit, either he has never beheld their fruit or, if he has beheld, he has never tasted thereof" (De Mon. 3. 3). There are church decretals which are of third rank in authority. On account of their insatiable avarice the Pope and cardinals neglect the study of the gospel and great doctors, and turn themselves to the decretals (Par. 9. 133ff.). This idea of the Scripture being the principal authority, with the Fathers a secondary, but real one, rests on Aquinas (I, q. I, a. 8). With Protestants Scriptures are the only written authority, absolute and final, Augustine being no more than Watson, and Councils no more than General Conferences.

Dante had rather the Catholic than the Reformation doctrine of total depravity. If the reader will carefully consider Pur. 17. 92 to the end he will feel, I think, that there is a large remnant of good left in the soul, that even in his evil doing man is seeking after good, and unless, of course, he has finally settled on evil, will find in purgatory means for reaching the goal.

> And since we cannot deem that aught lives on
> Self-centered, sundered from the cause of all,
> Room in our hearts for hating Him is none.

Though Dante scorches the monks and friars with burning words for their sins, I do not find that he rejected the monastic principle. He affirms it. See Beatrice's long discourse on vows in Par. 5, the high praise of vowed virginity in 3. 97ff., of the vow of poverty in the case of Saint Francis of Assisi (11. 59-75), and those two fine cantos (11 and 12), where, with the noble rivalry of brotherly love, the Dominican Thomas Aquinas tells the story of Saint Francis, and the Franciscan Bonaventura tells that of Saint Dominic. Throughout those cantos there breathes the highest regard for the monkish principle, which is taken for granted as the spring of the life most pleasing to God, and the highest praise for the indispensable work done by both Francis

and Dominic for the church. So in canto 22 the most eloquent praise of the glories of the monastic or contemplative life flows forth, as though to compensate for the scourging he has given to bad monks and Popes.[1]

In hardly anything is Dante more unlike a Protestant than in his devotion to the Mary cult. Here the soundness of his Catholic faith rings true as steel. She is mentioned between fifty and sixty times in the Divine Comedy alone. He saw the souls in the outskirts of purgatory singing their hymns of praise to her (Pur. 7. 82-83). The angelic guardians of the vale come from her bosom (8. 87); to her and to Michael the sufferers lift up their cry (13. 50-51), which they likewise do in paradise (Par. 3. 122; 23. 85-129); to her, "Heaven's gracious Queen," who will supply every grace, the love of Saint Bernard burns (31. 100-102); she is the queen who rules on high adored by all (lines 116-117); Gabriel looks into her eyes enamored, burning with a heavenly fire (32. 103-105); the highest joys of paradise are found nearest her (lines 118-119); and the last canto opens with Bernard's enraptured prayer to her (33. 1-39), to whom he ascribes powers so great that they belong properly to God alone; the "living spring of hope to mortal men."

> So mighty art thou, lady, and so great,
> That he who grace desireth and comes not
> To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
> Fly without wings. Not only him who asks
> Thy bounty succors; but doth freely oft
> Forerun the asking.[2]

Dante scholars call attention to the fact, however, that with all this high devotion to Mary, there is no ascription of immaculate conception to her, though that doctrine was now beginning to be taught, as, for instance, by Bonaventura, seventh general of the Franciscan order, with whose writing Dante was familiar. It is evident that in this Dante stood with Thomas Aquinas, not with Duns Scotus, the brilliant young scholar from the north, whom, however, Dante never mentions.

[1] Compare also the clock that calls to prayer (canonical hours), Par. 10. 139–444; the convent "bells, far off yet clear," Pur. 5. 5; the pilgrim's joy at seeing his shrine, Par. 31. 43–45; and the Virgin Mary's delight in Saint Bernard of Clairvaux (lines 100–102).

[2] Par. 33. 13–18.

This may suffice for the special contents of Dante's Catholic teaching. He was the pupil of Thomas of Aquino. Dante was saturated with Thomas. The effort to make him a freethinker is like making Wesley a Roman Catholic. Noble scholars like Longfellow, who translated him so exactly and annotated him so fully, and Lowell, who wrote on him with such insight and knowledge, and J. W. Cross and P. H. Wicksteed, and other Unitarian Dante experts, would have been sent by their favorite poet to the horrible city of Dis, there to expiate forever their soul-damning heresies. But after all, there is so much large-seeing nobleness, so much spiritual and ethical purity and truth, there is so much reality, there is so much literary beauty and power, that Catholic and Protestant, Unitarian and Trinitarian, freethinker and Bible Christian, can bend over the Divine Comedy together and find rebuke, instruction, help, uplift, and inspiration. Especially can they all take in this which Professor Moore (F. R. 62. 904) well makes as the essential teaching of his poem, its last message to man; namely, that only as our will is one with God's will can we have happiness or peace, intellectual, moral, or spiritual perfection.

> So of our bliss this is cause formal, clear,
> That each upon God's will himself should stay
> That so our wills may all one Will appear.[1]

And in that ecstatic vision which closes the poem, the momentary intuition of the mystery of the Trinity, though the vision passed, the one enduring effect of it was to bring his desires and will into entire unison with "that love that moves the sun and all the stars." The Divine Comedy is a glorious anthem that lifts our whole being up to the Eternal Will; it is a great sermon—the most effective ever preached—on the text, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

[1] See the whole passage, Par. 3. 70–87. (The translations are from Cary and Plumptre.)

John Alfred Faulkner

Art. VI.—BLUE BIRD FOLKS AND FANCIES

Though Maeterlinck has often been compared to Ibsen, there must be a difference between a rare mystic and one who, like Ibsen, lived and died without being a witness to the unseen world. The perceptions of the soul are as real as those of the senses, and the search for ultimate reality leads to mysticism, that spiritual insight which is the condition of greatness in literature or religion. Jesus and Saint Paul and Thomas à Kempis were mystics. Blessed are the ears that "receive the instilling of the divine whisper and take no note of the whisperings of the world." Ibsen was a master symbolist and impressionist. Possibly he was a greater genius than Maeterlinck, but he got no farther than the satire which, alas! exists in such abundance in the ethics of human life, especially civic and domestic. The conversations in their dramas are alike in possessing the charm of short, terse sentences for which both are so conspicuous. Those who question Maeterlinck's ability should admit the possibility of literary excellence in one who has received the Nobel prize in literature. Those who considered Maeterlinck merely a *poseur* must have been put to the inconvenience of changing their minds after reading Monna Vanna. Maeterlinck is continually surprising us with his dauntless, splendid way of thinking his path through the great problems and coming out upon the sunlit plateaus of human experience. His drama of the Blue Bird marks an abrupt departure from the gloomy vein of his other plays, which reveal men and women caught in the current of Destiny and struggling with the mystery of Death. This expression of a happier philosophy of life marks a new epoch in Maeterlinck's career. Being coincident with his marriage, the change that made the writing of Blue Bird possible to the author of Les Aveugles is credited to the artistic soul of Georgette Le Blanc Maeterlinck. Defoe says, "The Blue Bird is a poet's excursion into glittering fields of pure fancy." Though Maeterlinck's plays are supposed to belong only to the realms of fine art and philosophy and to the enjoyment of intellectual high brows, the appeal of Blue Bird is world-wide. Every-

where those who possess the overflowing imagination of children revel in its fantasy, so beautiful in conception, so simple in purport, yet as deep as the human heart itself. Maeterlinck is a wondrous painter and we can draw from Blue Bird or from any drama as much as there is in our lives, and no more.

The idyllic task which the poet-playwright undertakes, and in performing which he summons the cosmic mystery itself, is to show us the way to that incomparable, that rarest of secrets—world-old, yet ever new—the secret of happiness. The mystic bird of Maeterlinck's fancy represents all human aspirations for the eternal unknowable. With a child's heart, but in a philosopher's manner, he reveals to us those black birds which to our limited spiritual vision seem blue, and those blue birds which in our dullness we consider everything but blue. Is it because we do not use our imaginations that we are so blind? Blue Bird should be a revelation to those of us who wish to pull the scales from people's eyes. Tell the truth of Blue Bird in prose and the world gives little heed. Tell it in simple poetic allegory and it makes an impression never achieved even by the most logical discourse. How wholesomely unlike some popular writers who make society's moral lepers the bearers of the holy grail of truth is Maeterlinck in choosing two childish hearts, two unspoiled lives, "to whom trust in all things high comes easy," to be the tiny pilgrims who find the bird that is blue. Though truant from the real world only for a night, in company with the souls of the most familiar necessities of life, fire, water, bread, milk, sugar, the dog, and the cat, and with the fairy's enchantment, they have a year's adventures and a vision that is eternal.

The Tyl family is guilty of poverty even less genteel than that which some of us bear with affected cheerfulness. So long as pathos continues to be one of the least expensive emotions no drama can succeed without the pathetic *motif*. What more tender, thrilling appeal can stir the heart than hungry, barefoot children, too poor even to have a Christmas? Maeterlinck reveals his artistic genius and gives a pleasure-mad age a timely lesson in his choice of the woodman's household as the place where perfect bliss can dwell. Unlike those bird-students who start out for a little

culture and the largest number of birds, these pilgrims seek but one bird, the bird of all birds, the blue bird of happiness. Recovering from their first impressions of the fairy, the children are hurried into their clothes and Tyltyl is given the little green cap with the magic diamond. Thinking that Granny and Gaffer Tyl may have carried the blue bird with them, Tyltyl turns the diamond back, giving that little adventure in the land of Memory and that sweet reunion with those lonely hearts who get plenty of sleep while waiting for a thought of the living to wake them up. Here the hungry children have a square meal of cabbage soup, which they accept with subconscious thankfulness.

In addition to the artful way in which Maeterlinck chides us for not thinking of the dear ones "lost awhile," how adroitly he deals with those who think that things are going to the "demnition bow wows," and that happiness existed only in the "good old days," by having Gaffer Tyl's blue bird prove to be nothing but a black bird. What more forceful way to show us that the ideals of the past are not good enough for the present?

In the palace of Night Maeterlinck weaves into the story in most fascinating manner bizarre and comic effects and gives us the whole gamut of delightful humor. Here we learn the real character of some Blue Bird folk; especially Bread, that blustering coward who symbolizes Capital, and the Cat, that oily hypocrite who symbolizes Evil. Though we have known some cats that are white and some dogs that are black, in Tylo we have a dog that is all white and in Tylette a cat whose soul is "as black as a stack of black cats in a black cellar on a black night," an utter contradiction to that description of the cat as "the scholar's natural friend and ally, who brings her lonely troubled little heart to one's feet for solace." There are many cheap editions of bulldogs, but Tylo is not one of them. His loyalty to the children, even at the risk of his life, entitles him to the most comfortable kennel in the canine heaven. Discreet, genteel Bread, with the delicate, shrinking reserve (?) of Capital, claimed that his great age, his experience, his devotion, made him the "natural protector of the children." This indeed he should be, but, alas! is not, except as pure-food laws and many others compel him to be. "Order! Order!

It's not your turn to speak," he shouts at those who would interfere. "I'm in the chair at this meeting"; a prerogative which since the beginning of time Capital has claimed for himself. In the same breath that announces his loyalty to the children he asks, "In case of danger, which is the way of escape?" How like Wall Street when the temperature of a money king rises! Only Capital is capable of bowing the shoulders and sapping the strength of seven hundred and fifty thousand Tyltyls and Mytyls in mine and factory, and when in the name of humanity we protest, Capital pronounces us guilty of "cosmic blasphemy for impugning his motives." Capital caps the climax of conservatism when Bread says, "Don't you think it would be better not to open the door, but to peep through the keyhole?" The cat also presents that world-old argument of evil, "You are sacrificing the lives of all of us."

Tyltyl tries every door, and the one to which he is most flatly denied admission is, of course, the very one he wants most to enter. There is nothing too dangerous. He is like those explorers who look for blue birds even in ice-haunted regions. What a blessed thing for future Tyltyls that the poles, north and south, no longer need to be discovered! Maeterlinck makes Tyltyl the very impersonation of that quality supposed to belong to women only—curiosity. When he has Time call for an honest man—just one, for a phenomenon—could it be that Maeterlinck himself is that man? When he has wrought the children up to the utmost tension of fright, artist that he is, he surprises them with the most entrancing of gardens, where it seems to be literally raining blue birds, like breakfast foods. He gives us a sane, practical lesson when he shows that the birds that live on moonbeams die in the light of day; that happiness gotten from dreams is short-lived, perishing in the presence of the problems of daily life.

In their next adventure, unlike the modern picture show, the forest promised terrors and furnished them. All the nature poets went back on them. Wordsworth became the worst of contradictions. Not only did the deep heart of Nature not pity them, but they found something different from a "spiritual presence that disturbed them with the joy of elevated thoughts." When, through the strategy of the cat, all the trees and animals pounce upon them

to destroy them, the shivers must have been playing pretty lively up and down their little spines. It must have been quite unsatisfactory, too, to see the lovely blue bird, like most people find their ambitions, just a little too high for them to reach. Who but Maeterlinck could have conceived of the Kingdom of the Future! Here we need all the imagination we possess and all we can borrow to get the possibilities that are suggested. We learn the interesting fact that future Burbanks will furnish daisies as big as tables and apples as big as melons. Imagine the humiliation of ordering from the grocery just *one* apple! And, according to the steady climb in prices, happy will that woman be who can afford to pay for a whole apple at a time. One thing tempts us to keep on living the fifty years until these things are to happen, and that is that a man is to come who will bring to earth pure joy by means of ideas which people have not yet had.

The philosophy of the child problem Maeterlinck portrays with magic touch in tender pathos, with great simplicity and naïve humor. He rather startles us when Tyltyl says, "Little boys don't cry, but little girls do." But he may not have been around children much. After he makes Tyltyl such a bunch of courage and optimism it is a little depressing to see him make Mytyl such a weak, timid, sobbing, pessimistic obstructionist, and when she should have been inspiring him to go on, always begging him to give up the search for the elusive bird, as variable as the sunshine. It was probably for dramatic purposes, for Maeterlinck could not have forgotten those Mytyls whose husbands polish the grocery counters with the seat of their philosophical jeans because Mytyl, with five or more future citizens to provide for by the washtub route, cannot afford to buy him any better. In addition to all his other troubles, Tyltyl is again disappointed about the bird. The bird of the future turns pink in the light of the present, showing the fallacy of counting on the future to make us happy.

Other Blue Bird folk whose acquaintance we make in life are Fire, Water, Milk, Sugar, and Light. Fire's lack of restraint loses him the society of the children and makes him a cipher, like the modern fanatic, for most of the journey. He is one of those fool folk who are good enough in their place, but when out of

bounds are most destructive. Fire's injunction, "Think of me if ever you want to set fire to anything," has evidently been heard by the militant suffragette. How we wish she might also hear another of Maeterlinck's messages, "Fire's dangerous! Moderate your transports!" Better for their cause would be Granny Tyl's cakes and tarts and cabbage soup. More miracles are wrought by stuffing men than by clubbing them. How like Water and the babbling brook is the poetic soul of whom we expect that she shall wear her heart upon her sleeve because she does it so beautifully. Yet Water, we realize now and then, is to be desired in limited quantities, in circumscribed places. The character of Milk resembles those faded folks who would not know what to do with an idea even if one should present itself; who are so easily turned by others' feelings, especially if they are bad ones. Sugar is like those mawkish, sanctimonious persons who hate a quarrel, saying, "Let us not embitter the discussion." "From a certain point of view you are both right." "There is something to be said on both sides." Related to him are those politicians who buy popularity at the cost of their conscience and their self-respect. They deserve the blue ribbon for being the best straddlers of public opinion.

How fitting that Tyltyl should find the blue bird to be his own turtledove. When the children give it to the neighbor girl who is ill, and who has wanted the bird a long time, the miracle is wrought. "Why, that's the bird we were looking for! We went so far and he was here all the time." "What have you done to the house?" they exclaim. "It's just as it was, but it's much prettier." As they frisk about with ecstasy, Daddy Tyl, incapable of comprehending the eternal secret, says, "They're playing at being happy." It had taken all Daddy Tyl's time to make his living and his brandy, the latter having left him no taste for making a life. He was one of those woodmen "who expel Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life" and vex the blue bird in every dell. Sharing his total lack of charm is Mummy Tyl, who lays Tyltyl's happiness to his dreams. When she tries to wake him, he replies most aptly, "But, Mummy, it's you that's still asleep." "What," says the poor neglected soul, "still asleep, am I?" not distinguishing between being up and being awake. "Why,

I've been up since six o'clock. I've finished all the cleaning and lit the fire."

Like Tyltyl and Mytyl, we all fall quite in love with Light. So comely, so winsome, with her graces, sweet and shy, shining from interior holy thoughts, she is the symbol of the forms of that most beautiful world which is entered through the imagination, where we long to be something fine and noble. In spite of all we have done for the ruin of the child's sublimer thoughts, she is trying to accomplish in our little Tyltyls and Mytyls the awakening of their souls. For he who desires happiness must look for it in his own illumined heart. In the drama of the Blue Bird ignorance is never bliss. Light is the symbol of all those lovers of the race who are trying to make possible the leisure to become acquainted with our souls and thus are seeking to help us in our search for the bird that is blue. She is also the symbol of those writers who look upon their art as "sacred as a sacrament," who are trying to show us that life, even with the poverty of the woodman's household, is a high privilege and a priceless possession; that perfect happiness is not any bodily thing, and that in order to get it and keep it *we must give it away.*

To the casual reader the escaping of the blue bird is a disappointing touch, but it is Maeterlinck's consummate stroke. He makes optimism the last note of the play, and optimism is the best and richest quality of happiness—that optimism which believes in finding happiness even after it has escaped. "Never mind," says Tyltyl. "Don't cry. I will catch him again." In Light's farewell to the children we have a climax of exquisite beauty: "Do not cry, my dear little ones. I have not a voice, like Water. I have only my brightness, which Man does not understand. But I watch over him to the end of his days. Never forget that I am speaking to you in every spreading moonbeam, in every twinkling star, in every dawn that rises, in every lamp that is lit, in every good and bright thought of your soul."

Mary Beal Hounsel

Art. VII.—THE AUTHORITY OF THE CHURCH

The passing away of authority as an external force has been accompanied by many pangs. The struggles in the political world between those who govern and those who are governed have compelled the demand for credentials from the ruling classes. The conflicts between labor and capital are due to the insistence that the producers shall have an equitable share of the gains made by their products. The silent revolution in the family will result in a fairer distribution of rights and responsibilities among all of its members. Under proper guidance, the end of all this will not be anarchy, but the establishment of a clearer and more convincing principle of authority. The same can be said of the church, whose authority is being challenged. This is not a new experience. The church has faced it many times in its attempt to propagate and perpetuate the influence of Jesus Christ. The impression that was produced by the Master on his hearers was one of mingled surprise and submissiveness. He spoke *with* authority and relied upon the intrinsic truth of the message. The religious guides of the time spoke *by* authority, at second hand, and appealed to the decisions of tradition. The ecclesiastics were concerned solely with the mechanics of organization, while Jesus captured the people by the dynamics of life. Here is seen the difference between priestly professions and prophetic power. The prophet of God speaks with assurance. He has so penetrating a message because he has taken his stand on the eternal principles of truth and righteousness. He is sure of God and does not hesitate to announce the divine will and apply it to the conditions of his own times. Is the church inspired by such a prophetic unction? Is it governed by the Spirit of God in the independence of spiritual power, or is it influenced by the *Zeitgeist* of civil, social, and monetary forces? These questions await definite answers.

It is confessedly true that the Christian church professes and purposes to be a teacher of the life that is hid with Christ in God

and to bear a continuous witness to Him who is the living Word. The final test of the church's vitality is not its ability to make scholars, administrators, theologians, educators, but to produce saints whose character of Christlikeness is the most convincing argument for its authority, that is, its influence in society. We honor and love the church, because it has been the great school of holiness and goodness, of courtesy and chivalry, of truth and purity. It has appealed, in the midst of distractions and corruptions, to the better judgment, the sober calculation, the earnest hopes, the noble aspirations, the Godward impulses of the human race. The church is the possessor of the living Word, whose voice has been heard not often where an ecclesiastical aroma is felt, but always where the humble soul, with steadfast gaze and resolute spirit, has communed with God. The marks that distinguish the church are a zeal for holiness and spirituality and a devotion to the higher interests of life, on the understanding that where these are cared for, all the other concerns of life will be adequately conserved. Our conclusion, then, is that the authority of the church is primarily spiritual and personal, and that this is inclusive of all those secondary elements which are intellectual, social, political. It has been well said that the seat of authority is not the enlightened conscience, but the redeemed conscience, which has experienced the truth and the thrill of the cross and is therefore not motived by selfish irresponsibility, but by a spirit that has known the discipline of sacrifice. Release from an external law has, however, led the soul under the more exacting law of love, which knows no bounds of time, place, or effort. This was the experience of the primitive church, where, in spite of diversity as regards religious conceptions, there was blessed harmony because the underlying spirit made for unity in the bond of peace. The authority exercised by Paul was not as lord over God's heritage, but as a loving father speaking to his children in a tone of spiritual persuasiveness. It was not a title which enforced submission, but a credential that secured acceptance and obedience.

In many departments of life we must be satisfied with second-hand knowledge. The scientist explores the realms of nature and

brings us his conclusions. The astronomer, the biologist, the traveler, the inventor, all return with their results, and their word is established because it is based on duly verified data and not on unwarrantable assumptions. The religious expert is not necessarily the theologian, but the saint who speaks with such impressive conclusiveness because he furnishes practical and tangible proof of his insight into the will of God. In every case expert authority must justify itself by a convincing appeal. As regards moral and spiritual authority the appeal must be made to the reason, the conscience, and the will. In the words of Professor James Iverach: "The will must find in it purpose, guidance, and energy; the heart must find in it something to stir the emotions, to win the affections, and to arouse the higher passions of love and desire. And the intelligence must find in it truth, principle, and reality." Where these practical tests are met, authority is not afraid of criticism, and it does not try to cover any weaknesses by appealing to the argument of antiquity. Authority has power only as it is able to meet present needs, and it will be tolerated only as it faces the life of to-day and with courageous spirit considers the demands that will be inevitable to-morrow. It is, therefore, not the church that makes pompous pretensions to sanctity, but the church which, like its Master, is in the world to minister, whose voice will be heard. The church which lacks the impulse to seek and to save the lost is an intolerable parasite of society. What, then, is the basis of its right to exist and to expect our suffrage and support? It is not the organization, however well established; it is not the priesthood, set apart by ceremonial rites and ordinances; it is not the building, however beautiful in architectural adornment, it is not the affluent circumstances, social and financial, however desirable. These are all subordinate considerations. It is the realized presence of Jesus Christ and the hearty fellowship of his disciples that constitutes the church. This fruitful experience has been blessedly possible in the small chapel no less than in the stately cathedral. It is the privilege of poor and obscure persons, as well as of those whose names are heralded far and wide. How often the church of Christ has been found in catacombs and mountain fast-

nesses, in forests, barns, humble homes, and rude structures, where men and women, weighed down by the cares of life, have offered worship to God in Christ and have enjoyed his presence, that dispelled their gloom and brought into their lives the light of everlasting joy. Ignatius was, therefore, right when he said, "Wherever Christ Jesus may be there is the Catholic Church." He is central in the faith and worship of the church. He is the center of light, radiating throughout this dark world; he is the source of life, resurrecting those who are dead in sin and evil; he is the heart of love, regenerating the souls of men so that a new passion seizes them and they are led out into larger ways of service. He is, therefore, the supreme moral and spiritual authority who has inspired a new ideal of life which cannot be realized except by his aid. "He is the highest in the highest realm we know; through him, as first cause, our race has received the creative inflow of the Unseen pouring from fountains of the great deep."[1] So long, therefore, as he is recognized and worshiped as the living Lord, the church need never fear that it will meet with disaster.

There are different conceptions of the church: (1) The Roman Catholic at first thought of it as an aristocratic republic governed by bishops; then it was changed into a constitutional monarchy with the Pope as its head; but since 1870, when the dogma of Papal infallibility was pronounced, it has become an absolute monarchy. The modernist movement is a sign that many within the borders of the Roman Church are seeking the privilege of freedom of discussion in place of unquestioning submission to ecclesiastical authority. (2) The Anglican and Protestant Episcopal Churches lay claim to the historic episcopate. Their theory of apostolic succession refers to the power of the bishops, who, it is believed, have received it in a direct line without interruption from the apostles.

Church authority, therefore, as exercised through the bishops, indicates not the presence of the Spirit in the hierarchy, but its absence in the church at large. It means the displacement by a human organization of the free and spontaneous working of the Spirit which had characterized

[1] Mackintosh: The Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ, p. 411.

the early days; it marks the coming to the front of the human, and not the divine, element in the church.[1]

Not only does this theory hold to a mechanical conception of spiritual inspiration, but it fails to recognize that the grounds of episcopal continuity are untenable historically. (3) The essence of the Protestant view is the unity in Jesus Christ and the privilege by divine grace of the priesthood of all believers. This conception provides for changes in the forms of church polity. They need not be the same in every age nor in every land in the same age, but they must be determined by the necessities of the people. The church does not exist to perpetuate systems of organization, but to proclaim the possibilities of sanctification of the entire personality, according to Jesus Christ our Lord, and by virtue of the indwelling Spirit. Its unique mission is to make real the rule of God on earth, to make righteous the men and women in the world, to offer religion as a life of love, peace, and joy to all men in every clime. The exercise of these functions will set forth acceptable aspects of authority. Let us notice some of them. (1) There is the authority of ability to meet the spiritual needs of the world and to produce a gracious and noble type of character. (2) Nowhere as in the church has there been such a striking company of men and women who have come under the transforming influence of Christ and who have rendered a redemptive service to their fellow men throughout the world. Concerning this authority of personality, we refer not only to the far-famed leaders like Paul, Origen, Augustine, Luther, Calvin, Cromwell, Wesley, Asbury, William Booth, Livingstone, Carey, but also to a vast cloud of witnesses who have been faithful in their several callings, obscure or otherwise, not only in Christendom, but also on the mission field like China, Korea, and elsewhere. (3) There is also the authority of universalism, since the gospel through the church makes an appeal to all peoples on the basis of a common humanity and has overwhelmingly succeeded, as the recent records of missions testify. (4) The church has always been forced into conflicts with heretical thinking, and

[1] Grubb: Authority and the Light Within, p. 22. Compare two of the standard discussions of this subject in Sabatier: Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit, Book I; and Hort: The Christian Ecclesia.

this has compelled her to formulate her beliefs in terms of contemporary thought and to appeal to the authority of doctrine. (5) In the interests of self-preservation there is the aspect of discipline, which also guards the rich deposit of faith from becoming entangled with fanaticisms that would make shipwreck of the church. The method of discipline has been suggested by Jesus in Matt. 18. 15ff.; it must breathe the spirit of patience, forbearance, longsuffering, love, in which case firmness and stability will not corrode the soul of anyone. (6) We cannot deal lightly with the Christian life and activity of over nineteen centuries, but should rather highly esteem this rich inheritance and appropriate it for its own and our own enrichment. It is the testimony of saintly souls during the centuries, "sounding together," as it were, that gives the church the authority of experience. The test in every one of these instances is not external and formal, but spiritual and practical. We, however, accept this manifold testimony of historical experience because of what answers to it within us. The modern Christian assumes the right to decide concerning the authority of the church and the Bible. If former ages speak to us through their creeds, confessions, and even controversies, it is both rational and logical that we have a responsibility so to think and act that later generations, looking back on these days of destructive and constructive effort, shall receive a message of guidance toward God and his Christ.[1]

"My kingdom is not of this world." How strange these words sound in the light of the history of the church! The Roman Catholic Church engaged in a desperate struggle to secure control of the world-empires under the delusion that Christ expected the church to attend to the temporalities of nations as well as to their spiritual needs. This action is the logical outcome of ecclesiasticism, which has too often been a political machine disguised in the garments of religion. The Protestant Reformation laid the emphasis on the validity of the Christian consciousness and regarded the Bible as the means by which every Christian

[1] Reference is gratefully made to the following books in which this subject is considered in details: Hobhouse: The Church and the World in Idea and in History (Bampton Lectures); Glover: The Nature and Purpose of a Christian Society; Inge: Faith and Its Psychology.

with his own vision lays hold of the Person of Jesus.[1] But this conception was not consistently thought out, with the unfortunate result that bibliolatry took the place of ecclesiolatry. This anti-climax happened when the glowing spiritual experience of Christ began to weaken and decay, so that many felt the need for some external authority that would compete and offset Romanism. The freedom enjoyed by Luther and Calvin in the interpretation of the Scriptures now became impossible as Protestant scholasticism asserted itself. Protesting voices were heard against this externalizing of religion, because it weakened the liberty of conscience, the fervor of the spirit, and the vigor of religious conviction. But these consistent Protestants were in the minority, so that the party in power had their own way. There was thus introduced a static view of revelation, as though God had spoken to the fathers, but has withheld any communications with their sons. How limited this conception is, in comparison with the dynamic view of revelation which believes in the reality of a vital, living, spiritual experience in the actual present! This inward witness, however, cannot be a substitute for a knowledge of history, languages, and exact scholarship. Indeed, it is a fact of history that where inner personal conviction and spiritual illumination are enjoyed, there also freedom of investigation has not only been tolerated, but welcomed.[2] The loss, then, is very great if we become absorbed in external things at the cost of a life of pure inwardness. Eucken declares, and many agree with him, that, "Religion has suffered an even greater loss of power through the alienation of the modern man from the personal religious experience of the early Christians."[3]

The authority of the church, then, is not based on traditionalism, venerable as that may be; nor on ecclesiasticism, powerful as that appeal is; nor on scholasticism, complicated as is its method of argumentation; nor on intellectualism, indispensable as are its services; nor on denominationalism, valid as its influence has been at different epochs in the church's life. These approaches to the modern mind are blocked. And yet the present

[1] Herrmann: The Communion of the Christian with God, p. x.
[2] Compare Troeltsch: Protestantism and Progress, pp. 50, 117ff., 205.
[3] Main Currents of Modern Thought, p. 108.

age needs the voice of authority. But it must be one that will produce conviction. To this end it must speak at first hand and carry persuasion in the tone and accent of its own utterances. The experience of the soul which has trusted in Christ and has found him to be a true and efficient Saviour is a fact with which scientist, psychologist, and historian must reckon. When men and women, sane in every other walk of life and whose judgment is accepted in commercial and business transactions, speak concerning their indebtedness to Christ, we shall be irrational if we try to explain away their testimony as due to morbid introspection or abnormal hysteria or fantastic vagaries of the imagination. Let the church insist on attending to its own business, which, first, last, and all the time, is to lead people to God through Christ and to establish them in Christlike character. It will then be able to speak with authority to a distracted generation like the present, which has got out of touch with God and yet is loth to acknowledge it. Those churches which are increasing in numbers and influence are giving proof of spiritual capacity. These are the churches where membership with obligation is a recognized privilege and an accepted duty. The future of Christianity is with the church that can speak with spiritual assurance. Our supremest need is a purified vision of Christ, who is indispensable for the individual and society all over the world, and also a vision of humanity in its weariness and need which can be met only by the Saviour of mankind. Here is the ringing challenge to the church and especially to the ministry. We dare not turn aside from facing the issue, and indeed we need not do so, for we can say with Paul, who faced the problems of his day and succeeded:

> Not that we are sufficient of ourselves, to account anything as from ourselves; but our sufficiency is from God; who also made us sufficient as ministers of a new covenant; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life (2 Cor. 3. 4-6).

Oscar L. Joseph

Art. VIII.—EDMUND ROSTAND, THE TERGIVERSIST

To one interested in child psychology it is not an uninteresting experiment to see what a child of six will do with a present of a toy aëroplane. A willful and strenuous youngster, because it cannot carry him and his desires to the moon, nor run indefinitely, or because in its careless gyrations it crashes into his precious head, and he cannot build it more nearly to his heart's desire, may in a fit of anger smash it to bits. Another of a more objective disposition, like the famous Budge and Toddy, may be pleased beyond distraction merely by watching the wheels go round. A third with a scientific turn of mind, with a bent to reforming its inner workings, because it steadfastly refuses to perform any useful mechanical work, such as to drive wheels or pulleys or lift weights, because it seems neither useful nor ornamental, but persists in its narrow-souled and senseless gyrations, may take it all apart and attempt to make of it a useful device to perform some homely function. A fourth, awed by its marvelous mechanism, and doubting his ability to play with it without subjecting both it and himself to some risk, may carefully stow it away with his cherished penates and dream daily of its exquisite perfection or of its shortcomings, or, allowing fact to mingle with or to transcend fancy, may, with its aid, ride on many a glorious pilgrimage to moon and stars. Such are the inherent differences of childhood.

Nor are grown-ups far different from children. For we are given a marvelous mechanism for our diversion as well as for our use; and in our daily converse we exhibit many of the traits we smile indulgently at in children. Our marvelous toy, to be sure, is much larger and more complex, and our diversion, as well as our danger, is much more intense; for we are called insistently to solve the problem of our relation to this irritatingly complex world of men and things and their mutual relations. In other words, we are called upon to adopt for our practical and theoretical conduct a philosophy of life. And to an observer as far above us as we are above the child with his aëroplane our various

philosophies of life may appear fully as diverting as the actions of the four children, and also in many ways similar in kind. For there are those who are strenuous and willful, who feel that the world ought to accommodate itself to their wishes, yes, even to their vagaries; and who, because the world will not submit itself to their wishes, would beat it into subjection or break it; and who finally, because the conflict is a pitifully one-sided one, either fail miserably or become misanthropic. To these we give the name of individualists, in the bad sense, and of this type are the heroes in the stories of Jack London. The second are diverted merely by watching the motions of this complex machine and of recording them faithfully. They feel that the mechanism is sufficiently justified of itself; they would merely discover, if they can, its *modus operandi* and the laws or principles which, as accurately as they can be formulated, describe the relation of piece to piece. These are the realists who have received their cue from science, or a mistaken ideal of science, and are content to sit apart and record. Of this type there are many in this day, the best known being probably Flaubert in France, Henry James and Howells in America, and Hardy and Arnold Bennett in England. We have also the third class, who have a passionate desire to reform things. They think that this great machine was either badly adjusted or unskillfully put together before it was started on its dangerous and often destructive career; that it is utterly blind and irrational; that it crushes the weak and aids the strong; that it cannot be depended upon for one moment, but abuses the most unselfish confidence; indeed, that at heart it is almost all bad, and that it must be thoroughly overhauled and readjusted. They take the human intellect and human science as the final arbiter in the dispensing and regulating of practical affairs. Unconsciously they adopt the utilitarian standard, that things are in this world for some useful work, and if any fail in this test, out they must go, even at the cost of a myriad heartbreaks. To this class belong the socialist in H. G. Wells, and the serious kernel in the bushel of chaff in G. Bernard Shaw. Finally, there are those who are either afraid of the world, or bored by it, or see it too ugly or too complex for their delicate spirits; and who, in consequence, put

it, or as much of it as they can, away from them, and who dream of what it might, could, would, or should be; and in these dreams find surcease for their disappointment and rest for their tired nerves. Or from the full pattern of life, that is too complex in its maze, they draw a few strands which they in their dreams weave with deft hands into a fairy warp and woof, and in this delicate pattern they would see resolved the problem of life and the riddle of the universe. And there are a host of these, for they are the ones who take delight in romance, from the highly tinctured cheap magazine variety to the more subtly embroidered stuffs of Stevenson, Maeterlinck, and Hauptmann. Of this latter type is the poet-dramatist Rostand, the author of Les Romanesques, La Samaritaine, La Princesse Lointaine, Cyrano de Bergerac, L'Aiglon, and Chantecler.

Now there are two things for which M. Rostand is famous—he is both dramatist and poet. For there are dramatists, like Clyde Fitch, Arthur Pinero, Sardou, and others, whose plays have been immediately and immensely popular, but whose work hardly bears close and critical inspection. There are others who have written poetical dramas which read well, but which have never been staged, or with only indifferent success. But nearly every one of Rostand's plays has been acclaimed on the stage, both in Europe and America; and now, as I read Cyrano and L'Aiglon, I feel again the same thrill I felt ten years ago and more when I saw them interpreted by M. Coquelin and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and by Mr. Mansfield and Miss Adams. And this, after all—let critics say what they please—is one ultimate test of a play. Will an audience or a reader, after the first blush of novelty has worn off, return to a play with the same eagerness, the same delight? In this respect at least Rostand is worthy of consideration. But Rostand is also a poet. In consequence, no matter how successful his plays may be as staged, we have the right to demand the meaning and worth of the ideas he works into dramatic form. And to this he himself invites us, for in Chantecler he challenges us with an obvious allegory, into which he attempts to weave a philosophy of life, though the atmosphere and background have the elemental simplicity of the farmyard, and the

heroes, heroines, and villains wear the mask of its feathered and furred denizens. If he has turned his back on the terrifying complexity of the world of fact, what has he to offer us in its place in his world of dreams, of imagination, of romance? If this is worthy our serious attention, or, at least, if it offers us refreshing diversion from the horrifying bustle of life as it is, we shall be glad to enroll him among those who belong next to the truly great; not with those who have read in the puzzle of life a meaning, but with those who have given us of the fruits of their imagination, that, refreshed, we may turn to life's puzzle anew.

In the first place, there is an essential simplicity in the world which Rostand pictures for us. There is no serious cross-cutting of conflicting and bewildering motives, such as one sees in the plays of the dramatists who hew closer to life as it is. As in Shakespeare's earlier plays, and in the romances of Scott, we can easily estimate at their real value all the forces whose interplay gives us the tragedy or the comedy. Life has been straightened out, the curves have been carefully plotted, and the actions resulting from the meeting-lines of force may be calculated with almost mathematical precision. Thus it is not difficult to foretell what will be the end of the play Cyrano de Bergerac. Given for a character a swaggering Gascon cadet, a veritable combination of all the masculine virtues of D'Artagnan, Porthos, Athos, and Aramis, save one; instill into his soul the sweet spring of poetry and disfigure his face with a grotesque caricature of a nose; make him in love with a romantically inclined Roxane and turn her affections toward a clod-pated Adonis; brew this heroic concoction over a rapid fire of duels and sieges and put into a slow oven of vicarious love-making, and you can prognosticate with the nicety of the United States Weather Bureau the romantic fall of autumn leaves, the gray lines of the dim cloister, the soft-voiced sisters, the dying music, the sentimental heart-throbs, the whispered confession, the final awakening of true love, the heroic outburst, and the last silence of the fifth act. Yes, this is all very simple, as simple as a child's fairy tale, only instead of the marriage bells and the living happily ever after, there is the slow knell of death and tears; and the audience carries away the idealized picture

of one more man with a greatness of soul that went to the end unrewarded. If fate or nature could have been a little more thoughtful and only have modified, even to a slight degree, the size and shape of Cyrano's nose—what buckets of sentimental tears audiences might have been spared. But in that case, too, there might have been also no play; and then there is a secret joy in spilling sentimental tears, for the last scene is so beautiful, so touching, and Roxane did at last give her love to Cyrano. Perhaps it was best for the play to have ended so. And what a fearless fighter he was, and what sweet poetry he could breathe! No, it is far better as it is, for no one ever wins his true reward here. So the audience sentimentalizes as it wipes its eyes with perfumed handkerchiefs and slowly feels its way back into the world of life. Nor is the play which follows much more complex. The characters are a little nearer to our own time and the motives a little more subtle, for there is no obvious love story, no sieges and battles, except in the fevered imagination of the young hero. L'Aiglon, the son of Napoleon, raised in the court of Austria, has inherited all of his father's restless imagination, but has none of his powers of action. The play is a pathetic dream of world empire of a child who cannot control even his dreams. The words, the poetry he utters would harness the cosmic forces to his cause could they be moved by tearful appeals, but his imagination is not backed by strength of character or will, which alone may top mountains and overturn dynasties. Before the cynical and worldly-wise Prince Metternich his bubble of day-dreams is burst, he crumples into a mere child; and the audience, whose sense of parental love is ever awake at childish suffering—on the stage—again wipes the tears from its eyes as it sentimentalizes over what might have happened if L'Aiglon had been swayed a little less by romantic nightmares and been able to command a little more of his father's power to compel his dreams to come true.

It is utter simplicity itself, this realm to which Rostand invites us, the land of might-have-been, where our curiosity is piqued and then satisfied, as he pictures in exquisite verse failures due to some unfortunate deformity. One thing, and one alone, he borrows from real life; and that is that such failures do occur.

The rest is pure imaginings. The characters are types rather than individuals, the motives are clarified and carefully adjusted to bring about the desired results, the background radiates the light that never was on sea or land, and which in real life can be imitated only by the experienced stage electrician. But there is a charm in all this, nevertheless, which does carry us out of the work-a-day world. It is good now and then to take a turn in the garden of poetry and imagination; it is good for us to let nerves relax and to move about freed from the host of petty criss-crossings that bewilder our business and professional morass. It is good to shake off the lethargy that clogs our sympathies in the pitiless struggle for existence, to see clearly the essential tragedy that underlies our law of the survival of the fittest. For the callousness that comes from too assiduous worship at the shrine of success makes us senseless to the pangs of failure. Even a cursory glance through these plays reveals that Cyrano and L'Aiglon, stripped of their romantic trappings, are much such stuff as we are; that they are common human types. Such is the lesson of all true tragedy. But in our enjoyment of such dramas, in which the characters are so strongly typical, we must not fail to remember that we have left life itself at almost an infinite distance. For in life we have not only no typical characters, but often, strictly speaking, no characters at all. For this reason the realists of the more militant school, men, let us say, like Arnold Bennett, give us pictures of people, not characters, whom it would be difficult, if not impossible, to epitomize in even a dozen sentences. Who can give the formula for Edwin Clayhanger or Hilda Lessways? And in real life we see the same refusal of people to submit to any easy summary or artistic formula. Lives are made up of myriads of contradictory moods, motives, and actions. From among these even the most careful observer can select only a few, and these often the most superficial. And only by neglecting, overlooking, or explaining away the insignificant, the irrelevant, the contradictory, and by selecting carefully and straightening out only such as seem homogeneous, can he arrive at any idea of character as a unifying principle of human life and conduct. For it must be remembered that in each life, no

matter how orderly and strong-willed the person may be, there enters the multitudinous interplay of chance and accident. Our lives, like a stream, though following a fixed law like that of gravity, must turn and twist and double back on themselves; and it is only by getting the most complete and comprehensive view that we can get an inkling of predominating motives and leading traits. Understanding a character is, then, like smoothing out the curves of a stream's course. To put it philosophically, persons, to be understood, must be generalized, conceptualized; and it is because our chief realists to-day do not do this with their characters that we feel a bewildering sense of discouragement best likened to the feeling of a lost wanderer trying to trace a winding stream back to its source.

But this smoothing process may go too far and give an entirely fictitious view of a character's personality, like the straight lines laid down so swiftly, so unerringly, in our railroad maps. There never lived a person so simple in his life, so uniform in his motives, that a simple formula with no unknowns would comprehend his every act. Even Robinson Crusoe on his island and Adam and Eve in their primitive garden present viewpoints from which their life-processes are anything but simple. So a novelist or story writer who presents a single trait and about that builds a human being is as grossly exaggerating the predominance of motives as the writers of the old morality plays. In physiology it would be as much as to say that such or such individuals were all backbone, or all femur, or all biceps muscle; and it is because of the possibility of these numerous viewpoints from which to study individuals that we have the differing attitudes of the Athenians toward Socrates, of the English toward Cromwell, and of America to-day toward Roosevelt. But most of this criticism is beside the mark, for it is obviously necessary to add that the work of the realist requires a much broader canvas than any painted by Rostand. Indeed, we might question the possibility of ever introducing realism in characterization into the narrow field of the drama; for there we must deal with one, or at most two, dominant traits in order that the struggle that is the soul of a drama may have full and explicit formulation. It is because

he has portrayed this struggle with artistic precision that Rostand's plays are almost without exception among the best acting dramas of the last quarter century.

In his next play, Chantecler, Rostand tried his hand at a simple allegory, where characterization, strictly speaking, is impossible. The moral is so simple that it might be written on a single line in one of the old-fashioned copybooks. But because it is to be stretched out over four acts the theme must be carried by utterly simple characters. So it was fitting, in one way, that he chose for his heroes the inhabitants of a farmyard. I regard it as one of the inevitable strokes of genius that, given a moral so obvious as that of one of Æsop's Fables, he should have chosen Æsop's method of inculcating it. It is a great gift to know when you should speak from the level of human intellect and when from that of ducks and chickens and toads. And it took Rostand years to accommodate himself to this new medium. He was nearly ten years in writing Chantecler.

The idea underlying the story is as simple as simplicity itself. Chantecler has so long ruled the roost, and has so long been given almost divine honors by his polygamous family, that he has come to regard his as a divinely appointed mission. It never pays to allow oneself to be made too much of by those in one's immediate environment. Self-delusion is only too easy, and the final awakening to a true appreciation of the law of proportion too painful, as Chantecler at last discovered. But Chantecler, generous bird that he was—it is to be hoped that he never helped to fatten his master's Sunday guests—was saved by his innate culture, shall we call it? modesty we certainly may; and all ends as it should in tragi-comedy. It is hard to grow enthusiastic over this cock, dog, and blackbird lyrical drama. Perhaps to an audience of intelligent hens it might mean something in the way of a plea for emancipation from male domination; perhaps to an audience of domestic game cocks it might mean an abatement of ungrounded pretensions; perhaps even to an audience of human children it may be a pretty and exaggerated show; but to intelligent men and women it is the bathos of the illogical, the shamelessness of irrelevancy in art.

Finally, out of this simple material of his plays what pattern for a philosophy of life does Rostand weave for us? Perhaps at first sight it may not seem quite fair to the author that we attempt to go behind his obvious purpose to amuse and ask him point-blank for his meaning. It reminds us of Keats's letter to Shelley in which he objects to poetry with a moral. "We hate poetry that has a design upon us." But it is nevertheless true that every poet, like every man, has, or should have, ideas, naïve, elementary, and unconscious, or carefully reasoned out, concerning man's relation to this world and to his fellow men, which give color and pattern to the warp and woof of his work. Without these there can be no work. Besides, the very plots of Rostand's best plays are suggested by his underlying ideas—La Samaritaine, Chantecler, and even Cyrano and L'Aiglon. It is not, then, the curiosity of officiousness that leads us to attempt to disentangle some of these ideas and estimate their worth.

In the first place, we see a certain love of what we may style resoluteness. *"Ah! l'inertie est le seul vice, et le seule virtue c'est l'enthousiasme."* This is not a love of what we have learned to call the "strenuous life," a life devoted to pure action often with no definite or worthy object. For we in America have learned to practice strenuousness not only in our business offices and industries, but in our daily lives, in our classrooms with their eternally-keep-the-child-occupied laboratory methods, in our sports and pastimes, in our aimless, and often cruel, hunting and fishing excursions, and even in our wintry familiarity with open sleeping-porches and congealing bathtubs. All this is to be strenuous. But Rostand's resoluteness is a softer, a less barbaric virtue, that may or may not be coupled with a love of hardship and action. Had Jack London been writing the drama of Chantecler he would have had the hero knock the strenuous game cocks out of the ring in the fifth round. But Rostand saves him from ignominious defeat only by the advent of a new danger which strikes terror into the hearts of the intruders, but which Chantecler resolutely faces in order that he may prove true to his trust and keep intact his orderly household. His little world of duty is his all and in all; beyond that into spectacular cock fights his imagination cannot

carry him. The same virtue, though in a less naïve form, is seen as the leading motive in other plays. Cyrano's single-mindedness, unselfishness, and bravery in action against odds and adversity—quixotic, to be sure, at nearly all times—has about it a certain subtle Gallic pose and ornateness. Besides, his action is directed toward an ideal, not a material end. There is a strong poetic flavor in his romance. Both these qualities it is hard to associate with our gospel of the strenuous life. Much of the same mingling of quixotic and unselfish endeavor, pose, and romance is found in the chief characters of La Princesse Lointaine. The absence of resoluteness is the cause of the tragedy of L'Aiglon. The fertile imagination, the poetry, the romance, are all there, but the resolution which can weld these into a unit and drive irresistibly toward the self-appointed end—this is lacking, and without this there can be only one conclusion. The tragedies in Rostand's plays, where there have been tragedies, have been due to a lack of resoluteness. But the full effect of this virtue is lost upon us, diluted as it is in seas of sentimentality. His artistic imagination has so long cuddled the characters of Cyrano, Bertrand, Joffroy—yes, and even Chantecler—that nearly all masculinity has been petted out of them. They seem a hothouse, drawing-room product, that a touch of wintry air would shrivel. And this inherent sentimental mawkishness in the men is yet more offensive in the women. Pages of the dialogue reek with the Oriental perfume of flowers of speech; we are steeped in the inebriety of metaphors, drenched in a torrent of similes. This much Rostand inherited from the romantic carelessness of exaggeration of the mid-nineteenth century, where sentiment is swallowed up by sentimentality and thought by emotion. This same sentimentality persists in the leading motives of most of his plays. Barring L'Aiglon, and perhaps Chantecler, the strongest force in all is chivalric or romantic love; in one, La Samaritaine, it takes the form of love of the Christ. But it is a hectic love, a love that dwells rather in the excesses of speech and action than in the stiller depths of the heart, a love that delights in self-imposed pains and penalties and renunciations. Shakespeare deplores the fact that the course of true love ne'er runs smooth; but Rostand

glories in its twists and turns and unhealthy retreats into its own heart. He would make a new beatitude, Blessed are they who love, for they shall still find unhappiness. To love and to live happily ever after, as in the old fairy tale—this was not in his exercise book; for true love, as he pictures it, is an end in itself. The purging of soul which it brings in worth is far beyond all the years of happy union it may bring in its train. The ideal is too lofty to be permitted any commonplace achievement. He will have his heroes and heroines retain the ideal by renouncing the real. And the ideal is almost religious in its essence. *"Les grandes amours travaillent pour le ciel"* ("Great loves are labors undergone for heaven"). *"L'amour est saint. Dieu le volut. Celui qui meurt d'amour est sûr de son salut"* ("Love is holy. God has so willed. He who dies of love is assured of his salvation"). Or again, as he makes Christ say to the Samaritan woman when she is horrified at having sung a sacrilegious love song, *"Je suis un peu dans tous les mots d'amour . . . et la chanson d'amour devient un prière"* ("Some of me is ever to be found in every word of love . . . and the song of love becomes a prayer"). I am reminded here of Titian's picture which is commonly called "Sacred and Profane Love." It is of two women seated at a fountain, between whom is a Cupid. In the background is a knight. The striking thing about the women is that both of them have the same features, but not the same expression. The meaning of the picture seems clear, that the two loves are from the same source, and that the lower leads naturally to the higher. Of course Titian's picture was a natural expression of the exaggerated Neoplatonic worship of love that flourished during the later Middle Ages and the Renaissance. We see it over and over again in the works of writers from Dante and Guinicelli to Bembo and Sir Philip Sidney. And modern expositors of the Italian Renaissance have made us familiar with the strange turn that was given to the ideals of chivalry by the late Neoplatonic students of Plato's Phædrus and Symposium. In all this, then, Rostand is, like some of the Pre-Raphaelites in England, a belated and sentimental imitator of Renaissance Italy.

The same sentimentality, with an added effeminacy, appears

in his picture of Christ in La Samaritaine. One stanza from the announcement of the Messiah by Photine, will suffice:

Près du puits de Jacob un jeune homme est assis!
Ses cheveux ont la coleur blonde;
On croit voir l'arc-en-ciel qui rassure le monde
Dans chacun de ses beaux sourcils.

Which may be crudely translated:

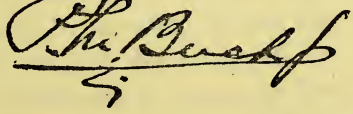
A youth doth sit the wells of Jacob nigh!
With locks of brightest sheen.
Heaven's bow of promise may well be seen
Among the brows that shade his eye.

The whole sentiment and thought of this unfortunate play, whose *genre*, alas! is only too common to-day, may be read in one sonnet, The Magdalen, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Why wilt thou cast the roses from this hair?
Nay, be thou all a rose—wreath, lips, and cheek.
Nay, not this house—that banquet-house we seek;
See how they kiss and enter; come thou there.
This delicate day of love we two will share
Till at our ear love's whispering night shall speak.
What, sweet one—hold'st thou still the foolish freak?
Nay, when I kiss thy feet they'll leave the stair.

O, loose me! Seest thou not my bridegroom's face
That draws me to him? For his feet my kiss,
My hair, my tears he craves to-day—and O!
What words can tell what other day and place
Shall see me clasp those blood-stained feet of his?
He needs me, calls me, loves me; let me go!

Rostand has turned his back upon our complex civilization, and in its place he offers us the cloying lees of mediæval chivalry and Renaissance Neoplatonism. Though his plays may stir the imagination for a time and rouse interest, they are hardly a profitable or always even a wholesome diversion.



Art. IX.—THE WANDERING JEW

I saw him first as he forged his way through the turbaned throngs flooding a street in Tangier, Morocco. A striking figure of strenuous manhood, he towered like a Saul above fez and turban. Moslems swarmed about him. He was not one of them. His shovel-hat and garb of extreme clerical cut indicated an English clergyman. He had the masterful swing familiar to travelers who encounter Englishmen in the Orient. A dreadnaught steaming through a fleet of Chinese junks would appeal to the imagination as did that Briton among the crowds of Tangier. He passed me as a stately ship passes one at sea. I saw him a few moments and he was gone. Tangier is like everything Moslem. It is unprogressive, decadent, down-at-the-heel. Near splendid civilizations, it is musty, disreputable—a very junk heap at the back door of Europe. Morocco has no roads, railroads, automobiles, telegraph, or telephone lines, save what have been thrust upon an unwilling people by outsiders. It is but a step from Europe to Morocco, yet that step is like taking a header into barbarism.

North Africa has been the theater of mighty races: Phœnician, Carthagenian, Roman, Goth, have played their various parts on this stage. Its past has been splendid. But all the splendor has vanished. Not splendor, but squalor, characterizes Moslem lands. Islam blights, destroys. Tangier, Turkey, Timbuctoo, are the same. Under the ægis of a Christian flag there may be some signs of life, but it is in spite of the dead hand of Islam. The corpse may be magnetized, but remove outside influence and death resumes its sway. Filthy streets, foul courts, mangy dogs, chattering throngs of men, specterlike degraded women, make up the picture of a Moslem town whether in Europe, Asia, or Africa. One cannot deny the past of Islam. Brilliant men and heroic deeds are associated with its story in the days before the deadly virus had done its work. We speak of the Islam of our times. Who will accuse the writer of unfairness in painting the picture of Tangier as it is to-day after twelve centuries of Moslem dom-

ination? No wonder one's imagination was fired by the imposing presence and the masterful stride of the Briton in Tangier. He seemed a visitor from another world, a type of another race.

The next day found me sitting with the clerically garbed stranger on the deck of a little steamer bound for Gibraltar. Above the horizon loomed the mighty rock where couched the Lion of the North keeping watch upon the narrow strip of water that separated Europe from Africa and formed the highway of the nations from the Occident to the Orient. But the contrast between Gibraltar and Tangier was not more striking than that between the Briton at my side and the Moslems from whom we had just parted. An atmosphere not usual among Britons made it easy to approach the clergyman, and endeavoring to cultivate his acquaintance, I remarked how he had impressed me the day before in the streets of Tangier. "I have the pleasure," I said, "of addressing an English churchman?" He replied: "I am a Jew, the rabbi of a synagogue in London. Though a Jew, I am an Englishman, a Liberal, a supporter of Lloyd George, a fellow worker with every Christian or Jew, lay or cleric, who strives to lift from the galled shoulders of the poor of England burdens that crush body and soul. I am one that believes in applying the ethical ideals of Jesus of Nazareth to society and governments." Was I startled at finding a Jew, dressed as an English churchman, defending the ideals of the Christ of the Christians, glorying in the creed expressed in the Golden Rule and Beatitudes of the Nazarene, and bearing himself in every way as a most Christian Englishman? I, being an American, was not unfamiliar with the type. I had known a vast audience burst out with "Onward, Christian soldiers" when a Jew named Straus came on the platform. But to find the Wandering Jew in such an environment fired my imagination. Together we sailed from Morocco, together we toured Andalusia, Spain, a land of romance and tragedy, a land where Moor and Spaniard had struggled for a thousand years, where Jews had found martyrdom scarce paralleled in history. I saw my Jewish friend last in Seville. The spell he cast over me lingers like a benediction. Consider the setting and background of my picture. All about us were memo-

rials of Moor and Spaniard, Moslem and Jesuit. I have in an album a snapshot picture of an American standing by a statue portrait of Rameses II of Egypt. Here was a greater contrast. More ancient than Rameses was the race of the Wandering Jew. His fathers helped build the pyramids of Egypt. Egyptian, Chaldean, Roman, Moslem, Jesuit, had tried to destroy his people. Mizraim, Babylon, Rome, had gone to dust. Moslem and Jesuit with fast-waning powers were heading for the junk heap of dead systems. What a contrast this child of the dawn of history as he stood amid the decadent agents of dying creeds. Mosque and cathedral, Alcazar and Alhambra, were splendid reminders of a glorious past, but Spaniard and Moor only excited pity and contempt. Hannibal and Augustine may have been born near Morocco, Trajan and Hadrian may have been rocked in the cradle of ancient Seville, but the stuff out of which great men are made seems to have vanished from these blighted lands. What vital spark has preserved the Jew amid the wreckage of realms and religions? Moslem and Jesuit, however richly endowed and environed, drag to living death the most virile and gifted of races; Arab and Latin have succumbed to some strange poison; the Jew thrives alike in adversity and prosperity. What is the secret? It cannot be of blood or brain.

The clue to the maze will be found in the moral ideals of the Jew. No virus is so fatal as a false system of moral ideals. The Jew has a Book. Its ethical code, its moral ideals, are unequaled in all literature. The ideals of his Book have affected him in all his wanderings. It has leavened him as it leavens all who come under its spell. That Book presents ideals of God and his offspring, man, the contemplation of which ennobles the race. Woman is exalted by the Book. Marriage is made honorable. Woman is not, on the one hand, degraded to be the bond slave or the creature of man's passions, nor, on the other hand, is she exalted to be a goddess while her brothers and sisters dedicated to religion are branded with the bar-sinister if they enter the holy estate of matrimony. The persecutors of the Jew for the past thousand years, whether ranged under crescent or cross, have exalted the liar, the betrayer, the murderer, as specially pleasing to

God if their acts are perpetrated in the name of their religion. Need we be surprised that men actuated by such ideal have a Torquemada or a Turk?

That the Jew is not immune to false moral ideals history abundantly proves. We need but appeal to the story of Pharisaism and of the fetish of the Torah and Targum would we see what the Jew may become when turned aside from the lofty ideals of his one great Book. The Wandering Jew whom I met in Tangier represents a class of Jews that have broken away from the iron grasp of tradition; who refuse to pay tithes of mint, anise, and cummin to the letter while neglecting the weightier matters of the law—judgment, mercy, and faith. As I saw the Wandering Jew in that London rabbi moving amid the dead civilizations of Islam and Loyola he seemed a reincarnation of Joseph, Moses, Daniel, Paul; at home in our age as were those heroes of Thebes, Babylon, and Rome. He was no Jew in the graveclothes of a deadly orthodoxy. Some hand had rolled away the stone from the grave for him, some voice divine had cried, "Loose him and let him go." Not a slave of the letter of his ancient law, but a freeman of its spirit, he moved among his fellows fairly radiating life.

The true Wandering Jew is a man after the type of Isaiah, Jesus, Paul. He may never become a churchman; Jesus was not a churchman. Are there not indications that the ideal Wandering Jew, Jesus of Nazareth, who "went about doing good," will some day soon win his brethren to join him in his crusade to save the race? There are many unbaptized Jews nearer Jesus in ideals of living than multitudes of so-called Christians not all of whom are in Russia or Roumania. He whom I met in Tangier is one of the men of vision who are forging to the front in these days, not to dispossess the Turk in Palestine, but to hasten the reign of righteousness on the earth.

J. Sumner Stone.

Art. X.—SOURCES OF AMERICAN METHODIST HISTORY

The method of modern historians differs greatly from that of their predecessors of even two generations ago. The old method was unfair. The original documents were consulted, it is true, but prejudice ruled the author and made him write in the interest of his party or preconceived notion. If a document did not help the writer establish his opinion, he too often ignored, garbled, or suppressed it. The historian now occupies a much higher ethical plane. The truth of history is the great desideratum everywhere. Men seek the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. A modern historian prefers to be proved mistaken in his preconceived ideas rather than not find the truth. All history is now being conscientiously rewritten. In order that this may be done, the sources are carefully examined and published and we now have source books containing the great documents of history, church history, and philosophy. More of this kind of work is being prepared for the use of students and scholars. The work is undertaken for scholarship's sake and for truth's sake.

This year is the one hundred and seventy-fifth since the beginning of the Wesleyan movement, when the soul of John Wesley came fully into the light of God. The years have witnessed an honorable history, but it is a human history. Governing minds, dissatisfied followers, dissensions and separations, church politics and policies, have had their share in making our history. On the other hand, Methodism has been the leader in many great movements for the uplift of the race. The other churches have felt the inspiration emanating from Methodist belief and practice.

Some notable collections of the documents of Methodism have been made and are accessible. Little has been done in the way of selecting and publishing the more important ones. They are not as accessible to scholars as they should be. Hence most of the work done by our Methodist historians is not as comprehensive as it should be, and *the great* history of Methodism remains to be written. The late Bishop Stevens of the Protestant

Episcopal Church did a great service for his church in publishing many documents of value. The publication of original sources is not commercially profitable. It remains for some broad-minded layman to invest in the scholarship of the future by creating an endowment sufficient for so great a work. It would require the investment of at least $250,000. The principal expense involved is in editing, publishing, and distribution. This would mean the employment of a competent editor and staff sufficient for the undertaking. All documents of importance should be selected and published in full, and a set placed in the library of every Methodist college and theological school of Methodism; also in every historical collection in the United States; and other sets should be placed on sale for the benefit of historical scholars desiring to own them. Such an undertaking should not be done in haste, but with all care, so that it need never be undertaken again. Ten years is not too long a time to spend on so great a task. An editor who would undertake this work would place the church and historical students under everlasting obligations to him. Where shall we find such documents? What source material is available, either manuscripts or printed matter?

I. The Manuscript Collections. The Methodist historical societies of New England, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore own many valuable documents. At Philadelphia, for instance, may be found Pilmore's Journal, of which only a small part has been published. Probably some of the Conference historical societies contain documents of value hitherto unpublished. The private collections of Bishops Hendrix and Denny of the Church, South, of Mr. R. T. Miller, and Rev. Dr. J. F. Goucher, and other small collections, will furnish material. In addition to these, are the large collections of Drew Theological Seminary library, which contains the papers of Bishop Embury, about seventy letters of Bishop Asbury, the Wakeley papers, the Dawson papers, the Livingston-Garrettson papers, and many single items. A large and valuable collection is also owned by the Garrett Biblical Institute, including the Journals of William Colbert, Rankin, Ezekiel Cooper, The Dawes collection of manuscripts, and many other items. Here are found also the very rare printed minutes of two sessions of the Church Council. Only one other set is known. The libraries of

Syracuse and Wesleyan Universities, too, may add their quota. Some of the State historical societies and other libraries contain materials of value. In all the places mentioned the documents consist of journals, diaries, letters, and memorials.

II. The Printed Documents. These have been published in book or pamphlet form, or are imbedded in the church publications, which are less and less available. It is doubtful if more than a dozen sets of The Christian Advocate of New York exist. Some of the other Methodist papers are not to be found in complete files. In some cases a complete file of a given periodical may not exist. In the fire which destroyed the New York State Library at Albany, the volumes of the predecessor of the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate owned there were burned. We do not know of the existence of another set. There are large collections of Methodist periodicals at Drew, Garrett, and Syracuse University, and a large beginning in the Library of Congress. The most important material gleaned from these should be republished.

All early references to Methodism in the secular press previous to the publication of The Advocate and Journal of New York should be gathered and published in order to complete the work. The great files of the Library of Congress and of the Wisconsin State Historical Society are available for consultation. The printed material consists of early records, documents, biography, historical sermons, and treatises, such as, for instance, the very important work of Nathan Bangs on the Church; or Bishop Heddings's little treatise on the Administration of the Discipline; or Bishop Morris's practical work on Church Polity, books practically unknown to many students and writers of this generation, but they were books which exerted a great influence in their time.

The fund to which reference has been made should be administered by the Book Concern, and after its income has served the purpose of preparation, publication, and initial distribution, it should continue to serve as a distributing agency, not only for the sets, but also as a means for disseminating Methodist literature wherever it may do good.

S. G. Ayres

Art. XI.—CRAILO AND YANKEE DOODLE

For several years Fort Crailo (or Cralo) has been an alluring subject. Its history, its significance, the poetry and the pathos of the colonial relic have made an appeal not to be forgotten or neglected. This little study is brought as an offering to the soul of the Old Mansion on the bank of the Hudson below Fort Orange. Before the Revolution Fort Crailo, since then the "Yankee Doodle House," the ancient building has a history which unites, spiritually, Holland and America, and those who revere the past and hope for a future equal to what has been will always find in the historical significance of the old house something which is a soul.

I. It happened "once upon a time," and that a long while ago as we measure time in America, so long ago that it was before any white man had called America his home, that Natoka, a Mohican chief, stood alone one evening, at sunset time, beside a great river; and as he stood proudly there, in the shadow of a great pine, watching his canoe as it came toward the bank, the wise man of his tribe came silently up beside him and said, solemnly, sonorously: "Ah, Natoka, thy race, our race, is all but run. A few more moons and strangers come, the pale men of my dreams. More moons and more, and they shall dwell and rule in this land, and where thou standest now shall their proud wigwam be, and here shall their songs be sung, while thou and I and all our race shall pass forever away into the kingdom of Pamona. Then shall the Mohican vanish, and be no more, for his heart shall be broken. Then shall the strange men of my dreams rule, for they shall be strong. Alas for Natoka! Alas for the Mohicans! Alas for the children of the Great Spirit!"

And truth was in the prophecy of the Indian wise man. For one day, not many years later, in the wonderful year of our Lord 1609, Natoka, watching the river once more toward night, saw a vessel, known in history as the Half Moon, sailing doughtily up the river, past the heights, the banks, the tributary creeks, up past the curves, and into a safe mooring place where the Kinderhook landing is now. He saw the huge rounding hull, the dumpy

poop, the carved figurehead, the puffing sail, the eddying wake behind the foreign craft. Upon the deck he saw a man unlike the men he knew, and he was commanding other men, also unlike all others whom he knew; and Natoka's heart was broken, for England and Holland had come up the river and were in his land. He did not know the names, but in his stoical, apprehensive Indian heart he felt the event and foresaw the future. The day of Crailo was coming, and the day of something else as well, something which should follow Crailo.[1]

II. And the place of Crailo, when it came, was near the pines where Natoka had once watched the river; for upon a day when Albany was Fort Orange, when Boston was an infant settlement on Trimountain (Tremont), when New York was little more than a trading station, the patroons of Holland became the lords of the Hudson valley, and one of these patroons, Hendrick, of the Van Rensselaer line, whose feudal domains in the New World were very great, determined to build him a mansion which should be a fit manor seat for the leading aristocracy of New Holland. And no place was so good for that as the site by the river, in the lee of hills stretching to the east, with the view far up and down the stream. In the Het van Bush (Piney Woods) were shade and comfort and protection, while the mansion, in its turn, should protect the Dutch ships on the river, for the dwelling should be fort as well as manor house; and no name was as good as Crailo, or Cralo, the title of the Van Rensselaer country seat in Holland. Thus the wigwam of the palefaces was built where once the red man had watched the river and the hills, and that house, which is to-day the oldest in the United States, and in many ways one of the most interesting, was built and fortified while the Mohicans, from the hills to the north and the east, looked on in wrath and sorrow, and sometimes came down in bands to attack the settlers and the workmen. But the house grew, and was finished not later than 1642. The heavy old bricks of bright terra cotta, which

[1] Lest Natoka should be taken too seriously, let it be understood that, with regard to mere fact, Natoka is, as far as the author knows, a fiction. The thing which he means is, however, real, and essentially a part of this little study. Otherwise, only truth as found in various records, principally those of the New York State Library, has been told.

were all brought over from Holland as ship ballast, have the date 1630 on them. Two of the stones in the cellar are inscribed:

K. V. R. 1642.
Anno Domini.

These stones are supposed to have been named either for the brother of Hendrick van Rensselaer, Kiliaen, who, as grandson of the first Kilaen van Rensselaer, was third patroon and first lord of the manor of Rensselaerwyck, or for Hendrick's wife, Katina Van Brugh, who, as the granddaughter of the famous Anneke Jans (Annetze Webber), was a great-great-granddaughter of William of Orange. Thus the date of the house goes back to some time between 1630 and 1642. And its first mistress was the charming and beautiful Katina Van Brugh Rensselaer, daughter of Catina Rodenburg and granddaughter of a line of kings.

While Hendrick ruled on the eastern bank of the river, in Claverack and lower Rensselaerwyck, in what is now Greenbush, a part of modern Rensselaer, his older brother, Kiliaen, dwelt in his manor house on the western side of the Hudson. As he gave Hendrick some of the land in Het van Bush to add to his Claverack estate, it is not unlikely that his name was put on the inscribed stones. Anyway, whether the initials are those of brother or of bride, they belong to the "true blue" Dutch rulers of colonial America. To the feudal period belonged also the costly "tile room," with rare pictures illustrating fifty scriptural scenes, and another far different but quite useful apartment, the "linen room," in which was collected the soiled linen of a year to be sent on a schooner or a sloop to Holland and to be brought back freshly laundered, with new clothes, provisions, and furniture, the next year. The broad main hall, with imposing staircase and landings, with wainscoted walls, the richly paneled drawing-room, the sleeping-rooms above, were all designed and furnished for people of wealth and taste. They savored of whatever luxury was to be had at that time.

The whole building, with its massive three stories and spacious garret, its diamond-shaped windows on the ground floor (long since replaced), its dormer windows above (one of which was destined to a place in history), small, antique, characteristically

Old World, its cornices of brick in arch and keystone style, its pyramidal Dutch roof with the apex cut off, its paneled half doors (one of which is, so to speak, still alive), with their curious massive handmade hinges and knockers of brass, all brought from Holland, its grated cellar windows, and, most of all, its port-holes, inserted in sandstone blocks a foot square cemented at intervals into the thick walls, was a house to make glad the heart of its first owner, the worthy Hendrick, and of all his successors; a house fit to be the abode of the noble, a place for the wise and the brave to visit, and a place for men of a later time to revere. For history was waiting to put its seal on Crailo. Life was not all a gay song and luxury was not the tone of things, after all, for even patroons and their families in New Holland. For the house was not only Crailo, the seat of the Van Rensselaers; it was their fortress as well, so that it came to be called Fort Crailo. And from its seven portholes Dutch guns looked out upon the river and emptied their fire and smoke upon Indian canoes, upon painted and feathered warriors, and upon French allies of the natives coming down from Montreal, and when a siege was on, the family, except those who were fighting, dwelt in the cellar, where recesses and alcoves show now the way in which it was arranged for living purposes in perilous times. Occasionally, when Indians surprised the fort and got within the great main hall at a time when the family were not in the cellar, a spring was touched which operated a large trap door in the floor of the hall, and down went the unwary invaders into literal darkness and despair and confusion. When, after several days, they had fasted enough to be faint and weak, their Dutch captors, masters and servants and friends, went down the narrow cellar stairs, killed the entrapped red men, and dragged their bodies out through some of the heavy basement doors, probably to the river.

There are many legends of the time. One is that an Albany girl, Gertrude Van Twiller, who was visiting at the manor house, went out at the approach of evening to sit on the river bank and watch the last of the sunset. She was only a few feet from the house. Suddenly there were shrieks and hurried steps. Men came and went, and at night Gertrude Van Twiller's brother, Hendrick Van Rensselaer, and others went with torches through the woods

and over the hills and along the banks, but the vanished maiden was never seen again by any white man. Only every night at sunset for a hundred years her wild screams were heard along the river banks and in the halls of Crailo. Was this the revenge of Natoka's shade?

Of old Hendrick himself it is said that he was a most worthy and pious type of Dutch gentleman, interested in his friends and neighbors and in affairs of state and church. Bewigged, buckled, and laced, he used solemnly to carry around the "Kock Sacki" (collection bag) in the old "Double Dutch" or First Reformed Church of Albany, which he rebuilt in 1698. Both Hendrick and Katina, who died early in the eighteenth century, were buried near the house which they had builded and which they had begun to make memorable.

Life went on in Crailo for several generations, filled with strenuousness, with struggle, with adventure, with hope; and there was something growing, too, in the lives of its owners and of all others in the New World through long generations, something new to them, not understood, but real, something vital, which by the time the Revolution came had changed the feudal lords and landowners into colonial patriots; which transformed aristocrats of a most patrician sort into democrats of a most progressive kind. For the spirit of American brotherhood was growing in the minds and lives of men.

III. The Revolution was on its way, though none knew it, and Crailo was to be more than a house or a fort; it was to be the place which should give birth to a song which, though written in ridicule and disgust, and sung in jest and named in spite, was destined to nerve men to action, to develop the national sense, and to be turned into a chant of victory; and Fort Crailo is known now as the Yankee Doodle House. Here, in 1758, came Lord Abercrombie, British major-general, with more than ten thousand troops, trained men of battle, with all the assurance, vigor, and form of men in the great English army. The soldiers were encamped in the fields about the manor house and in the settlement then called Phillipstown, where mounds used for their cooking could be seen until quite recently, while the officers were enter-

tained at Fort Crailo. And then, as allies to these perfect English troops, up came from Connecticut four colonial regiments with sixteen from other parts of New England. Lank, scrawny, crude-looking men they were, ununiformed, poorly armed, without training or address, without dash or form; men altogether impossible from the military point of view of the Old World. These raw troops to help the disciplined English regulars! Perhaps by serving their idea of the humorous. While Abercrombie fumed and the soldiers laughed and sneered, Dr. R. Shackberg (or Shuckburg), a sarcastic and yet, it is also said, kindly army surgeon did the one thing which keeps his name alive. He wrote "Yankee Doodle." According to some authorities, he was leaning against the curb of the old well at the cantonment east of the house when he saw the "hulking" Connecticut troops, under Colonel Theodore Fitch, go clumsily by. Others say that from his bed by the window, in sight of the well and the road, he saw them coming. Anyway, he parodied the old song written about a court lady of the time of King Charles I:

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it.
Nothing in it, nothing in it,
But the binding round it.

To the words of the parody he quickly adapted a tune composed in derision of Cromwell, and the thing was done. In a trice, almost, the men of both armies were singing:

Yankee Doodle came to town
A ridin' on a pony.
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni.

The provincials, those from despised Connecticut and all, took it as even a greater joke than the British did. They called it "'nation fine," and sang it with gusto, so that there was heard on all sides the rollicking refrain:

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy!
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy;

or else a later version:

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy!
Yankee Doodle keep it up,
As sweet as sugary candy.

The fame of the song went across the water and "Yankee Doodle" was a joke in Europe and America. A jolly satire it was, indeed, then and later. The crude provincial ways, the inelegant speech, amounting to a dialect, the general homeliness and simplicity of the men ridiculed, all this was put in a way to amuse not only the complacent English critics, but the men themselves and all their families and friends, and their descendants to this day. There could hardly be a stronger argument to show the native sense of humor of colonial and revolutionary America. It takes genius of a high order to laugh good-naturedly at oneself. Then, too, probably without knowing it, Dr. Shuckburg made his little song rich with American feeling. It singled out and put by themselves, with a kind of fraternal feeling, the colonial soldiers. Every time a man sang it the homely ditty made him more of an American. It was instinct, unwittingly, with "Liberté, égalité, fraternité" (liberty, equality, fraternity), the motto which the French took for their device when fighting for a freedom suggested by our own Revolution, and because of that the song kept growing through the years just as the "Marseillaise" did later.

Less than twenty years afterward, in 1777, when Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga, his trained English regulars, many of them the same who had marched with the colonials against the French, passed solemnly between lines of triumphant Revolutionists to the tune of "Yankee Doodle"! "'Nation fine" it was; for of it, in a way, was a nation born. And courtesy as well as victory there was in singing, as a hymn of triumph, the song composed by the English surgeon in old Fort Crailo and sung first by English troops. There is poetic justice and there is historic justice; with both the Crailo had more or less to do. And "Yankee Doodle" was the song which took the place of the red man's cry along the Hudson.

During the Revolution, and after it, George Washington was often a guest at the old house, where, on the authority of one version of the song, he put the immortal feather

in his cap,
And called it macaroni.

There on March 4, 1781, he was godfather of Catharine Van Rensselaer, the daughter of Philip Schuyler, and of Catharine Van Rensselaer, granddaughter of Katina, the first mistress of the mansion. Elizabeth, another daughter, married Alexander Hamilton, who, with other courtly men of the period, was often at the house.

The years passed on until, when the nation celebrated its centennial, in 1876, this tablet was placed on the building by the Daughters of the American Revolution:

Supposed to be oldest building in the United States & to have been erected in the yr. 1642 as a Manor House and Place of Defense known as Fort Crailo. Gen'l Abercrombie's Headquarters while marching to attack Ticonderoga in 1758 where it is said that at the cantonment East of this house & near the old well the army surgeon R. Shuckburg composed the popular song of "Yankee Doodle."

IV. The mansion, rich in history and romance, grew old and deserted, a lonely, pathetic, yet commanding figure among smart modern houses. And eager life, with wonderful inventions, went on up and down the valley and on the busy river until a gorgeous fall time in 1909, when another day of glory dawned for it. On that day a flag unknown when first the house was built, a flag with which the house had intimate history, was flying in the fresh breeze—the stars and stripes. The sun shone on the broad river, and upstream came again the doughty Half Moon with her gallant crew and the brave little Clermont; and after them gunboats and men-of-war from all the world passed by the open port holes of old Fort Crailo, whose guns, silent now forever, had never seen such battleships. Peacefully they anchored off Fort Orange, and at Crailo open house was held as in days of old. The "Yankee Doodle House" on Riverside, Rensselaer, was one of the historic features of the great Hudson-Fulton celebration

V. There is no celebration now. The old house where once

the drum beat "to call the men together" stands alone again. The great steamers pass by night and by day. Automobiles and carriages dash by. A few tourists come to look at the ancient building; they peer through the dusty windows at bare cobwebbed rooms and rattle the creaking old doors, while they wish that they could go inside the house. They find the filled-up well in the yard, they prowl about the heaps of rubbish by the decaying cellar-walls where plantains, burdocks, and dandelions grow; they look up at the reputed Shuckburg window, and go away dispirited by the loneliness and by the pathetic grandeur of the mansion. With a feeling of veneration for all that it has seen, for all that it has been, they lift their hats in reverence and leave the manor house, the fort, the Revolutionary rendezvous, alone once more by the river, magnificent in its solitariness. What of the soul of the house which stands where once Natoka and his wise man stood, which has seen the Indian vanish, which has seen the feudal Dutch lord housed within it become a Revolutionary patriot, which has sheltered George Washington and others of the greatest in New World history, which has been the birthplace of the first national song? Where the foothills of Helderbergs and Catskills and Adirondacks meet, where Green Mountains and Berkshires almost begin, where, between all, the Hudson flows, stands the great house, alone, old. But who shall say that its soul is not a living thing?

Grace Louise Robinson

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

We earnestly advise all persons who offer articles to this Review to retain copies of their manuscripts, in order to guard against loss by accident.

CHESTERTON ON WATTS

Chesterton on Watts is a brilliant double star of considerable splendor and fascination in the night sky of the soul. Watts was a spiritual force in the world of art in the nineteenth century, with which his career synchronized: "Born in the white and austere dawn of that great reforming century and lingering after its gray and doubtful close." He was one of the lights of the early Victorian period, the key to which we are said to have lost; the great men and great achievements of which are said to look mildewed and unmeaning to the gayer and giddier spirit of to-day, a spirit which simply smiles at the tremendous earnestness, the faith and valor, of earlier periods; for example, the period when "the great roar of Roundhead psalms cried out that the God of Battles was loose in English meadows." In the seriousness and reverence of the early Victorian period George F. Watts was deeply steeped, and among the noble men whom that earnest spirit bred, Chesterton thinks there was none nobler than Watts.

One of the first things noted is the contrast between the modesty of Watts as to himself and his boldness as to his message; almost absurd was the humility of "the quaint and courtly old man living his last years at Limnerslease, simple in speech and gesture, his manner polite to the point of being deprecating, his black skullcap above his white hair and beard giving him the look of a Venetian Senator, his soul to all appearance being of an almost confounding clarity and innocence." He disparaged his own talent, but was mightily sure of the greatness of his aim, and so he faced the world with "a splendid and inspired impudence." He was nothing less than an embodiment of the passion for preaching and an instance of its wonderful power, the power of tremendous belief in his message and mission, of claiming to be heard; the audacious faculty of

mounting a pulpit, seen not only in preachers, but sometimes in artists and presidents and statesmen and merchants and laboring men, who feel themselves charged and burdened with an inspired moral message of which they must free their souls. Watts's humble and child-like manner was not a sign of any sort of doubt or fear or modesty about the cause he loved, the aims he pursued, or the message he was surcharged with. "He has the one powerful certainty which marks off all the great Victorians from the lesser breed who have come after them. He may not be certain that he is great or good or capable, but he is certain that he is right and his mission momentous. This is the element of confidence and power which has in our day become least common and least possible. In our twentieth century men feel sure that they are brilliant and clever, but are not positive that they are right; they are not sure what is right and are not sure that they have any message. They swagger in fantastic costumes; they praise themselves and boast of their achievements; they fling epigrams right and left; they have the courage to play the egotist and the courage to play the fool; but they have not the courage to preach. The grand old Victorian preaching passion is alien to our day in art and literature and elsewhere." The spirit of to-day has a horror of preaching. It cries, "Above all, no didacticism, no doctrinizing, no moralizing, no solemnity, no enthusiasm except very temperate or over trifles." Chesterton says: "The new school of thought and art does indeed wear an air of audacity; it breaks out everywhere into blasphemies, as if it required any courage to say a blasphemy. There is only one thing that it requires real courage to say, and that is a truism," to keep reiterating one of the great eternal platitudes. Probably those words were not aimed at Bernard Shaw, but they fit his impudence and blasphemies. When Shaw saw a photograph of Chesterton in the Royal Photographic Society's exhibition he waxed satirical and tried to be funny in the following description: "Our Quinbus Flestrian, the young man-mountain, a large, abounding, gigantically cherubic person, who is not only large in body and mind beyond all decency, but seems to be growing larger as you look at him—'swellin' wisibly,' as Tony Weller puts it. Mr. Coburn has represented him as swelling off the plate in the very act of being photographed." As for Bernard Shaw, there is nothing "cherubic" in him, something impish rather, and, whatever the size of his body, it is dwarfed out of sight by his towering egotism, his mountainous self-conceit, which "seems to be growing larger as you look at him—

'swellin' wisibly,' as Tony Weller puts it." One of Shaw's diseases is dropsical vanity, elephantiasis of the ego. Chesterton, whom he satirizes, is, on the contrary, one of the really sound, clean, decent, and useful figures in English letters to-day. Shaw prides himself on the prefaces to his volumes. He is quoted as saying, "The next will be the last of my great prefaces. When it is finished, my prefaces, taken together, will form a body of doctrine more complete than anything since Plato:" a proclamation fit to make the whole of Chesterton shake with Gargantuan laughter. What a pity that nobody will care for "Pshaw's" prefaces twenty years hence!

Referring to the "weary and weather-beaten dispute as to the relation of art to ethics," Chesterton says that "the salient and essential characteristic of Watts and the men of his school was that they regarded life as a whole. They had in their heads a synthetic philosophy which put everything into a certain relation with God and the whole of things. Thus, psychologically speaking, they were incapable of thinking such a thought as art for art's sake. To them, as to the ancient Jews, the Spirit of the unity of existence declared in thunder that they should not make any graven image nor have any gods but Him." Watts and the great men of his age were unable to separate art from ethics, or, for that matter, any of life's activities from ethics. They were not separatists, but universalists; they thought the ecstatic isolation of the religious sense, as by monks and nuns, had done incalculable harm to religion; and, consistently enough, they thought that the ecstatic isolation of the artistic sense would do incalculable harm to art. As to whether Watts had Celtic blood, our author says that, however that may be, "there is nothing Celtic about his mysticism. The essential Celtic spirit in art and letters is a sense of the unbearable beauty of things; whereas the essential spirit of Watts may be described as a sense of the joyful austerity of things."

Quite remarkable is Chesterton's power of interpretation. Take Watts's wonderful picture called "Hope," which you at first sight might take for Despair—a delicate figure utterly strengthless and dejected, a bowed and stricken figure with sunken head and blindfold eyes cowering over a broken lyre in the twilight. This is part of what Chesterton sees in it: "The spectator standing before that picture, a work of superlative mental delicacy, finds himself in the presence of a great truth. He perceives that there is something in human nature which is always apparently on the eve of disappearing, but never disap-

pears—an assurance which is always apparently saying farewell and yet illimitably lingers, a string which is always stretched to snapping and yet never snaps. He perceives that the queerest and most delicate and most fragile thing in us is in truth indestructible. He knows a great moral fact: that there never was an *age* of assurance, that there never was an *age* of faith. Faith is always at a disadvantage: it is a perpetually defeated thing which survives all its conquerors; it is fragile, but eternal. (The desperate modern talk about dark days and reeling altars, and the end of God and angels, is the oldest talk in the world; lamentations over the growth of agnosticism can be found in the monkish sermons of the dark ages: horror at youthful impiety can be found in Homer's Iliad.) The mysteriously potent thing we speak of is the thing that never deserts men and yet, with daring diplomacy, often threatens to desert them. It has indeed dwelt among and controlled all the kings and crowds, but only with the air of a pilgrim passing by. It has indeed warmed and lit men from the beginning of Eden, but it was as with the glow of an eternally setting sun, which, however, never sets. Watts calls his picture 'Hope,' and perhaps that is the best title. It reminds us of a fact that is too little remembered, that faith, hope, and charity, the three mystical virtues of Christianity, are also the gayest of the virtues. Paganism is not gay, but, even at its best, only heroically, nobly sad. Though Watts calls his tremendous reality 'Hope,' we may call it many other things. Call it faith, call it the will to live, call it the religion of to-morrow morning, call it the latent sense of immortality: it is the thing that explains why man survives all things and why there is no such thing as a real pessimist. It cannot be found in any dictionary: there is only one way in which it can even be noticed and recognized. If there be anywhere a man who has really lost it, his face out of a whole crowd of men will strike us like a blow because the mysterious surviving something which Watts names 'Hope,' and which, in his picture, keeps touching with feeble fingers the one only remaining string in a broken lyre—that spiritual, vivid, persevering something has died out of that man, and his face is dead."

The titles of Watts's great paintings indicate the realm in which he lived, such as "The Rider on the White Horse," "For He Had Great Possessions," "The Court of Death," "The Slumber of the Ages," "The Dweller in the Innermost," "Death Crowning Innocence," "Dawn," "Eve Repentant," "Jonah," "Love and Death." Chesterton's elucidations of these are a treasure. Notable for terrific significance is the

picture named "Mammon"; almost a sermon in its suggestiveness. It typifies commercial greed. It is a throned figure clad in splendid, heavy scarlet and gold, above the luster and pomp of which rises, in abrupt contrast, a face like the face of a blind beast. This merciless, imperial thing, with half-closed eyes and fat, sightless face, sitting upon his magnificent seat, lets his heavy hands and feet fall, as if by mere pulverizing accident, on the naked and godlike figures of the young, on men and women. In the background there rises straight into the air a raw and turgid smoke, as if from some invisible sacrifice. By one final, fantastic, and triumphal touch this all-destroying god and king is adorned with the ears of an ass, declaring that he is imperial, irresistible, and, when all is said, imbecile. Now, says Chesterton, let a man who has seen the pomp of the prosperous and the brutality of the greedy, come before that powerful picture named "Mammon." Will he not say: "This is something which, in spirit and essence, I have seen before. That bloated, unconscious face, so heavy, so wicked, I have seen it at street corners, in billiard rooms, in saloon bars, laying down the law about stocks and bonds, and gaping at jokes about women. Those huge and smashing limbs, so weighty, so silly, and yet so powerful, I have seen them in the proud health and heartlessness of the prosperous. The hard, straight pillars of that throne I have seen in the hard, straight, hideous high tiers of modern warehouses and factories. That tawny, sulky smoke I have seen going up to heaven from all the cities of the modern world. This is the world of commerce. This is the home of the god 'Mammon.' This is why men hate him, and fear him, and helplessly endure him. Whatever other spirits there are in the commercial world, there is beyond question, says Chesterton, this stony and powerful spirit which Watts has pictured. And one of the ruling elements in modern life is this blind and asinine appetite for mere wealth and mere power. It drives men incessantly on to destroy what they cannot understand and to seize more than they can possibly enjoy. It is a dark, driving, diabolical force, pictured in this awful being named "Mammon." It is the spirit hidden behind white waistcoats and hats on the backs of heads, behind financial papers and sporting bulletins, behind butter closing quiet, and Pendragon being picked for a winner. All this and more Chesterton sees in Watts's powerful picture.

Equally interesting are the author's comments on some of Watts's twelve portraits reproduced in this book, including Cardinal

Manning, John Stuart Mill, George Meredith, Leslie Stephen, Lord Lytton, William Morris, Dante Gabriel Rosetti. This is the comment on two of the portraits: "The head of Browning is the head of a strong, splendid, joyful, and anxious *man* who could write most magnificent poetry. The head of Tennyson is the head of a *poet.*" Of another the author says: "The portrait of Matthew Arnold is the one instance of Watts's tentatively approaching a man whom he in all probability did not understand. But the painter of Arnold ought not to be expected to understand him, since Arnold did not understand himself. And the bewilderment which the artist felt while painting only reproduced in his picture the bewilderment which Arnold felt from the cradle to the grave, and which looks out from the sad sea-blue eyes." Arnold was a man halting between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born. No face among them all is more attractive than that of Watts himself, gentle, kindly, intellectual, full white beard and white hair crowned with the black skullcap, suggesting a Venetian Senator. A fine thing it is when a lifetime of conscientious and assiduous labor brings a man to the time of gray hairs with that touch of saintliness, of refined and ascetic spirituality, in his face which one finds in this picture of Watts and finds also in the photograph of another portrait painter, Daniel Huntington, which hangs in the dining-room corridor of that home of noble ideals and source of radiant beneficent influences, the Mohonk Mountain House of Albert K. and Daniel Smiley.

One of the things emphasized concerning Watts is that an æsthetic or ethical notion was not to him, as to most men who have the artistic temperament, a mere matter of taste or preference, a thing to talk about sumptuously and to observe when it happens to suit. Rather is it a thing of conscience, an inflexible imperative rule. The great Victorians were ingrainedly ethical; the mere idea of considering anything more important than ethics would have struck them as profane. In this they were certainly right. A different spirit is on exhibition in art and literature to-day, a spirit which resents ethics as an intrusion, a spirit which forbids didacticism and moralizing, a spirit which says, "Do almost anything you please, but don't preach." Anything like the grand old Victorian preaching grows difficult to us, and alien to literature and art and education and even higher regions. A too indulgent temper, a kind of gay, worldly charity, leads us to avoid the preaching note, the prophet attitude, and leads us rather to whisper a timid word and

glide away. This shows a loss of moral robustness and of courage and of the old athletic simplicity. A volume of essays entitled Down the Road was criticized by a reviewer in a leading New York daily who querulously declared that its only theme was morality, which irritated the critic. The author of the essays regarded that complaint as a testimony to his fidelity to the things which matter most and are supreme. The thirty essays in Down the Road were on an extensive variety of subjects in Nature, Life, Literature, and Religion, but in them all the ethical standard stood erect and distinct, the voice of the moral imperative was everywhere heard. The captious critic felt this and did not like it, which simply defines and classifies the critic. One is reminded of the old rustic reprobate who called the Bible an "onfriendly oncomfortable book" because it was so severe on sin and so often trod on his toes. To exclude the moral element from any part of human life or thought is like excluding oxygen from the air, and the ultimate result in both cases is the same: suddenly or slowly life ceases. The mightiest Victorians in literature were on fire with the preaching passion: Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, and we will not omit Thackeray, were morally majestic. They compelled the age to listen to great preaching from their lips. Even Louis Stevenson wrote, "Enter God! You know until a man can write that, 'Enter God,' he has attained no art, none!"

That solemn seriousness ennobles Kipling's best; it was his "Recessional" crowned the Queen's Jubilee with its supreme dignity. Not of the jesting or the ribald, the cynical or the carnal, is he, but the one mighty man of letters surviving into this twentieth century who is capable of the high Victorian note: one of the great preachers. The New York Sun, noticing a recent "find" of Thackeray's letters, rejoices in them as an unexpected waft of wholesome and refreshing air from a nineteenth-century yesterday; and speaks disparagingly of "this Fifth Georgian age" when spruce, cynical, smart little critics, with downy chins, chide the "Victorians" and the "Mid-Victorians." This secular daily rejoices thus over the further found bit: "Here is the old easy charm, the quick alternation of sentimentality with wit and humor, the religiousness and the preaching—yes, preaching in that Thackerayese fashion beloved by so many of us and scorned by the modern Pharisees." The Nietzscheans, the Bergsonians, and the philosophical Syndicalists of to-day are fond of describing the "sanctimonious and cowardly moralism" of the Victorians. "What the ardent youth of to-day overlooks is that the Victorians were men of

mild and decent words but splendid in action. They paid tribute to the ideal of reason and law, but in behalf of that ideal, or sometimes against it, they could lay about them with the stick in a way that few heroes of Mr. Jack London or Mr. Rex Beach could surpass. Too often the generous forces of revolutionary youth are exhausted in the perusal of violent literature, and the drafting of violent manifestos. Our lusty twentieth century contemners of the past forget how much sturdy fighting has been done by readers of John Bunyan and John Stuart Mill." You will notice, if you watch, that the very people who have such a horror of preaching, the literati and dilettanti and æsthetes, who regard ethics as an intruder, the magazine editor who requires the moral note to be eliminated from a fine and desirable poem before he will accept it for publication—all these fastidious, squeamish, neurasthenic, and irritable brethren are themselves preachers; they are preaching something all the time, only very different things from those taught by the great Victorians beside whom they are pygmies and whose shoe-latchets they are not worthy to unloose. To say that they de-moralize literature is only to tell the literal truth, and is the same as saying they debase and defile it.

One interesting and suggestive point noted by Chesterton is the broad distinction between pagan and Christian art. In art, as in other realms, paganism, even at its best, deals only with a light shining *on* things; Christianity with a light shining *through* them. "That is why the whole coloring of the Renascence painters was opaque, the whole pre-Raphaelite coloring transparent: the former was pagan in spirit, the latter Christian. The very sky of Rubens is solid like blue marble. The artists of the devout age seemed to regret that they could not make the light show *through* everything as it shows through the little dark woods in Botticelli's wonderful 'Nativity.' And that is why Christianity, which has been attacked so strangely as dull and austere, invented the thing which is more intoxicating than all the wines of the world; it invented stained glass windows, which the light shines *through* and glorifies." Yes, Christianity is luminous, makes splendid what else were dull and dark. Paganism's best light lies only on the surface of things, leaving life opaque, and dark at the heart: no radiance shining through and through and drenching life with glory everlasting. Only the "Light of the World" can do that. Referring to the marvelous spirituality of Watts's paintings, Chesterton says: "A curious luster

shines in all his great pictures. It is of the dawn of things; it is the glow of the primal sense of wonder; it is the light that never was on sea or land."

Watts, like Gladstone, was accused of lacking the element of humor. It is not true that they were wholly destitute of a sense of humor, but it is true that both were little possessed by the mood of humor. To them had been revealed in peculiar fullness the one great truth which the modern mind does not know and which it may possibly perish through not knowing. *They knew that to enjoy life one ought to take it seriously.* There is an eternal kinship between solemnity and high spirits. They knew that not only life, but every detail of life, is most a pleasure when it is studied with serious and earnest intensity. The startling cheerfulness of the old age of Gladstone and the startling cheerfulness of the old age of Watts are both entirely redolent of this exuberant seriousness, this exhilarated gravity. They were as happy as the birds, because, like the birds, they were untainted by the disease of levity. The birds twitter, but do not titter; they warble but do not giggle. Also Chesterton says that the strong Englishmen of the type of Gladstone and Ruskin and other great Victorians were serious men because they were too much alive for anything but gravity.

Speaking of the pre-Raphaelites and their time, he says that "in that noble and much undervalued time men found again what had been hidden for centuries, the truth that simplicity and an ascetic laboriousness are the happiest of all things, and the great truth that purity is the only atmosphere for passion." Of one of the nineteenth century skeptics he says: "Herbert Spencer was a respectable, almost dapper figure, his theory agnostic, his tone polite and precise. He threw himself into a task more insane and gigantic than that of Dante, an inventory or plan of the universe itself; the awful vision of existence as a single organism, like an amœba on the disc of a microscope. He claimed, by implication, to put in their right places the flaming certainty of the martyrs and the wildest novelties of the modern world; to arrange within his system the eternal rock of Peter and the unbroken trance of Buddhism." Of certain modern philosophers Chesterton says, "There is a tendency among them to talk as if they had discovered things which it is perfectly impossible that any human being could ever have denied, as if they should shout that birds fly and declare that in spite of persecution they will still assert that cows have four legs. In

this way some raw pseudo-scientists talk about heredity or the physical basis of life, as if it were not a thing embedded in every creed and tradition and even in the very languages of men." And he speaks of "that unfortunate if not infamous modern habit, of talking about such things as heredity with a vague notion that science has closed the question when she has only just opened it. Long before heredity has become a science it has become a superstition. We are made to wonder what has been the real result of the great rise of science. So far the result would appear to be that whereas men in the earlier times said unscientific things with the vagueness of gossip and legend, they now say unscientific things with the plainness and certainty of science."

Chesterton thinks "Baudelaire loathsome and Nietzsche inhuman"; speaks of "the monstrous pictures of Rubens which depict a fat Religion and a bloated Temperance"; calls Dante's Divine Comedy "the artistic embodiment of Christianity"; and says of Herbert Spencer: "He affronted heaven and the angels, but there was one hard arrogant dogma that he never doubted; he never doubted that he himself was responsible, as individual and responsible as God."

Many things showing the beauty of his nature are in the Life of George Frederick Watts, whom Dr. John Telford calls The Painter of Eternal Truths. One evening his wife read to him every line of Henry Drummond's little book, The Greatest Thing in the World. He was deeply impressed and said: "That contains the whole of religion. Do not read anything else to-night." He spoke of the Christian Church as that church with many doors for entrance which is illuminated by the Great Light shining out through many windows—the light of the eternal truths of the Sermon on the Mount especially. His wife intending to present him with a seal on Christmas, asked what motto he would like engraved on its face. After a moment's silence he replied, "This motto: The Utmost for the Highest." Seeing a circle of white-capped peasant women singing their vespers at Aix-le-Bains, he said, "Oh, the pity that such reverence and faith should ever be lost." When Mrs. Cameron praised one of his pictures with ardent admiration, he said: "She calls it great, but the picture she describes is hers, not mine; it exists in her mind and eyes. The really great is beyond one's reach; to work with all one's power, and with singleness of heart, is the right thing, and whoso does this may feel satisfied, whatever the result of his labor may be. I neither expect nor desire that my work shall be called

great." But it is so counted; yet this truly great painter, after working very earnestly for twenty-five years, had not realized enough to give him, if he should be unable to work, two hundred and fifty dollars a year. He told Lord Lytton, "I haunt the footsteps of the great dead, those who ennoble humanity and enrich the world. From childhood I have longed to be of that band, but I dare not think it is for me." Yet it was. After his wonderful picture Love and Death had been put on exhibition in the Grosvenor Gallery, "he began to receive those letters that he loved, telling how for one and another life had been uplifted and transformed and its dark hours illumined through thoughts suggested by his pictures." Such letters were his richest reward. In life's late years, when death had robbed him of many cherished friends, his devotion to his work never faltered. Days were more precious because fewer; and each was welcomed with a burst of praise as an opportunity for more work. In his pictures he had clothed Death with the white robes of an angel; so he did not fear it. "I often catch a glint of that white garment behind my shoulder, and it seems to me to say, 'I am not far off,'" Watts said to his wife one morning in his last year. The conscientious and reverent spirit with which he lived appears when we are told of the pathetic inclination of his head when at work, "as if in dumb beseeching to the Author of Eternal Beauty for more power to think His thoughts after Him." Let his farewell word to us be this: "If an individual feels, though only for five minutes, the best part of his nature stirred and called into activity, he is a gainer." That is one of the benefits of, and reasons for, going to church.

THE ARENA

THE HABIT OF PRAYER

WHEN is the time for prayer?
In every hour, while life is spared to thee—
In crowds or solitude—in joy or care—
Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.
At home—at morn and eve—with loved ones there,
Bend thou the knee in prayer!

Prayer should be a prevailing habit of life. "Habituate yourself to prayer," wrote the sweet and saintly Frances E. Willard. "Let it be the pulse of your whole life—so natural to you that your spirit turns to the Star of Bethlehem as steadily as turns the needle to the polar star."

A most remarkable testimony to the value of the habit of prayer to the physical and mental systems has been given us by William James, the eminent philosopher. He tells us in Memories and Studies that Dr. Thomas Hyslop, of the great West Riding Asylum in England, said recently to the British Medical Association that the best sleep-producing agency which his practice had revealed to him was prayer. "I say this," he added, "purely as a medical man. The exercise of prayer, in those who habitually exert it, must be regarded by us doctors as the most adequate and normal of all pacifiers of the mind and calmers of the nerves." Strong Christian characters have become such by cultivating the habit of prayer. Sir Henry Lunn was an intimate friend of the noble and lamented editor W. T. Stead. One Christmas Sir Henry received a little book from Mr. Stead, in which was printed, "To the companion of my Rosary," followed by Sir Henry's name and Mr. Stead's signature. When asked what it meant, Mr. Stead answered: "I keep a list of all the people with whom I have been brought closely in contact, and each of them is down in my calendar for the day when he first crossed my path, and on that day I pray for him." Thus did he pray for his friends.

Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

A Congregational minister in Liverpool, hearing that Mr. Stead was to pass through that city on his way to the United States, called on the editor, some years ago, in his office in Mowbray House, to ask him to give an address. Mr. Stead expressed regret that his arrangements had already been completed and would not allow him the privilege. Then, said the pastor who related the incident, Mr. Stead flung himself back into the corner of the couch, "tucked his right leg under his left, and plunged into the most vigorous and exhilarating talk on the value of prayer I ever heard. 'Tell the men of Liverpool,' he said, 'there is no power like prayer. Twenty thousand praying men in Liverpool would revolutionize the world. Get your men to pray, and you'll get them to live.' "

The habit of prayer makes a profound impression on those who witness its influence over the lives of others. That wondrously successful missionary John G. Paton tells us that in his early home the little cottage had but three rooms. One of these, "the closet," was a very small apartment between the other two, having only room for a bed, a little table, and a chair, with a "diminutive window shedding diminutive light on the scene." But this was the sacred room, the sanctuary of that cottage home. This is the testimony borne in later years: "Thither daily, and often-times a day, generally after each meal, we saw our father retire, and 'shut to the door'; and we children got to understand by a sort of spiritual instinct (for the thing was too sacred to be talked about) that prayers were there poured out for us as of old by the high priest within the veil in the most holy place. We occasionally heard the pathetic echoes of a trembling voice pleading as if for life, and we learned to

slip out and in past that door on tiptoe, not to disturb the holy colloquy. The outside world might not know, but we knew whence came that happy light as of a new-born smile that always was dawning on my father's face; it was a reflection from the Divine Presence, in the consciousness of which he lived. Never, in temple or cathedral, on mountain or in glen, can I hope to feel that the Lord God is more near, more visibly walking and talking with men, than under that humble cottage roof of thatch and oaken wattles."

Through the long years of an industrious life Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster did much to comfort the hearts and strengthen the faith of others. Always her influence in life and in her writings was directed toward the things which made for gentleness and nobleness. An impressive incident in the early life of her father has been recorded by her which shows how he as a boy cultivated the habit of prayer. When a lad in Canada he sometimes used to go into the woods on Sunday afternoons for the purpose of meditation. One Sunday, deciding to return, he realized that he had lost his way. In his perplexity, the boy knelt at the foot of a tree and earnestly asked God to lead him back to the house he had left. When he arose from his knees, he heard the faint tinkle of a cowbell, and the sound guided him back to the house. Mrs. Sangster added this personal word: "If it has been my lifelong habit simply to carry every little thing to God, I have my father to thank for this and other object lessons of faith in my earliest days." The assurance that God answers prayer becomes stronger as experiences multiply. Maud Ballington Booth had occasion, a few years ago, to visit a new prison for the first time and was deeply touched by a remark made by one of the men to the chaplain. The man in question was serving a life term, and had become a sincere Christian. When he met the chaplain a day before the expected arrival of Mrs. Booth, he said: "Chaplain, when there is some special request I have made in prayer, I write it down, and when the answer comes I put O. K. against the prayer. To-day I can do that again, for I have prayed long that the Little Mother might come to us, and at last my prayer is answered." Lord Lister, the eminent surgeon, "was a man of few words, but his smile was wonderfully kind." One who knew him well, and who was therefore acquainted with his devout frame of mind, says, "It was thought that he prayed before an operation, as he remained silent for a few minutes before beginning his work."

The habit of prayer, cultivated in childhood, is sometimes forgotten in later life; yet the great testing moments which often come lead men and women to turn to God in supplication. Colonel Archibald Gracie, who was saved at the time the Titanic was wrecked, told a graphic story of his escape. He went under water as the great boat sank into her deep, watery grave. "Again and again I prayed for deliverance, although I felt sure that the end had come," said he. Then he came to the surface of the ocean and succeeded in reaching a raft. Many others were on the raft. These are the words of Colonel Gracie: "Did we pray? Through all that wild night there was not a moment that our prayers did not rise

above the waves. Men who seemed to have forgotten long ago how to address their Creator recalled the prayers of their childhood and murmured them over and over again. We said the Lord's prayer again and again together." There were many voices, and the men represented different nationalities, but they were all seeking God with one common plea on their lips. The habit of prayer results in power in the life. "Why do you really believe in God?" a clergyman recently said to a brilliant young student at Oxford University. Quickly the answer was given: "Because of the power of prayer. I do not mean that God has ever given me anything, though he often has. What I mean is the sense of peace and power that comes to me when I pray."

"Prayer brings power. Prayer is power. The time of prayer is the time of power. The place of prayer is the place of power. Prayer is tightening the connection with the divine dynamo, so that the power may flow more freely without loss or interruption." So writes S. D. Gordon.

> Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
> Whose loves in higher love endure;
> What souls possess themselves so pure,
> Or is there blessedness like theirs?

Therefore should the habit of prayer be fostered. Always, while on earth, will there be need of prayer. The word of Hugh Miller is worth remembering: "Prayer is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and God's goodness."

WILLIAM J. HART.

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LETTERS OF JESUS OR LETTERS OF JOHN?

As far back as we can trace, the church has regarded the seven letters in Rev. 2 and 3 as coming from the Saviour himself. If Professor Terry's teaching in the January REVIEW is correct, that fond belief must be abandoned and henceforth we must regard these precious passages no longer as letters of Jesus, but as letters of John. Putting the Professor's contention in syllogistic form, it stands thus: (1) It was very common for apocalyptic writers to invent speeches and attribute them to some other person. (2) Revelation ranks as an apocalyptic book and must be treated like all the other books of its class. (3) Therefore the letters ascribed to Jesus in Revelation must be regarded as inventions of John.

A moral question naturally arises out of this statement of the case. What are we to think of a writer who puts his own words into the mouth of another in order to give them weight and authority? We have our opinions about the Mexican crisis; but are we to attribute them to President Wilson in order to give them currency? We might have unfavorable impressions of Garrett; but what could justify us in trying to father them on to Professor Terry? A man who would do such things is certainly inspired, though not in the usual sense of that term. We could easily believe that he was inspired by the Father of Lies. But waiving the ques-

tion of ethics, we desire to fix attention on the logical status of the Professor's argument. The weak spot, as we see it, is in the second premise. He there assumes as fact what is at best only a probability; and, in so doing, he begs the whole question at issue between him and the conservative school of thought. He takes it for granted that John's Apocalypse has no inspiration above that of any other apocalyptic book. The church from the beginning has held otherwise. The book would not have been admitted into the canon unless it was thought to be essentially different from other apocalyptic writings. The logical presumption is in favor of the church's age-long belief; and the *onus probandi* rests on those who dissent from it. Up to the present, the probandum has not been wrought out. We do not have even so much as a generally accepted hypothesis that we can substitute for the traditional view. But this does not stumble the Professor. Ignoring the claims of logic, he calmly replaces the ancient belief with a hypothesis by no means generally accepted; and then, in still bolder defiance of logic, he uses the hypothesis as the groundwork of an argument. He surely must know that from hypothetical premises you can get nothing but hypothetical results.

Until better reasons are alleged, we must continue to believe that the Seven Letters are what they claim to be. To contradict the claim on the strength of a one-legged syllogism would be showing scant reverence either for Scripture or for common sense.

George A. Griswold.

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THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

READING COURSES FOR A PREACHER

The necessity and value of reading are universally admitted. Perhaps there has been no age which might so correctly as the present be denominated the reading age. In this respect a great change has come over the methods of teaching in the institutions of learning. Formerly the student was largely confined to the study of the textbook. Now the textbook is regarded rather as a starting point, and the student is supplied with lists of books which are intended to illustrate and to enlarge the vision presented by the textbook, so that in a certain sense the student may be called a reader. Distinguished scholars in the various departments of human inquiry are called upon to furnish lists of "the best books," and these are published and scattered broadcast. The authority of the one who recommends them thus determines largely, if not the topics on which the reading takes place, at least the literature which molds the reader's mind. Every subject now has its literature, and bibliography has taken the position of a science. One is hardly supposed to be master of a subject if he is not the master also of the great books which have been written upon it. The mind is supposed thus to be nourished and the realm of thinking greatly enlarged. There are not

only libraries covering general literature, but there are libraries of departments, and the student is supposed to choose a special department as his chief study and then to have minor subjects cognate to it to which he gives special attention.

While the old writers are not neglected, one of the chief insistences is that the books read may be up to date. A book three years old is supposed to be out of date, and many think that a book one year old is behind the times. The publishers frequently issue such books in a cheaper edition or sell the original edition at a smaller price. These later books are, of course, very important, but we do not think sufficient attention has been called to the old masters in literature, especially in religion. The writer has noticed a quotation from Frederick Harrison in which he laments the giving of too much attention to new books to the exclusion of the old standard authors.

There are certain departments in which new books are essential. In science, with its constant changes growing out of its method of investigation, a book of a few years old is out of date. But there are certain realms in which human investigation seems to have made no advancement and where the character of the work depends upon depth of thinking rather than upon external observations. There is no evidence, as we believe, that there has been any growth in the intellectual powers of man since the earliest periods of human history. As far as authentic and well-established history carries us back, we see that the intellect and the reasoning powers were as great as are those of this modern age. Socrates and Plato and Aristotle are still unsurpassed for thinking processes and pure intellectual power. In art, the architects and artists of the world visit the old lands to get inspiration and examples of its highest achievements. A work by Titian or Michelangelo, or any of the masters of antiquity, when for sale brings a price that is almost fabulous. The Sistine Chapel of Rome gathers its visitors from all parts of the civilized world. The picture galleries of Europe where the old masters are found are thronged with students. The Louvre and the British Museum, Rome and Greece, have become the teachers of the world. In music, the masters of the earlier periods are the studies of those who attain superiority in execution, in method, and in form. The same is generally true of literature. In fiction it does not seem that Walter Scott and Charles Dickens have become out of date or will ever become so. In theology, however, it is assumed by many that we must rewrite it in accordance with the later views and the newer criticisms. We are not speaking, however, of criticism as such, but of the books which a preacher should not overlook. The new must not supersede the old. In theology Augustine and John Calvin and Arminius, each representing a different school of theological thought, can never be overlooked by one who would claim to be a master. Among all the Methodist writers, who would say that one should omit John Wesley and the school of theological thought which he is said to have revived, if not founded? We would emphasize the reading of the mighty books of the earlier period, the books of the time when men thought deeply and profoundly.

The scholastic ages, which are sometimes treated with contempt, represent intellectual developments that cannot wisely be passed by. In other words, we would deprecate the exclusion from the study of the modern minister of old books which have become classic by their influence. The minister should read the best books, not the most books. Too much reading and too wide reading often dissipate the intellect and confuse the mind. A few great books, well read, will furnish the intellect with knowledge and enlarge the thinking powers and mold the life more effectively than any number of books hastily read and imperfectly digested. Our information and scholarship should be choice in quality rather than numerous in quantity. Erasmus, that great scholar, gave advice to a student at Lubeck which may well be considered by every student, and especially by young students who are candidates for the Christian ministry: "Read first the best books on the subject which you have in hand. Why learn what you will have to unlearn? Why overload your mind with too much food or with poisonous food? The important thing for you is not how much you know, but the quality of what you know. Divide your day, and give to each part of it a special occupation. Listen to your lecturer; commit to memory what he tells you; write it down, if you will, but recollect it and make it your own. Never work at night; it dulls the brain and hurts the health. Remember above all things that nothing passes away as rapidly as youth." (From Froude's Life and Letters of Erasmus.)

A few books of great power, or even a single book which stirs the depths of one's intellectual and moral life, may inspire to high thinking, to suitable methods of investigation, and to the advanced knowledge which will form the foundation of all subsequent studies and activities. Bishop Butler's Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion is not a modern book, but it has not yet been superseded. It will be recalled that William Ewart Gladstone, the great statesman and scholar, spent the latter years of his life in editing a very fine edition of Butler's Analogy, with his own notes, which may well be accepted as a permanent contribution to Christian evidences. Other books of Christian defense have been found, and additions have, no doubt, been made, but the strength of this book has been felt for these long years, and it is one of the enduring books. Jonathan Edwards's great work, entitled Edwards on the Will, ranks for profound thought and logical power with the works of Plato and Aristotle. As one alights from the train at Stockbridge, Mass., he will notice near the station a signboard with the statement that in this place Jonathan Edwards wrote his great work on the will, and the writer visited the place especially with the view of standing on the ground where the great Christian thinker wrote out his great contemplations. Side by side with Edwards's work the student should read the work on the same subject of another profound thinker and writer, Dr. Daniel D. Whedon, formerly editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, which will be to him a revelation of analytical power and a stimulus to profound thinking. One need not agree in all respects with an author in order to be stimulated by his great thoughts. Ed-

wards's History of Redemption will open large and noble views of the progress of revelation, and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit will lead to profounder knowledge of God's Holy Word. The homilies of Saint Chrysostom have been the storehouse for exegetical students for generations, and our foremos modern commentaries express their indebtedness to him in many passages of Scripture difficult of interpretation. Alford's Commentary on the New Testament, now too rarely seen in the library of our preachers, is a storehouse of exegesis and of textual criticism. The commentaries of the late Brooke Foss Westcott, Bishop of Durham, should be in the hands of every one who would get a profound understanding of Saint John's Gospel and also of the Epistle to the Hebrews. If a preacher should read carefully the Commentary of Adam Clarke, he would discover that long ago he anticipated many of the points raised by modern criticism. These books are mentioned as specimens of many standard works whose value cannot be overestimated.

It is not at all intended to be indicated in this paper that great advances have not been made in the progress of human thought on the most profound problems and a deeper comprehension arrived at of the philology and interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. These should not be overlooked, and everyone should strive to have in his library, by the side of these standard works of the past, the best productions of the best thinkers and writers and scholars of the age in which he lives. The past should be harmoniously blended with the present, so that the minister of the gospel should be thoroughly furnished for every good work.

The title of this paper is "Reading Courses for a Preacher," and it should constantly be kept in mind that the reading of the minister should not be spasmodic or without order as to subjects. A course of reading is very desirable on some specific topic related to the age in which one works and the conditions under which one lives. On those subjects he should know the best books, but they should not be too numerous. His studies should not be too much dissipated, but should have a measure of adaptation to the active duties in which he is immediately engaged. His studies, his experiences, and his life should all be in harmony, and a proper selection of books and method of using them will have much to do with this desirable result.

HOW SHALL WE PRESERVE OUR HOLY SABBATH?

Among the committees appointed by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which is engaged in uniting in sympathy and in labor, and so far as practicable in organization, all the churches of our country, is one on Sabbath observance. In the promotion of Christian unity it is quite important that the things on which they all agree should be made prominent. One of the points on which there would be no difference of opinion among those calling themselves Christians, under whatever name, is that of the protection of the holy Sabbath.

That there is a great depreciation of the Sabbah as a sacred day must be conceded. The number of people who years ago would not think of doing anything on the Sabbath that had not in some way a relation to an act of benevolence, or an act of Christian charity, or Christian teaching, seems to be rapidly decreasing.

It was formerly the case that a minister who was to preach on the Sabbath in some pulpit even within reach of his home would go on a Saturday rather than make the journey on the Sabbath by rail. He would even go to a hotel, if not privately entertained, and pay his expenses rather than intrude upon the holy Sabbath day. The question might be raised, however, whether the going to a hotel would not be a greater act of irreverence toward the Sabbath than that of staying at home and making the journey by public conveyance.

The subject is called to the attention of the writer by a note in a newspaper concerning "The King and Sunday": "The Dean of Canterbury, speaking at the dinner in connection with the jubilee celebration of Saint John's Hall, Highbury, mentioned that he heard a few days ago that His Majesty [King George] made a rule never to travel on Sunday unless it was absolutely necessary." And a paper called The Church Family Newspaper is reported as saying, "Realizing the importance of such a statement, and the world-wide influence exerted by His Majesty, we ventured to write to Lord Stamfordham, the King's private secretary, asking for a confirmation of the report. In reply we received the following gratifying message: 'Buckingham Palace, June 9, 1913. Dear Sir: The answer to the question contained in your letter of the 7th instant is in the affirmative. Yours very faithfully, Stamfordham.' This was the announced regular rule, then: 'Never to travel on Sunday unless it was absolutely necessary.'" It is further said "that the King when a boy made a promise to his mother to read a chapter of the Bible every day, and that he has kept the promise ever since. It is also said that in July, 1910, Canon Bickersteth Ottley, the honorable secretary of the Imperial Sunday Alliance, received the following message from the King: "The King heartily sympathizes with any movement toward securing to working people rest on Sunday."

This decision from the King was a part of his heritage from his good and gracious grandmother, Queen Victoria, of blessed memory, who, when one who visited her asked her to tell the secret of England's greatness, placed in his hands, or said, "The Bible."

It is a safe assumption that at the foundation of the greatness of the Christian kingdoms of the world are the Bible and the keeping of one day in seven in which the holy gospel is expounded and in which God's people meet to pay honor to the King of kings and Lord of lords, in whom alone is the glory of the nations and the blessedness of Christians.

The importance of the subject at present is shown by the position which is ocupied by all Christian bodies. Some branches of the church have secretaries or agents in the field whose business it is to stimulate the churches to the promotion of Sabbath observance, just as they have representatives of the missionary and other important boards. This indi-

cates the feeling that the destruction of the Christian Sabbath or a serious deterioration in its observance would be productive of great harm to the life of our people. The question is, How shall the church protect its Sabbath? It certainly should afford to the outside world an example of confidence in the necessity of its observance. The minister, by virtue of his office as well as of his feelings, will by precept and example show his interest in it. He will not make use of the Sabbath for any purposes out of harmony with the principles of the New Testament.

It will be recollected that France at one time in its revolt against Christianity abolished the holy Sabbath and set up the tenth-day Sabbath in its stead, regarding it as a purely secular day and made for secular purposes. It was found, however, that the results of their changed attitude toward the Sabbath were so injurious that they returned after a time to the seventh-day Sabbath, which is now in vogue there as elsewhere. The Sabbath ordained by God is so woven in the constitution of human nature, as well as in the divine law, that it must be recognized as a part of the attitude of universal Christendom.

No man can work full seven days in a week without injury; no institution can go at its full force on the Sabbath without injury. It seems as though in the divine order we have also the natural order that in six days man should do all his work and rest on the Sabbath. It is now recognized, therefore, that one day in seven is a part of the organization of human society which cannot be dispensed with.

The real question concerning the holy Sabbath is not the importance of the Sabbath, but how it shall be preserved in its sacredness.

The minister should impress his people with its spiritual significance for the promotion of personal meditation, Christian reading and attendance in the house of God. In the rush of modern business activities there is little time left for that quietness which is necessary if one would secure constant spiritual growth. During the week-day the husband and father is largely away from home, engaged in his business activities. The Sabbath affords a time when he should have not only physical rest, but the quiet hours in which he can meditate on divine things as well as enjoy the fellowship and communion of the home. How the minister can induce his people to a reverent observance of this day must be widely left to his own judgment. Each congregation must be treated according to its own necessity, but he must specially avoid making the impression that the Sabbath observance is a hardship. It has been said, and perhaps truly, that severity in the enforcement of the Sabbath upon children has sometimes led to a disregard of the Sabbath in later years rather than to its observance. All this must be carefully considered by those who promote the proper observance of the holy day.

The children should be instructed as to the obligations of the day; they should be taught early in life that it is not a gloomy day, and they should be led to regard it as a cheerful day, teaching them that cheerfulness which is not irreverent is entirely consistent with its faithful observance. Christians also can promote the observance of this day by not availing themselves of the temptations which our modern life presents—the

ease of travel by automobiles, for instance, leading them to places where the spiritual sense is obscured and where there is no recognition of the sacredness of the day. To set a good example of Sabbath keeping requires self-denial on the part of many to whom such travel seems perfectly allowable. This strict observance must always be accompanied with an appreciation of the difficulties of those who are shut up during the week in close quarters and who have no opportunities for rest. The spirit of Christian charity should constantly be invoked in our judgments of others who may differ from us on the exact methods for the observance of the holy day. To all appearance the Jewish Sabbath and its severities have passed away, but the spiritual Sabbath and its observance as a day of physical rest must be an abiding possession for the church and for the world.

It becomes the duty, therefore, of the minister to do everything in his power to see to it that this blessed day, one of the greatest gifts of God to our world, should be preserved. The loss of it, as already indicated, would be a calamity indescribable, and the observance of it is therefore a duty which cannot be evaded. There is one sphere where the Sabbath offers abundant room for observance. Works of necessity and mercy belong to the holy Sabbath. The Jews rebuked the Master because he healed on the Sabbath day. The Master answered with his assurance that to save life and to bless mankind was not a violation of this great historic institution of the Christian church.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE FORMATION OF THE ALPHABET

THE discoveries of the past few years have contributed materially to the study of epigraphy, and have revolutionized the old theories regarding the antiquity of writing, thereby shattering more than one unfounded hypothesis. Indeed, the excavations of the recent past have revealed more clearly than ever not only the great antiquity of writing, but also its prevalence. It seems no longer any more appropriate to ask when and by whom writing was invented than to ask by whom and where the baking of bread or the churning of cream into butter was invented. Pictographic writing, of some kind, if not as old as the human race, is yet of exceeding great antiquity. Marks, pictures, hieroglyphics first, then ideographs, phonograms, and finally a perfected alphabet.

The learned world had, for a long time, rested in the belief that the alphabet was of Semitic origin, for it had proved to its own satisfaction that the Phœnicians were the first people to practice alphabetic writing. This hypothesis bore upon its face every mark of conclusive evidence, and was made the more plausible by the fact that the Baal-Lebanon inscription and the Moabite stone (circa 850 B. C.) are the oldest specimens of alphabetic writing so far discovered and deciphered. That the

alphabet was invented by the Phœnicians was an accepted tenet as early as the days of Plato, and was regarded as a fact by both Greek and Roman classic writers. The very names of the several letters favored such a conclusion.. The term alphabet is a word compounded of the first two letters, Alpha, Beta of the Greeks, from the Aleph and Beth of the Semites, represented by our English a and b.

The student of epigraphy finds it an easy and pleasant task to trace the form of the bulk of the Greek letters back to the Phœnicians; so, too, the Roman alphabet, now rather generally adopted by European nations, may be traced back to the Greek. The older the Latin inscription, the more it resembles the Greek, and the older the Greek (as, for example, inscriptions from the island of Thera, perhaps 700 B. C.) the greater the similarity to the Phœnician.

While true that the bulk of the European alphabets may be traced back to Phœnicia, it is equally true that we have no specimens of Phœnician writing older than, or even as old as, 900 B. C. There can be no doubt whatever that writing of some kind was known to Egypt and Babylonia at least two thousand years earlier.

De Rouge, as early as 1859, suggested that the Phœnicians had borrowed their alphabet from the cursive writing of the Egyptians, not that of the Middle, but rather the cursive or hieratic of the Early Empire, or, to be more exact, from the script represented in Papyrus Prisse, of about the same date as the Code of Hammurabi, about 2250 B. C. His theory "was plausible enough to content most inquirers, though only two out of the twenty-two letters were satisfactorily accounted for."

As already stated, it is impossible to give the exact age in which writing in some style or other was first employed, but there can be no reason for doubting that it was rather common in the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates at least 4000 B. C.

Dr. Isaac Taylor in his great work, The Alphabet, published in 1883, followed the views current among scholars from the days of the early Greek writers, and with great learning he restated the arguments in support of its Phœnician origin. There were, however, those who disagreed with him from the start. Deecke even disputed the hypothesis that the Phœnicians had derived their letters from Egypt at all, and asserted that they were rather indebted to Babylonia for the same. Winckler, at a much later date, supported Deecke's claims. Dr. Peile, too, notwithstanding his flattering review of Dr. Taylor's work, uttered a note of warning, insisting that the gap between the style of writing in Papyrus Prisse and the oldest Phœnician or Semitic inscriptions, at least thirteen hundred years, was entirely too long to overlook. And really it does require some imagination, if not credulity, to claim that one system of writing could have been adapted from another when such a long period had intervened. Dr. Peile very aptly said: "But no proof of the affiliation of the Phœnician alphabet can be complete without evidence from writing to fill up the long gap between the period of the Papyrus Prisse and that of the Baal-Lebanon and Moabitic inscriptions. In default of this, it must always be possible that the Phœnician alphabet is descended from some utterly

lost, non-Egyptian system of writing, traces of which may some day turn up as unexpectedly as the so-called Hittite hieroglyphs." Professor Spiegelberg, too, writing in 1907, is skeptical as to the Egyptian origin of the Phœnician alphabet, though admitting striking resemblance.

Berger, in his Histoire de l'Ecriture, was influenced especially by some Iberian, or, rather, Celtiberian inscriptions, found chiefly upon some coins of the north and northeast of Spain. There are two kinds of writing: the Celtiberian of the north and the Turdetan of the south. The latter bears greater resemblance to the Phœnician than the former. Contrary to what might be expected, there is a notable scarcity of Phœnician inscriptions in Spain, though the intercourse between Phœnician traders and Spain must have been considerable from a very early date. There is some similarity between the Iberian and Phœnician alphabets, but, as Berger observes, "alongside of the letters which recall the Phœnician alphabet, there are others, much more numerous, which are conceived in an entirely different spirit. . . . Then, again, the greater part of these coins belong to the north, which makes it probable that the Iberian alphabet spread from north to south" (see Berger, pp. 337f.).

Then we have the Hittite inscriptions, so far, it is true, very imperfectly, if at all, understood. The great number of these makes it clear that the Hittites too had their system of writing side by side with the hieroglyphs of Egypt and the cuneiform of Assyria. Here in parenthesis, though not directly connected with the origin of the alphabet, we may note the irreparable loss sustained in the death of Professor Hugo Winckler, and that, before he had published his final report of the Hittite discoveries at Boghas Keni. It is to be hoped that his papers are in such a shape as to be made available to the public.

Perhaps, however, the great discoveries of Arthur Evans in Crete have dealt the severest blow to the hypothesis under discussion. His excavations in the little island proves not only the greatness of the Cretans in general, but also that they enjoyed an advanced civilization and had their own system of alphabetic writing. In the light of these discoveries we need no longer regard the statements of Herodotus and Thucydides, who ascribed naval supremacy to Crete, as legendary. Minos was no sun-god, but a man of real flesh and blood. The Cretan inscriptions, though yet undeciphered, prove that Crete had its own peculiar alphabet. Dr. Evans, without doubt the best informed man on things Cretan, goes so far as to say that Phœnicia obtained its alphabet through the "Cherethites and Pelethites," that is, the Philistines, the arch-enemies of early Israel, from Crete, the original home of that warlike people. It is quite as easy to think that the Phœnicians derived their alphabet from their close neighbor, Philistia, yea, more so, than from more distant Egypt.

From what has been said, it seems clear that the Phœnician origin of the alphabet is by no means a settled fact; but far from it: for the arguments upon which such a conclusion rest have no solid foundation.

One of the latest writers on the subject is Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, the well-known archæologist, and Professor of Egyptology in the

University of London. His little book, The Formation of the Alphabet, recently published, discusses very learnedly the former theories, and proves, it seems to us, very logically, that indebted as we are to the Phœnicians, yet too much credit has been given to them regarding the invention of the alphabet. The nine plates at the end of the book show at a glance both the variety and extent, as well as the great similarity of the various scripts, not only down to the first dynasty of Egypt, but even to the prehistoric ages. He shows the remarkable correspondence between the signaries and symbols of widely separated lands, and calls attention to the resemblance found in the alphabets of the Celtiberians in the north and northeast of Spain and that of the Carians in Asia Minor, as also in some Egyptian inscriptions of the twelfth dynasty. He says: "We see that the peculiar signs of these alphabets are found in Egypt in the twelfth dynasty and earlier, and as none of them belong to the Græco-Phœnician alphabet, it is obvious that these twenty signs have some common origin entirely outside of the Phœnician group. Further, this origin must be a very remote one to embrace Egypt, Karia, and Spain, which are as far apart as three Mediterranean lands can lie." Then, again, attention is called to ten letters or signs common to Arabia and the West, but not represented in the Phœnician alphabet. If we turn to the Runic, once believed to have been based upon the Greek, or rather the Latin alphabet, we find here again that there are no fewer than nine signs which are represented in both Spain and Caria, but not in the Phœnician. This, too, argues for a remoter ancestry than that of Phœnicia. The same may be inferred from a comparison of the symbols common to Egypt and Asia Minor. If the Greek alphabet has been borrowed from Phœnicia, why should there be such a difference between the two? If, however, some of the Greek letters may be traced to other sources, the matter is less difficult of solution.

There are a number of rare signs found in countries far apart, "without intermediate remains in countries between," some in Caria and Egypt; in Spain, Lydia, and Egypt, and others in Libya, Caria, Italy, and Spain. This goes to show that these rare signs were taken from some common, now unknown, source.

No one can examine the plates in Professor Petrie's book without coming to the conclusion that there were a large number of signs employed in widely separated countries long before the Phœnician alphabet was invented. It is, therefore, more than improbable that the alphabet was not borrowed from the cursive writing of Egypt, but, on the other hand, was gradually selected from various ancient signaries.

Though the hieroglyphic system of Egypt takes us back to a very remote age in the history of that land, it requires no great argument to prove that such a perfect pictorial form must have been preceded by a system much less complex, one which required far less skill to execute. As with children, so with nations, imperfect scratchings, rude signs, bearing no similarity whatever to the object intended to be represented, must have preceded the well-formed letter. This applies with equal force to the pictographs of Crete and other countries. Well-executed hieroglyphs

and pictographs naturally presuppose a long period of civilization and no mean artistic skill. Even in our own time in Europe and America writing is almost in universal use, while painting or drawing even of the rudest kind is comparatively rare.

There must have been at a very early age in the world's history, at periods of which we have no records, even in gray antiquity some method, yea, many methods, of writing. The merchants and traders of the various nations must have had some system for keeping their accounts. People that could build boats and sail over seas or even conduct caravans across vast territories, did not attempt to keep all items of business in their heads. Now, as traders of various nationalities exchanged their commodities and wares, they may also have exchanged signs and symbols. In the course of time, these marks and signs would be simplified; the more simple would become the more common; and finally out of these an alphabet would be formed more or less complete.

THE VALUE OF HEBREW AND GREEK TO THE MINISTER

THE ministry is the supreme vocation. Religion is the one great fact in the life of a people no less than in that of a man. Religion is not a section of life, but life itself. It is no isolated force, far from the wheels of industry and the rush of traffic, but the dominant power in the strange complex of human activity.

If religion is to stand the strain and meet every test, it must be deeply founded on the rock of intellectuality and spiritual equipment. Christianity can never conquer the world by the noisy declamation of intellectual incompetents. It must have men, students, thinkers, steeped in the messages of the sacred writings; not in the New Testament alone but in the books of the old covenant as well, for Jesus and the apostles can never be appreciated as they should be without a goodly acquaintance with Moses and the prophets as well as with the historians and sweet singers of Israel. Without some knowledge of Hebrew a full acquaintance with these is out of the question.

Very few evangelical workers interested in the welfare of Zion will seriously dispute the thesis that every enlightened child of God, to say nothing of the minister, solemnly set apart to preach the Word, should be quite familiar with the entire Book, from Genesis to Revelation. Far be the day when the rationalist shall get in his deadly work by convincing the church, or any portion of it, that the Bible is of no greater value to the Christian than other good books.

Perhaps everyone who reads this article has been present at the ordination of a deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church. If so, he will easily recall the impressive part of this solemn service when the bishop delivers a Bible to the candidate, saying, "Take thou authority to read the Holy Scriptures in the church of God, and to preach the same."

The prosperity of the Protestant church from Luther's time to this day has been proportionate to the regard and respect in which it has

held the Holy Writings. The enemies of revealed religion have ever realized this fact and have never tired of attacking it from some angle or other, as if the Book were, in a great part, a hindrance to ethical teaching and the highest type of religious experience. Disregard for the Word of God by the minister and a failure to emphasize its teachings to the congregation intrusted to his care have ever resulted disastrously. Whenever the habitual reading of the Bible has been discontinued by a pastor, spiritual leanness, not only of himself, but also of his flock, has inevitably followed, just as certainly as night follows day.

It is possible that some of our churches within the past twenty years have suffered greatly at this point. Advanced scholarship, falsely so called, but often nothing more than crass rationalism, is responsible for our neglect of Bible study; for it has lost no opportunity to undermine the authority of the Scriptures. This applies especially to the Old Testament. There seems to be an unconscious tendency, at least in our church, to dispense with the reading of the Old Testament in the public congregation. If we except the psalms, it is a *very* rare thing to hear any portion of the Hebrew Scriptures either in the morning or evening services of our churches. It is to be hoped that our next General Conference will call attention to this deplorable neglect.

There can be no doubt that this growing disregard for the Old Testament has contributed in no small measure toward the neglect of the Hebrew language by those who are preparing for the ministry.

Strangely enough, while Protestant theological schools in the United States are putting less stress upon the study of Hebrew, the Church of Rome has been making advances in the same field of training. It is to be regretted that so many of our pastors, though priests in the church of the living God, ordained to teach and preach the Word, have no knowledge whatever of the languages in which the Bible was originally written. This is true not only of those who have entered the ministry without college or seminary training, but, alas! of many graduates of those institutions, of men who pose as advanced thinkers and liberally trained scholars. What wonder that such men steer clear of exegesis and expository preaching and have little or no place for the Bible in their ministerial work!

We are perfectly familiar with the answer from this class of preachers, namely, that a young man in college or theological school may spend his time more profitably on other, more practical, studies, or that there are such excellent translations of the Bible and exhaustive commentaries on the entire Book that a knowledge of Hebrew, at any rate, is not necessary. It would be folly to assert that every pastor should be a critical Hebrew scholar, or that one not so equipped is not fit to preach. No less stupid would it be to say that a minister with even elementary knowledge of this language, such as every graduate of almost any college may acquire—or, indeed, for that matter, any studious, patient, determined man deprived of college or seminary training may obtain by home study—is not very much better prepared for intelligent exposition of any portion of the Old Testament. Nay, more, any one thus equipped is by far better

fitted to delve into the mysteries even of the Gospels, for they, too, are impregnated with Hebrew thought and idiom.

But, alas! What an army of people there are in our pulpits, no less than in the province of music and art, without appreciation of real culture. How many there are, even among those who pass as cultured, who cannot see any superiority in the masterpieces over a ten-cent chromo or a cheap lithograph, who value a gaudy reproduction of the Sistine Madonna quite as highly as the original painting. So, too, in music, a comic song or the poorest of our rag-time pieces is preferred by many to anything composed by Beethoven, Handel, or Mozart.

Students of language know full well that there are passages in all tongues which defy translation. There are turns of expression, shades of thought, and idioms so full of soul and meaning as to be felt only by him who has a knowledge of the language in which they are found. This is especially true of hundreds of passages in the Bible. There is a beauty and depth of meaning in many a psalm, or portions of Job or Isaiah, which the plain reader of the English Bible can neither grasp nor surmise.

Hebrew and Greek have special adaptation for the expression of religious ideas. This being true, how necessary it is that the minister of the gospel should have a knowledge of both. "It appears," says Professor Ladd, "that two kinds of human speech have had a providential preparation to fit them for becoming the vehicles of the ideas and the spirit of revelation. One of these is a Semitic language, the Hebrew; one an Indo-European language, the Greek. Each of these has in itself considered, and apart from all influence from these religious ideas and this religious spirit, certain definite peculiarities. The ancient Hebrew was the fit medium of the Old Testament revelation; that form of the Greek which arose on the basis of the classic language, as subjected to many corrupting influences as well as also to the impress of the Jewish religious ideas, was the fit vehicle for conveying the Christian revelation. The work of the Divine Spirit as providentially selecting and shaping these languages to the self-revelation of God as the Redeemer of men in Christ Jesus is manifested in history to the devout student of the subject. Moreover, much of the linguistic form of the Bible itself shows a direct and powerful influence from the ideas of this divine self-revelation."

It is, however, an utter impossibility without some knowledge of the above-mentioned languages to appreciate to any extent the great comments even of such clear writers as Stuart, Driver, or Davidson, to say nothing of those of Dillman, Delitzsch, and others of the same class. All our learned commentators take it for granted that their readers have some acquaintance with the original languages of Holy Writ. Not only does ignorance of them operate to exclude from higher courses of reading and discussion, but it also cuts off the one so unfortunate from power and influence in the field of human life.

In reply to the question, Why should a minister study Hebrew? an eminent scholar replies: "I advise one to take it that he may come to the very words of Scripture, not being compelled to depend on that which a translator or commentator may retail to him, that he may get

more fully into the spirit of the sacred writers than is possible in a translation; that he may feel the poetic and emotional sense of the sacred writers as shown in the characteristics of Hebrew which so appropriately expresses this quality; that he may be able to appreciate and enter into the spirit of the critical problems, as is impossible through the medium of a translation; that he may be able when need arises to consult intelligently the critical commentaries, and appreciate the discussions therein without simply taking some one else's word for it; that he may see more deeply into the soul of the writers through the medium of their language, which is always the most intimate portrait of the thought processes; that he may be able to bring to his ministry the result of independent personal study, rather than be content with taking the predigested statements of others and retail them to the public; that his success may not be simply in attracting public attention, giving the people what the people want, obtaining it in the cheapest way, but in the inward consciousness and satisfaction of giving the most real value and building on the deepest foundation; and also that the ability to face the critical problems which every age must face, and to deal at first hand with them, may not lapse and become a lost art."

What has been said of Hebrew applies with equal force, and with more according to many, to the study of Greek, the language of the New Testament. The writers, though Hebrew in thought, religion, and culture, have left us their treasures in Greek; if not classic Greek, yet in Greek. It is not necessary for us to prove that our Lord and the apostles conversed and wrote in Greek, for, whether they did or not, their teachings and doctrines have come to us in a Greek dress. The words of our Lord, the thoughts of John and James, of Peter and Paul, of Mary and Martha, are not scattered through half a dozen languages, but are poured forth in the *lingua franca* of the world, the Greek. In this most cosmopolitan language Paul preached, John prayed, and Peter hurled defiance. In this, not in Latin, Paul wrote from Rome, and in this he wrote to the Romans themselves. By this medium, then, the gospel was connected with all Greek poetry and philosophy, with all Greek history and oratory. It was the same speech in Egypt and Pontus, in Italy and Syria, in Cyrene and Cappadocia. This one universal tongue cradled all European literatures, and has lost nothing whatever of its old power and literary adaptation.

To study such a language is no small privilege. To trace the Protean meaning of the words of Luke or of Saint Paul, to catch the ancient life in the literary form, to see a connection not evident in the translation, to behold a new heaven in some verbal Patmos, this is intellectual, no less than spiritual joy, wealth, and life.

The minister is our professor of New Testament. No Protestant pastor needs be told that his chief business should be to feed the flock committed to his care by preaching and expounding the Word. He who neglects the Book to devote himself to philosophy and metaphysics, or even to sociological and economic questions, is sure to miss his calling. But is he likely to be a good professor of the New Testament if ignorant

of its original language? To such a one the great treasure houses of Alford and Meyer will be nothing more than a dreary wilderness.

If what has been said above be true—and who will doubt that, at least, some knowledge of Greek and Hebrew should be a part of a minister's training?—more attention should be given to these two languages. The Bible, we hope, will continue to be the preacher's chief textbook. Let it, then, be studied most thoroughly, by everyone intrusted to teach it, not only in translation and by means of commentaries, but at first hand.

Knowledge of the words of the prophets, the psalmists, our Saviour and his apostles and their environment, cannot be too direct. Better than seeing them is the hearing of their very words and the ability to apprehend their weighty messages. Acquaintance with the best commentaries is indispensable to the gospel herald, but, alas! how can one understand and appreciate them, if ignorant of the language they presuppose and discuss?

But apart from the additional knowledge gained by the student of Hebrew and Greek, there is also a mental drill afforded by the study of these languages which is equal to the discipline derived from any course offered in our colleges and seminaries, yea, much greater than any one of the majority of courses in arts, science, philosophy, or theology. No one preparing for the ministry should lose sight of this fact, especially as the church has never been in greater need of well-trained minds than to-day.

Far be the day when the Methodist Church may be without a ministry thoroughly trained in the Word.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Religion and To-Day. By J. Brierley. Crown 8vo. Pp. 288. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

After an interval of silence this popular and stimulating essayist on serious themes publishes a new volume. More of Brierley, of whom Malcolm J. McLeod in one of his "Letters to Edward" says: "I like Brierley immensely. I think he is wonderfully fresh, suggestive, and full of good sermon stuff." The ancient Syracusans were fond of the writings of Euripides, and when a boat from Rhodes rowed into their harbor, having on board Balaustion, a girl who knew by heart Euripides's Alkestis, they bade her come ashore and recite it to them; and the hungry crowd that lined the beach cried with joy, "More of Euripides!" Similar joy there has sometimes been among the heathen when new missionaries arrived and the glad cry went round, "More of the Jesus-Tidings." From what we

have heard we judge that there are more than a few who will be glad at the announcement, More of Brierley: and here it is, a good thick volume, meaty and nutritious as usual, helpful for the spread of the Master's Kingdom. The Preface says: "Religion was never more compelling in its interest than to-day. This partly because so much of what hitherto has gone under its name has been called in question. But also, and perhaps more, because the need of it has never been more felt. All over Europe, all over the civilized world, the sense is growing that the other solutions are inadequate; they fail to meet man's central want. The world becomes rich; but millionairism fails to satisfy even the millionaires. Our machinery is wonderful, but it does not manufacture happiness. The electric torch of science casts no light on the final mysteries. Everywhere we hear the same cry. The most doubting nations utter it. In Germany, Eucken exposes the bankruptcy of materialism as a gospel. In France, Bergson and Boutroux use the latest science to show how matter and force fail to account for life. We are beginning to realize *personality* as the soul of things, as the one reason for things. *Religion* has reached us through the great personalities. *Christianity is a religion of personalities;* and it holds its place as having in its Founder the deepest rooted of all the souls we know; the one whose character, teachings, and work reach farthest and highest, 'our divinest symbol,' as Carlyle has it, the incarnation of all that is to us dearest and holiest." "Man's supreme need is companionship, the sense of personality, of something, of some one, who cares; who has love to answer his own craving for love. And it is the very leaders of science who have most keenly realized this. Says Wundt: 'Science can only indicate the path which leads to territories beyond her own, ruled by other laws than those of which her realm is subject.' The great discoverers whose researches revolutionized our cosmic thinking have been the last to find their soul's refuge in science itself. Said Kepler: 'My one desire is to find the God within, whom I find everywhere without.' Copernicus on his deathbed places his whole hope in the Cross. Leibnitz, whose survey took in the whole range of the known, expresses his faith in that hymn of passionate devotion:

Jesu dessen Tod und Leiden
Uns're Freud' und Leben ist!

Michelet, the freest of free-thinkers, pours out this cry of the heart: 'Let the sentiment of the loving Cause disappear, and it is over with me. If I have no longer the happiness of feeling the world to be loved, of feeling myself to be loved, I can no longer live. Hide me in the tomb. To the thirty sciences created yesterday add thirty more—a thousand. I want none of them. What shall I do if you have extinguished for me love?' Victor Hugo, his great compatriot and contemporary, is with them here. 'The heart,' he says, 'cannot err. The flesh is a dream which passes. Whoever loves knows and feels that man's refuge is not of the earth. To love is to live beyond life.' Romanes, who had tried the experiment, offers his result: 'The soul of man is miserable without God.' Pasteur echoes the cry: 'There are two men in each one of us; the scientist, he who desires

to rise to the knowledge of nature through observation, experiment, and reasoning; and the man of feeling, of belief; the man who mourns his dead children, and who cannot prove that he will see them again, but who believes that he will, and lives in that hope. . . . The two domains are distinct, and woe to him who tries to let them trespass on each other.' And it is to this region of the spirit, of personality, that prayer belongs. It supposes a kingdom of the spiritual, stretching beyond our ken, just as does the kingdom of the physical. They both begin here, with us, and both stretch beyond us. There are millions of free acting spirits on this earth, clothed as we are with bodies. Why should we suppose we exhaust the spirituality of the universe? It is an inevitable inference from what goes on around us that behind the physical infinite is a spiritual infinite. Not less can we keep from the supposition that this spiritual infinite is an infinite that includes personality. The thought and love within us sprang from a source that also knows thought and love. To say, as a modern school has said, that a Divine Personality is a contradiction in terms, because personality implies limitation, is an argument that overleaps itself. You might just as well say that the absolute or the infinite is a contradiction in terms. For can we not conceive of a nonabsolute, of a noninfinite (we are, in fact, that ourselves)—and is not this therefore a contradiction? When we touch the question of the infinite, on whatever terms we take it, we touch the sphere of contradictions, for it is the sphere of the mind's limitations. The nonbelief in a personality solves no mental difficulty. Keeping to the practical, to what we do know, which is the only sure line for us, when we pray we must accept *a Personality*. We cannot adore oxygen, or offer petitions to the law of gravitation. Prayer is communion with a Person, and what we have already said as to the relations of our own personality to the laws of the physical world makes it easy for us to understand how such communion, how such prayer, and answer to prayer, can go on without any contravention of the physical order. If that physical order does not prevent our fellowship with one another; does not prevent our appeal to a neighbor and his answer to it, why should this be impossible as between ourselves and our God? If we can move freely amid the physical laws, cannot he? Are we free, and he the only bound? Whatever in a long course of experience shows as a sure help to inner progress, to the development of the best in us, proves itself as founded in the truth of things. How does prayer stand this test? Does not the saying of Meredith's farmer hold good: 'Pray, and you cannot go far wrong'? Let a man try it; let him morning and evening, and in the hours of the day, bring himself into mental and moral contact with the All Holy and the All Loving; let him in that sacred Presence review his affairs, his projects, seeking help and guidance; let him mention there his human relationships, his household, his friends, his enemies, if he have such. Will that make no difference to his daily conduct, to the poise of his spirit? Prayer is a spiritual exercise, and its results are spiritual. The men who know its fullest exercise are the men who are in a condition to talk about it. Says Bagehot, and with entire truth: 'The criterion of true beauty is with those—they are not many—who have

a sense of true beauty; the criterion of true morality is with those who have a sense of true morality; and the criterion of true religion is with those who have a sense of true religion.' It is so, emphatically, with prayer. The literature of devotion is among the best reading in the world. The study of it brings us into contact with the world's greatest spirits—with Jesus, with Paul, with Augustine, with Francis, with Luther, with Wesley. It is the meeting-ground of opposing creeds, where they fuse, lose their opposition, become one prevailing force. When you are reading Augustine's 'Confessions,' or Andrewes's 'Devotions,' or Bishop Wilson's 'Sacra Privata,' or Methodist William Bramwell's mighty supplications, your forget theological differences; you are in contact with one and the same spiritual energy. To keep on the outer circle of mere fussy activities, while neglecting this innermost force, is like turning a hand-loom and forgetting steam or electricity. In the world of the spiritual, as in that of the physical, to reach the true sphere of power we must go down from the circumference to the innermost center. Apart from the question of power, consider the immense comfort of prayer. Man in himself is the loneliest being in the world. The wall of his separate personality shuts him off as to his interior self, in an awful isolation from all the millions that surround him. His neighbors may look in at his windows, may come into his guest-chamber, but they penetrate never the cell where he sits alone. He is like the island continent of Australia, whose boundaries are rimmed with ports and cities, but whose vast interior lies silent, uninhabited. Yet assuredly this loneliness is no mischance, no accident of his being. It is an isolation from the outward, to secure the uninterrupted play of his spiritual contacts. For the trained soul knows itself as not alone. It knows a perpetual, invisible companionship. It has a speech which it cannot translate to its neighbor. In the glare of the day, in the hum of the crowd, in the silent watches of the night, it talks with the Unseen, it has converse with its Friend. Its past, its present, its future; its trials, temptations, defeats; its joys, its griefs, all enter into that constant colloquy. Lamartine, in Les Confidences, speaks of a certain walk in the garden of their French home, where his mother spent always a certain hour of the day—upon which neither husband nor children ever intruded—where she paced, her hands clasped, her eyes lifted to heaven, her lips moving to unuttered words. It was the sacred hour of her speech with God; an hour from which she returned refreshed and renewed. To sum up what has here been said: Prayer is a human experience whose test is its results upon the soul. Those results argue its relation to the truth of things. It supposes man's fellowship wih a spiritual universe, his immediate contact with a supreme and holy Personality, a supposition against which science, truly considered, brings no valid objection. It is a spiritual force which has wrought in the mightiest souls and in the mightiest movements. It demands as its conditions a true and sincere life. It is the source of man's purest joys. It is the function to which he must bring *his* best in order to receive *its* best. It is his heaven here, and prepares him for all the heavens that are beyond." Part of what the essay on "The Missionary" says is here transcribed without

quotation marks: The missionary is to-day coming to his own. He is emerging from the doubtful celebrity of denominational reports and of the applause of village conventicles, into a place full in the popular eye. He is talked of in the newspapers, he is acknowledged by science, he enters into the calculations of statesmen, he is recognized as a prominent factor in the remaking of the world. The Ecumenical Conference at Edinburgh—for it was that—where was gathered a wider consensus of Christian thought than in any church council of past ages, is the latest testimony to his influence, to the position he is taking as a factor in modern civilization. He is the representative of Christianity on its aggressive, conquering side. His position, let us say at once, is open to enormous criticism, and he gets it. The man in the street has the most varied opinions about him, and it may be opportune just now to look at him from that standpoint, to see, without *parti pris* and from the most unfettered point of view, what there is to be said for him and his work. The place the missionary has taken in the modern world movement is indicated, for one thing, by the criticisms of which he is the object. He is the butt of certain novelists, of a certain class of travelers and traders. The native whom he evangelizes is, according to their accounts, a spoiled native. He becomes baptized for what he can get. The teaching he receives raises, inside his black skin, a whole crop of restless ambitions, of new and dangerous discontents. Amid the talk of "spoiling the native" we do not hear from this source anything of the process of spoiling by gunpowder, bad whisky, and wholesale debauchery, introduced by the white man who here becomes critic. *The superior white* who talks down at the missionary as a bungling demoralizer is *especially rigid about guarding what he calls "the color line." The idea of a colored man aspiring to the privileges of the white races has on him the effect of sacrilege. The extraordinary thing in this connection is that wherever this species of white man appears we have straightway a generation of half breeds; we get quadroons and octoroons, a whole graduation of semitones. How has this come about? Where is the "color line" here? For the colored man to aspire to the white woman should be met with burning at the stake. But the white man and the colored woman—that is quite another affair.* A glance at such facts gives us in a flash the root of missionary unpopularity among gentry of this sort. It is the unpopularity of the searchlight, of the policeman's lantern among burglars. Let it be granted that the first result of evangelizing effort among barbarous races is in some instances bizarre, ludicrous to the critical eye. Well, we are most of us more or less ludicrous when we are learning a new thing. A man who walks with perfect ease and grace shows badly in his first attempt at horsemanship. Is that a reason why he should not learn to ride? The struggle upward throws us into all manner of queer attitudes. But climbing is good for all that. The Saxons and Danes, who in these islands first received the gospel, were not models of deportment. Despite that, we of the twentieth century may be glad that our ancestors were missionized. The colored races a few centuries hence will pass a similar verdict on their own fortunes, a verdict with which the world will agree. We look to the

modern missionary, not only for the effects he is producing on the heathen world, but for the *reaction of his work upon our Christianity at home.* Already he is showing as one of the mightiest forces for the reunion of the churches. He will be doing a still greater work by exhibiting the necessity and the practicability of a purified Christianity—for home as well as foreign consumption. He is finding out that, in face of that outside, pagan world, our sectarian dogmas are cheap. They are not the material he wants; for his equipment he has to leap over them, back to the primeval New Testament forces of God's love and Christ's transforming power. And what is necessary for him is necessary for us. If we would win back our own outside populations we must get rid of systems which made possible the crushing indictment of Diderot on the eighteenth-century Catholicism of France: "A system of the most absurd and atrocious dogmas, the most unintelligible, metaphysical, and intricate, and consequently the most liable to dissensions, schism, and heresies." The world of to-day, Christian and non-Christian, can well dispense with this. What it is athirst for, what it must have or die, is that love of God and man which Jesus taught as the first and last commandment, of which his gospel is the one supreme revelation. Just as helpful, or more so, is all the rest of Brierley's latest volume.

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, with the assistance of JOHN A. SELBIE and LOUIS H. GRAY. Vol. VI. Fiction–Hyksos. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. xviii + 890. Price, $7.50 per volume. 1914 (January).

SINCE the last volume of this in some respects greatest and most indispensable of all the encyclopædias was published in December, 1912, the name of Dr. Gray, sometime fellow of Indo-Iranian languages in Columbia University, has been added to that of Dr. Selbie on the title-page as assistant editor. The same scholarship, elaborateness, and interest of treatment which characterized the former volumes rule in this also. The long double-columned closely printed pages still offer their plethora of information on all subjects treated, and almost every subject is treated bearing on religion, philosophy, morals, and church history, with the emphasis on religion. God, 16 articles, 63 pages; Hospitality, 11 articles, 23 pages; Heroes and Hero-gods, 12 articles, 37 pages; Human Sacrifices, 10 articles, 28 pages; etc. Hinduism is given 30 pages, with, of course, hundreds of special articles scattered throughout the work. Greek Religion, 33 pages, by Farnell; Hegel, 19 pages; and Goethe, over 3 pages, etc. The student of religion may thank his stars that he has lived to see his field exploited with such rich and fascinating results. A word now on two or three points which have struck this reviewer. The closing sentences of Davison's article on God (Biblical and Christian) are as true as they are important. "The theological phraseology employed to describe religious truth may well be varied as the generations pass. But the simple, untechnical language of the New Testament concerning Father, Son, and Spirit, Three in One and One in Three, whatever various comment it may receive, remains the highest and the best, as it was the

earliest, expression of what the sacred name God means in the Christian religion." Geden, on God (Buddhist), makes the point that the Buddha was not *deliberately* atheistic, only practically so. He shared the old Sankhya philosophy, which explained everything without God and had no need of him. It is interesting that we have what must have been one of the last performances of the late Andrew Lang (died July 20, 1912), in his article God (Primitive and Savage), 10 columns. In Gospel, Strahan, after giving the minimizing answers of Harnack, Johannes Weiss, and Welhausen, says that "we cannot scientifically separate the religion of Jesus from the gospel of Christ. Fragmentary as the records of his life confessedly are, his portrait is singularly complete, and it is instinct with self-evidencing Divinity. It is from concrete historical facts that the great ideas of the gospel derive their value and force. The original impulse of Christianity, the motive power which from the first insured its success, did not emanate from the church's will to believe, but was communicated to the church by his transcendent personality. The cause cannot have been less wonderful than the effect, the victorious ideal must have been supremely real. It is contended that the resurrection of Jesus, illuminating all his teaching and justifying all his claims, made the Christian faith inevitable. In that stupendous event God gave his church a supernatural, superhistorical Lord and Saviour, and in every age the inner testimony of the Holy Spirit, transmuting the faith once delivered to the saints into a vital, personal, irrefragable experience, establishes the conviction that the gospel of Christ, like the Christ of the gospel, is a Divine Fact, the same yesterday, today, and forever." The article Gospels, by Burkitt, is written from the extreme critical or "advanced" view, following Wellhausen and Loisy, leaving even Harnack in the rear, but not going as far as W. B. Smith and Arthur Drews, who deny that Christ ever lived. Burkitt thinks the fourth Gospel is fiction, though the man who invented the narrative portions, like the conversations with Nicodemus, with the woman at the well, with Peter ("Lovest thou me?"), with Martha, must have been the greatest genius the world has ever seen, combining the Christ's spiritual vision with a preternatural power of narration—a veritable demigod. Then, if he invented John 14 too, he must have been far greater than Christ. It was he, and not Christ, who must in that case have been the Son of God. It is not true that we cannot "insert the story of the raising of Lazarus into the historical framework" of Mark. The Synoptists give us only fragments. It is not true that John 6 refers to the sacrament. John omits the founding of the supper, as the rest omit the Lazarus miracle. Nor is it true that Christ "quibbled with his opponents" in John's Gospel. He argued with them on the basis of two testimonies (or three—the Scriptures) which if they were the people of God they ought to accept, first, the testimony of his Father, and second, his own testimony. Rather, it was their quibbling when they said, "Where is thy Father?" Why did the early Christians receive John as they received Mark, when they rejected fictitious Gospels, if John, too, was a lot of fables and invented speeches, as Burkitt thinks? Nor is it at all true

that the "Fourth evangelist did not care to 'know Christ after the flesh,'" because it is this very Gospel which most emphasizes Christ's human and fleshly aspects. We cannot think that Burkitt has given a scientific account of the Gospels in his too implicit following of Wellhausen, who has been answered by Gregory of Leipzig (*Wellhausen und Johannes*, Leipzig, 1909), and Loisy. He quotes Schweitzer as saying that according to the fourth Gospel, "Jesus came into the world to inaugurate the era of Effectual Sacraments. In virtue of this he is the Saviour." On the contrary, nothing could be less sacramental than this Gospel. "Whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have everlasting life." Physical eating avails nothing. Christ himself evacuates John 6 of all sacramental import. Father Professor Turmel, on Gallicanism, says that while the popes in the nineteenth century did not renounce the right of deposing kings, they no longer exercised it, and did not even dare to formulate it except in terms which were purposely vague (prop. 24 of the Syllabus). Well, proposition 24 of the famous Syllabus of Errors issued by Pius IX, 1864 ("The church has not the power of availing herself of force or of any direct or indirect temporal power"), does not mention deposition of princes, but the contradictory proposition, which the church holds, leaves a pretty big field for temporal power, persecution, or any infringement on human liberties at any time desirable. Crooke (on Hinduism) thinks that Christianity in India "will necessarily take a Vedantic coloring," having modified its dogmas. Christianity may take on any national or religious coloring, so long as it does not lose its essential characteristics as Christianity. Nor has it vital concern in dogmas, but only in truth, and therefore in dogmas only as they conserve truth. Crawley takes over from Westermarck the remark (page 842, column 2), "The Greek Church regarded the death of Christ as a ransom for mankind paid to the devil, and this doctrine was also accepted by the most important of the Western Fathers," which is an excellent illustration of the sweeping statements of experts in one department when they invade another. The statement is so fearfully exaggerated that it becomes a portentous error, as we showed in an earlier notice of this work in this Review. The two articles (Greek and Roman) on Health and Gods of Healing might well have been followed by one on Healing under Christianity. Farnell thinks (page 423, column 1) that, in spite of the assertions of the Christian Fathers, there was nothing obscene in the mysteries, though they simulated marriage and sex communion. We opine Farnell idealizes here, and that the Fathers, who stood nearer to the subject both in space and time, knew more than he does. The tremendous and long-continued sway of the phallic rites, though he idealizes here also, makes us feel that the higher consciousness of the Fathers spoke a truer note. The author of the article Freemasonry (himself a member) acknowledges that the order is comparatively recent, but goes back in a sense to the labor guild of Masons in the later Middle Ages. He is mistaken, however, in saying that it is not a religion. It has its own prayers and chaplain, its own religious and moral precepts, etc., and is thus an effective rival of Christianity.

The Resurrection and Paul's Argument. By PHILIP L. FRICK, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 348. Cloth. Price, $1.25, net. The Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati.

THIS is a worthy contribution to the literature of the subject, on account of literary quality and scholarly thoroughness. It renders a service by which both the clerical reader and the intelligent layman may profit. In the Preface the author succinctly justifies the undertaking in the following words: "Of perennial concern is the question of a life after death. Christianity gives the final answer. The Revelation through Christ is supreme. This conviction possessed the great soul of Saint Paul. His majestic argument must not be overlooked. . . . The present-day world seeking for light through philosophy and science and psychology will do well to ponder the message of the great apostle." That message is analyzed and interpreted in sixteen chapters. The first two are a consideration of the Gospel of the Risen Christ and the testimony of the eye-witnesses. The next five chapters treat of the Corinthian Doubters and the Denial of a Resurrection, and the bearings of that "Denial" (a) as invalidating the resurrection of Christ; (b) as "Repudiating the Christian Faith"; (c) as "Impeaching the Witnesses"; (d) as affecting the Fate of the "Departed Christians"; and (e) as affirming the folly of the "Living Believers." Chapters nine and ten are concerned with The Resurrection and Christ, The First Fruits, and Christ as the invincible Conqueror. Adhering strictly to the order of the apostle's argumentation, the author then returns to the negative argument in a chapter devoted to "The Denial as a Detriment to Christian Activities." The last four chapters are possibly those of greatest value, inasmuch as they treat respectively the following themes as included in the glowing climax of the argument of the great apostle: "The Method of the Resurrection," "The Resurrection Body," "The Heavenly Body," and "The Motive Power of the Resurrection." The style of the writer is vigorous and graphic, fluent, yet epigrammatic. The opening sentence invites attention thus: "When this spiritual giant, Paul, proclaimed his religious conclusions concerning God's purpose toward man, what did he herald? When he interpreted with keenest insight the personality of Christ, what impressed him as the most exalted achievement of the Divine Love? When Paul's Gospel is unfolded to its sublimest truth, what climax revelation is made? When he grasps most comprehensively the majestic possibilities of the human spirit, and interprets most sympathetically the needs of mankind, what final message of cheer and comfort and inspiration does he speak? When he victoriously itinerated among the dying nations of his day, what new dynamic of life did he offer? When he wooed men from sin to holiness, to what mighty faith did he convincingly appeal? When he revolutionized the religious life of humanity, upon what corner stone did he build his new, all-conquering Christianity? When he would establish Christ's World-Church, upon what foundation-fact must it be constructed. . . . The resurrection of Christ was the climax teaching in Paul's Good News; it was the mighty truth with its significant implications that aroused the Jews, and startled the Greeks, and stirred the Romans." This effective use of the affirming interrogative

and confirming answer is a characteristic of our author's style. One specially interesting chapter is that which states the cases for the Corinthian doubters and answers them. The doubter of the materialistic type is answered as much by philosophy and science as by revelation, but the doubter of the spiritualistic (gnostic) type is answered almost solely, yet unmistakably, by the Risen Christ. In the chapter on the "Resurrection Body," Dr. Frick conclusively presents Paul's argument as discrediting the idea of an identical body resurrection, but contends that for doubts as to the resurrection fact the church itself is largely to blame. "Forgetting the inspired teaching of Paul, it has pitifully misconstrued the significance of the resurrection, falsely claiming that the identical body which was laid in the grave and which moldered into dust would be restored again. Well might there be a protest against this narrow interpretation of the resurrection. The conclusive argument against it ought to be that on this theory there would be no escape from the physical deformities and irregularities that marked the human body. But in such resurrection no Christian need believe; indeed, there is no scriptural warrant for so believing that may not be interpreted in the light of Paul's teachings contained in this chapter. We rise above all such materialistic errors by meditating upon Paul's spiritual interpretation of the resurrection." Dr. Frick then elaborates the apostle's conceived contrast between the terrestrial body and its disabilities and the body celestial with its perfection. Thoughtful readers of this book will find an interesting chapter on that which deals with Paul's oft-criticized outcry, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." To not a few who live in a world made not only endurable, but delightful by reason of the prevalence of the Christian spirit, and largely because such men as Saint Paul struggled and endured and suffered and died, this "confession" has at times seemed something like the cry of a moral weakling. Having justified the saying of the apostle on the ground that he sensed the hugeness of the delusion, if delusion the great hope proved to be; and the horrible grimness of such a cosmic failure if God had nothing better for mankind than "this sin-cursed, tempestuous, disappointing life" (as the apostle and his contemporaries must have known it), the author goes on to say: "In another respect also must Paul and his fellow Christians be considered of all men most pitiful if Christ be not risen. . . . They believed in a time when sin would be overcome and righteousness regnant in universal sway. But how could such a transcendent life be produced? They knew but one adequate cause. They must be transfigured by the living, ever working Christ, who could dwell within the soul. . . . The risen Christ was the very center of their religious life. . . . Take away their faith in him and they are despoiled of everything." The last two chapters stand out from among the others, the one as a sustained piece of sermonic eloquence that reminds one of Lacordaire and others of the French school of pulpit oratory; and the other because of its high setting of the doctrine as a factor in evangelistic urgency and a motive in the Christian life. It should be added that each chapter is prefaced by a page of admirably chosen and authoritative quotations that have

a direct bearing upon the immediate theme. The arrangement relieves the writer and aids the reader. It also increases the serviceableness of the book.

Not Lawful for Man to Utter. By DAN CRAWFORD, F.R.G.S. 12mo, pp. 176. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

THESE twenty meditations on Scripture passages are the result of "twenty-three years of lonely thinking and praying in the long grass of Central Africa by a man whose college was his Bible and his sole authority God." In reading them we have been reminded sometimes of the expositions of Charles H. Spurgeon and also of J. H. Jowett's. Of them all, none is more timely for this number of this REVIEW than Dan Crawford's "Resurrection Reverie," on John 20. 1-19, which is as follows: What the parable of the sower is to our Lord's parables so, supremely so, is the resurrection to our Lord's miracles. Leading the long line of his parables is that first and finest parable of the sower, for did he not give it princely priority when he asked: "Know ye not this parable? And how shall ye know all the parables?" And so, too, with that "corn of wheat" miracle of the resurrection. Leading the long line of Christ's miracles is this keystone certitude, and if we know not this miracle how shall we know all the miracles? It is "the first day of the week," note well; and the soul finds in this word FIRST something that it desires with great desire. Weeks and days of the week it knoweth not; yet doth it seize upon this word "first" as containing worlds of import. For this first has no last, and this beginning no end. Here is a dawn that will never see a sunset; and God's first day of John 20 is precisely as his first day of Genesis 1. One day, one function, was his law of creation. "Let there be LIGHT" was the lone command of earth's first day. "And there was LIGHT" is the long, lone blessedness of resurrection's eternal day. "*Cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark.*" She was early, yes, but God was earlier. To the soul's early there is ever God's earlier. In the days of his flesh he was ever rising early and protesting, saying, "Obey my voice"; and now he who had risen early to preach riseth early to save. Note, that this "when it was yet dark" is the morning-star hour. *When* he rose so shall we—"while it is yet dark." No forty days will elapse between our rising and our ascending. To rise will be to ascend. "*And seeth the stone taken away from the sepulcher.*" In the might of Imperial Rome the world as a unit, and the power of that world, was headed up in Cæsar. There was no king but Cæsar, and no power like Cæsar's power. When, therefore, Rome struck Christ's death-blow, all the world's strength backed that blow. And as the death, so, too, Christ's burial. As surely as the empire had killed him, so surely did it mean to patrol the tomb. King Cæsar would await King Corruption, and then each would go his respective way. This stone, then, "great stone" though it was, was not merely a woman's difficulty. It was an imperial fact. "*Who shall roll it away?*" said they. Yet the real difficulty was not a mere stone, however large, but Death's real gates of brass and bars of iron. THEY locked Christ in, and not mere stone. Rome's iron nails and soldier's spear

had bolted the gates of brass; be there big stone at the door, or no stone at all. And so this while-it-was-yet-dark vision of the stone rolled away tells its own tale and another tale also. The lesser is contained in the greater. "The Breaker" is Micah's name for him, and here the Lord earns it all. He hath broken the gates of brass in resurrection and cut the bars of iron in sunder! *"Then she runneth . . . So they* [Peter and John] *ran together."* How suggestive an inauguration of the resurrection! The saints have incentive; they run. God has outrun them; yet would they run. And even so it ever was with the church. The memory of the empty tomb ever vivifies his own. This made gospelling so gladly easy in the years A. D. 33-66. This constituted the "Offense of the Cross"; for there the world's power spent itself and the gospel of the opened tomb heaped humiliation on that vaunted power. Where God struck the world its death-blow, so even there the church ever does so. Ah, empty tomb, may we run because of thee! *"She runneth to Simon Peter and the other disciple, and they ran together."* Yes, running indeed, but not to outsiders. *That* will be, and soon enough. The resurrection, first of all, causes Christ's own to "run together," to run to each other's hearts for communion and help. See that lovely miniature of what all this being "together" may involve. "As they ran together the other disciple did *outrun* Peter." How simply put and yet how unerringly. But not he who *is* first exercises his rights as such. The first at the tomb is the second to enter it. He who is forward in running is backward in entering. And *he* is that disciple whom Jesus fondly loved; he, who would rather be second in some things and first in one thing. This one thing all the church owns to be his fond loving. He who fondly loved was fondly loved. He loved him because he first loved us. Peter *dared* and John *loved;* yet do we read that "they went away to their own home," dear brethren both of a dear Lord. In the running of fellowship there will always be outstripping. But the kindly dignity of outrunning consists in its resolve not to be first in everything. It leaves something for somebody else—"that all might have a little." *"Simon Peter . . . went in; then went in also that other disciple; and he saw and believed."* It was what they did not see that agreed so divinely with what they saw. This constitutes believing. "We see not yet . . . but we see"; even thus doth God make Faith. "We see Him not," said Peter; yet do we see His stately goings, and seeing we believe. The believing, it must be most carefully noted, is all put down to John's credit. They entered, "but he believed." Peter's thoughts are read for us by Luke when he says that having beheld the linen clothes, Peter departed, "wondering in himself at that which was come to pass." Ah, how solemn! We can have been first in and last to believe. "The first shall be last." Love's eye alone can keenly detect. Love is not blind, though a proverb says it. Love only can see rightly. The Gospel, in fact, hurries on to tell us that this believing was not the belief of faith—faith in God's word. Saith the record: "He saw and believed, for as yet they knew not the Scripture." This is the belief of love, not the belief of faith. God's hints lead up to God's words. He who refuses the hint will get the word; but blessed is he who taketh God's hints. Love ever does.

"*But Mary stood without weeping.*" Ah, now we climb the heights! Not he who runneth, and not he who entereth, but she who weepeth is crowned. They are not going to get her reward; no man may take her crown! She gets *Himself*—she who had been out betimes seeking him while it was yet dark. True, she never dreamed of this, nor would we. We wonder why they did not remember what he had told them. Ah, that shows up not their unbelief, but our own! They, even now, are under the black cloud of Calvary; their souls are shrouded in the horror of great darkness. No empty tomb for them will mean the long aching days of sorrow dragging out ahead; the night getting bleaker and darker. And so our wondering at all this only shows how little a Calvary ours has been—how little a loss *we realize* theirs had been. Looking across a glorious resurrection vista of nearly two thousand years—in which Christ has been head over all things to the church—how easy to criticize the orphans who had neither Christ nor Paraclete! Mary, then, was first, and first she shall be, said her risen Lord. She who had experienced his saving grace is honored by first welcoming him back again. All has been tangled, and her only relief is that of weeping. She, like the other woman, would have wet his feet with those same tears; but now there are no feet to weep over, and she weeps the tears of despair. And the tears blind—blind so really that when he speaks to her she knows him not. Supposes him to be the gardener, forsooth—O, blinding tears! For there are tears that blind metaphorically, even as there are tears that clear the soul's vision. She, too, had stooped in to see what the others saw; but her tears hindered her seeing what John saw. God, then, must do his first Godlike act in Resurrection; do what he ever does to his weeping Marys. He wipes away all their tears; and that, too, with the old magic word of a human name, her name—"Mary!" And she—O, in a flash all is explained; and to show how well she has learned her lesson she utters the lone word, "Rabboni!" that is to say (if an interjection has any value at all), "O, what a Teacher!" For the path has been winding and the discipline severe, but all has been climaxed, even as *our* lesson will be, with that one ascriptive word, "Rabboni!" "Who teacheth like thee!" "*Then the same day at evening, when the doors were shut . . . came Jesus and stood in the midst.*" The wonderful morning leads on to a wonderful evening. They have shut out the Jews, not the Lord. He who could not be shut in by the Romans cannot be shut out by his own. Nay, but his own promise do they claim—"Where two or three are gathered together." Look, too, how they have left him his rightful place "in the midst"; and look, too, how he claims it! "Jesus stood in the midst." The promise made is the promise kept. Such are the meditations of Dan Crawford alone with his Bible and the illumining Spirit for twenty-three years in the heart of Africa, whither he now returns to add new heroic years of loneliness and labor for his Lord and Saviour.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Clio, A Muse, and Other Essays. By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN. 8vo, pp. 200. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

To those who have read Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic, or Garibaldi and the Thousand, or Garibaldi and the Making of Italy, not to mention several other volumes, the name of G. M. Trevelyan on the back of a book is lure enough to make them open it and read, especially if the book opens with an essay on History which begins this way: "The last fifty years have witnessed great changes in the management of the temple of Clio, the muse of history. Her inspired prophets and bards have passed away and been succeeded by the priests of an established church; the vulgar have been excluded from the Court of the Gentiles; doctrine has been defined; heretics have been excommunicated; and the tombs of the aforesaid prophets have been duly blackened by the new hierarchy. *While these changes were in process the statue of the Muse was seen to wink.* Was it in approval or derision?" The succeeding fifty-four pages make plain historian Trevelyan's belief that the Muse was winking in derision at the doctrine that history is a science. He raises some root questions as to what written history ought to be: Ought history to be merely the Accumulation of facts about the past? Or ought it to be also the Interpretation of those facts? Or ought it also to be the Exposition of these facts *in their full emotional and intellectual value* by the difficult art of literature? And one more, Ought emotion to be excluded from history on the ground that history deals only with the science of cause and effect in human affairs? Historian Trevelyan begins his answer by declaring sharply that this alleged "*Science* of cause and effect in human affairs" does not exist and cannot ever exist in any degree of accuracy remotely deserving to be described by the word "science." No such science can be framed by which the course of future events can be predicted. The causes of events are largely hidden and effects are incalculable. Referring to the French Revolution, for instance, he insists that Carlyle, with his warm human sympathies and high imaginative powers, giving a flame-picture of what was in very fact a conflagration, gives a truer account of that Revolution than do the "scientific historians" with their cold analysis of events and their conventional summings up. They may have more exact knowledge of part of the facts, but they have far less understanding of Man. Trevelyan says that Carlyle's all-embracing tolerance and human sympathy, which enabled him to understand his fellow men, are the spiritual hall-mark of his French Revolution, in which France is pitifully regarded as a ship on fire, as in this passage: "The Fireship is old France, the old French Form of Life; her crew a generation of men. Wild are their cries and their ragings there, like spirits tormented in that flame. But, on the whole, are they not *gone*, O Reader? Their fireship and they, frightening the world, have sailed away; its flames and its thunders quite away, into the Deep of Time. One thing therefore History will do: *pity them all, for it went hard with them all.*" Ian Maclaren wrote in an autograph album not long before

he died this sentiment: "Be pitiful. Every man is fighting a hard fight." Pity is a preeminently *Christian* impulse. The struggling world, suffering from its ignorance, mistakes, follies, wounds, and sins, has its own deep needy and poignant reasons for turning wistfully to Him who pities its misfortunes and its miseries, who had *compassion* on the multitude and had tears to shed over the city. Trevelyan's conception of the historian's function is this: "It is his business to examine diligently all the facts he can find, and then to generalize and deduce or guess as to causes and effects, but he should do this modestly and not call it 'science.'" Repeatedly and with various illustrations our author emphasizes the presence of the unsearchable and the incalculable in human affairs. "God works in a *mysterious* way." "Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?" Life is made up of surprises. Events and situations do not repeat themselves. "Never the time and the place and the loved one all together"; no, never again. Cromwell and his soldiers were something never to be repeated, that once for all took shape and was. Charles and his cavaliers, too, will never come again. Providence is no repeater; always fresh inventions, new arrangements. You cannot scientifically predict the chessboard of tomorrow. What some call "accident" or "chance," and others call "God," is forever unpredictably at work amid earthly affairs. Read this: "The charm of an historic battlefield is its *fortuitous* character. *Chance* selected this field out of so many, that low wall, this gentle slope of grass, a windmill, a farm or straggling hedge, to turn the tide of war and decide the fate of nations and of creeds. Look on this scene, restored to its rustic sleep that was so rudely interrupted on that one day in all the ages; and looking, laugh at the '*science* of history.' But for *some one honest soldier's* pluck or luck in the decisive onslaught round yonder village spire, the lost cause would now be hailed as 'the tide of inevitable tendency' that nothing could have turned aside! How charmingly remote and *casual* are such places as Rosbach and Valmy, Senlac and Marston Moor. Or take the case of Morat. There, over that green hill beneath the lowland firwood, it *happened* that the mountaineers from alp and glacier-foot swept on with thundering feet and bellowing war horns, and at sight of their leveled pikes the Burgundian chivalry, arrayed in all the gorgeous trappings of the Renaissance armorers, fled headlong into Morat lake down there. From that day forward, Swiss democracy, thrusting aside the Duke of Savoy, planted itself on the Genevan shore, and Europe, therefore, in the fullness of time, got Calvin and Rousseau. A fine chain of 'cause and effect,' which I lay humbly at the feet of 'science'!" Do you think that passage from Trevelyan a rather noble and lustrous bit of writing? Do you admire its apparent ease and fluency? Listen what the writer of it says about writing in general: "What is easy to read has been difficult to write. The labor of writing and rewriting, correcting and recorrecting, is the due exacted by every good book from its author, even if he know from the beginning exactly what he wants to say. A limpid style is invariably the result of hard labor, and the easily flowing connection of sentence with sentence and paragraph with paragraph has always been won by the sweat of the brow." "It does not seem to me to have quite

your usual ease and fluency," said a friend, asked to criticize a fresh piece of writing. "No," replied the writer of it, "I had not time for that. The ease will cost me much labor, and the fluency I will have to drag in by the hair of its head." And what is true of writing is true of everything within reach of human endeavor. Excellence is costly. It is attainable, but you must pay a big price. There is no royal road to anything that is prizable. In passing, Trevelyan says: "In my travels I used often to see on the shelf or table of a country cottage or an inn parlor books like Motley's Dutch Republic, where now only magazines or novels are added to the pile"; evidence that this hurrying age of ours is shallow, superficial, frivolous, unstudious, thoughtless, half-educated, unintellectual, destitute of real culture. He speaks of the "mighty plants that grew" in the literary soil of "the early Victorian age." Next after the essay on the Muse of History come nearly thirty pages in praise of Walking, written by an experienced and enthusiastic walker. The author prefaces his essay with this beautiful bit from Leslie Stephen: "When you have made an early start, followed the coastguard track on the slopes above the cliffs, struggled through the gold and purple carpeting of gorse and heather on the moors, dipped down into quaint little coves with a primitive fishing village, followed the blinding whiteness of the sands round a lonely bay, and at last emerged upon a headland where you can settle into a nook of the rocks, look down upon the glorious blue of the Atlantic waves breaking into foam on the granite, and see the distant sea levels glimmering away till they blend imperceptibly into cloudland, then you can consume your modest sandwiches and feel more virtuous and thoroughly at peace with the universe than it is easy even to conceive yourself elsewhere. I have fancied myself on such occasions a felicitous blend of poet and saint—which is an agreeable sensation. What I wish to point out, however, is that the sensation is confined to the walker." Then, speaking for himself, Trevelyan says: "I have two doctors, my left leg and my right. When body and mind are out of gear (and those twin parts of me live at such close quarters that the one always catches melancholy from the other) I know that I have only to call in my doctors and I shall be well again. Mr. Arnold Bennett has written a religious tract called The Human Machine. Philosophers and clergymen are always discussing why we should be good—as if any one doubted that he ought to be. But Mr. Bennett has tackled the real problem of ethics and religion—how we can make ourselves be good. We all of us know that we ought to be cheerful to ourselves and kind to others, but cheerfulness is often and kindness sometimes as unattainable as sleep in a white night. That combination of mind and body which I call my soul is often so choked up with bad thoughts or useless worries that

> Books and my food and summer rain
> Knock on my sullen heart in vain.

It is then that I call in my two doctors to carry me off for the day." This practiced pedestrian raises the question which is better, walking in company or walking alone? with talk or without it? and answers that both are

good at different times. Carlyle carried the art of walking and talking to perfection; he describes a sunny summer afternoon when he and Irving walked and talked a good sixteen miles. But Carlyle's longest walk, fifty-four miles in one day, from Muirkirk to Dumfries, was taken alone and in silence. There are times, says Trevelyan, when the lone walk is a man's best refuge and restorative. Hear him: "Once in every man's youth there comes the hour when he must learn what no one ever yet believed save on the authority of his own experience, that the world was not created to make him happy. In such cases, as in that of Teufelsdröckh, grim Walking's the rule. Every man must once at least in life have the great vision of Earth as Hell. Then, while his soul within him is molten lava that will take some lifelong shape of good or bad when it cools, let him set out and walk, whatever the weather, wherever he is, be it in the depths of London, and let him walk grimly, well if it is by night, to avoid the vulgar sights and faces of men, appearing to him, in his then demonic mood, as base beyond all endurance. Let him walk until his flesh curse his spirit for driving it on, and his spirit spend its rage on his flesh in forcing it still pitilessly to sway the legs. Then the fire within him will not turn to soot and choke him, as it chokes those who linger at home with their grief, motionless, between four mean, lifeless walls. The stricken one who has, more wisely, taken to road and field, as he plies his solitary pilgrimage day after day, finds that he has with him a companion with whom he is not ashamed to share his grief, even the Earth he treads, his mother who bore him. At the close of a well-trodden day grief can have strange visions and find mysterious comforts. Hastening at droop of dusk through some remote byway never to be found again, a man has known a row of ancient trees nodding over a high stone wall above a bank of wet earth, bending down their sighing branches to him as he hastened past forever, to whisper that the place knew it all centuries ago and had always been waiting for him to come by, even thus, for one minute in the night. Be grief or joy the companion, in youth and in middle age, it is only at the end of a long and solitary day's walk that I have had strange casual moments of mere sight and feeling more vivid and less forgetable than the human events of life, moments like those that Wordsworth has described as his common companions in boyhood, like that night when he was rowing on Esthwaite, and that day when he was nutting in the woods. These come to me only after five and twenty miles. To Wordsworth they came more easily, together with the power of expressing them in words! Yet even his vision and power were closely connected with his long daily walks. De Quincey tells us, 'I calculate, upon good data, that with these identical legs Wordsworth must have traversed a distance of 175,000 or 180,000 English miles, a mode of exertion which to him stood in the stead of alcohol and all stimulants whatsoever to the animal spirits; to which indeed he was indebted for a life of unclouded happiness, and we for much of what is most excellent in his writings.'". Hear now this pedestrian's praise of tea as a walker's best drink: "The charmed cup that prolongs the pleasure of the walk and often its actual distance by the last best spell of miles. Before mod-

ern times there was Walking, but not the perfection of Walking, because there was no tea. They of old time said, 'The traveler hasteth toward evening,' but it was then from fear of robbers and the dark, not from the joy of glad living as with us who swing down the darkling road refreshed by tea. When they reached the Forest of Arden, Rosalind's spirits and Touchstone's legs were weary—but if only Corin could have produced a pot of tea, they would have walked on singing till they found the Duke at dinner. In that scene Shakespeare put his unerring finger fine on the want of his age—tea for walkers at evening. Tea is not a native product, but it has become our native drink, procured by our English energy at seafaring and trading, to cheer us with the sober courage that fits us best. No, let the swart Italian crush his grape! But grant to me, ye Muses, for heart's ease, at four o'clock or five, wasp-waisted with hunger and faint with long four miles an hour, to enter the open door of a lane-side inn and ask the jolly hostess if she can give me three boiled eggs with my tea—and let her answer, 'Yes.' Then for an hour's perfect rest and recovery, while I draw from my pocket some small, well-thumbed volume, discolored by many rains and rivers, so that some familiar, immortal spirit may sit beside me at the board. There is true luxury of mind and body! Then on again into the night if it be winter, or into the dusk falling or still but threatened—joyful, a man remade. Then is the best yet to come, when the walk is carried on into the night, or into the long, silent, twilight hours which in the northern summer stand in night's place. Whether I am alone or with one fit companion, then most is the quiet soul awake; for then the body, drugged with sheer health, is felt only as a part of the physical nature that surrounds it and to which it is indeed akin; while the mind's sole function is to be conscious of calm delight. Such hours are described in Meredith's Night Walk:

> A pride of legs in motion kept
> Our spirits to their task meanwhile,
> And what was deepest dreaming slept:
> The posts that named the swallowed mile;
> Beside the straight canal the hut
> Abandoned; near the river's source
> Its infant chirp; the shortest cut;
> The roadway missed were our discourse;
> At times dear poets, whom some view
> Transcendent or subdued evoked . . .
> *But most the silences were sweet!*

The next essay is on George Meredith, another pedestrian. In it Trevelyan notes a peculiarity in Meredith's writings: "The inspiring touches of his portraits of men and women come when he has dipped them anew in Nature. The characters in his novels put on their full grandeur or charm only when they stand in direct contact with Nature: Vernon Whitford in his sleep under the wild white cherry tree; Diana by the mountain pool above the Italian lake; Beauchamp at sea or under the Alps at dawn; Ottilia at sea or in the thunderstorm; Emilia by Wilming Weir or in the moonlit fir-tree glade; Carinthia Jane when she goes

out to 'call the morning' in her mountain home; Lucy by the plunging weir, amid the bilberries, long grass, and meadowsweet. It is at such moments, not when they are bandying epigrams in the drawing-room, that they leave their eternal impression upon us. And Richard Feverel learns the lesson of life—too late, it is true—on his walk through the thunderstorm at night in Rhineland, when he feels all Nature drinking in the glad rain." Various passages exhibiting Meredith's literary dexterity are quoted. Both Trevelyan and Verrall consider the following a wonderful piece of penmanship; it is part of the picture of Diana beside the mountain pool: "With her, or rather with his thought of her soul, he understood the right union of women and men from the roots to the flowering heights of that rare graft. She gave him comprehension of the meaning of love—a word in many mouths, not often explained. With her, wound in his idea of her, he perceived it to signify a new start in our existence, a finer shoot of the tree stoutly planted in good earth; the senses running their live sap, and the minds companioned, and the spirits made one by the whole-natured conjunction. In sooth, a happy prospect for the sons and daughters of Earth, divinely indicating more than happiness: the speeding of us, compact of what we are, between the ascetic rocks and the sensual whirlpools, to the creation of certain nobler races, now very dimly imagined." Chalmers spoke of "the expulsive power of a new affection." Meredith writes to a friend just freshly fallen in love, "To you with your heart filled with a new passion, *the past is as smoke flitting away from a fired-off old contemptible gun.*" Meredith was an athlete and a joyous lover of life. His "Last Poems," like those of Browning, Tennyson, and others, have interest because they show what kind of spiritual profit he drew from old age, and with what countenance he sat in the shadow of death. Did earth grow dark and terrible to him as he watched it from the sentinel chair to which illness confined him in that last, long watch? Or did all our affairs grow far away, and dim, and foolish in the light of some higher reality drawing near? Did the new world of machines and mobs and vulgarity that had grown up since his youth seem to him at the last, as it did to Carlyle and to Tennyson, just a bad mistake and nothing more, a driving of the car of humanity into the ditch? Or did he, like Browning, fixing his eye on the curtain behind which he himself was about to pass, "greet the unseen with a cheer"? Meredith did none of these things. During the long years when he waited with kindly patience for death, he was entirely preoccupied with fears and hopes, not for himself, but for the actual world that he was to leave behind. Here, on Mother Earth, would live the race of Man, with whom he had, in his altruistic philosophy, absolutely identified himself. And so we find that Meredith's "Last Poems" are almost entirely concerned with—history and politics! There is no "Crossing the Bar," no "Epilogue." With a characteristic touch of independence and dislike for curiosity, he squares his own accounts with death in private. But he is gravely concerned in these last poems with such workaday questions as Home Rule and Conscription. His last voice is raised to commemorate Nelson and Garibaldi, and to proclaim sympathy with the

struggle for Russian freedom. There is a valor and a jollity in this way of ending life that is infinitely touching, in view of the grave, beautiful things that he had formerly written about death in the fourteenth chapter of Lord Ormont, and again and again in his other novels; in The Ballad of Past Meridian, in the Faith on Trial, and in the sonnet on A Friend Lost. No murmur or complaint was heard from him as he sat crippled alike by disease and age. He was the man who had written, "There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by." His soul enriched itself with all the pleasures and activities that his once splendid body was now compelled to forego. Youth never left him, but became transformed into a gracious spiritual repossession of youth's joys, by memory and by seeing others enjoy them in their turn. He loved the presence of the young, to hear how they fared in their work, and in the sane pursuit of Artemis and Aphrodite. I have seen him watching the esplanade from a seaside-lodging window. To most of us it would have seemed a very ordinary lodging-house window indeed, but to him, and to those who heard him talk, it was a peephole on glorious life. A girl passing on a bicycle set him prophesying the fuller life that was now setting in for women. A boy leading a pet goat up and down aroused his envy and delight, made him again in spirit a boy, a Crossjay. To listen to him was to be plunged by Esculapius into the healing waters of youth. There is only one intimate personal confession in his last poems. It is a perfect expression of what old age was to him, and what we may pray that it will be to each of us. The poem is called "Youth in Age":

Once I was part of the music I heard
  On the boughs or sweet between earth and sky,
  For joy of the beating of wings on high
My heart shot into the breast of the bird.

I hear it now and I see it fly
  And a life in wrinkles again is stirred,
  My heart shoots into the breast of the bird,
As it will for sheer love till the last long sigh.

One of these essays is on John Woolman, the Quaker abolitionist, of whom Trevelyan says: "John Woolman was a contemporary of Rousseau, though he scarcely knew it. And the spirit of that age, 'dreaming on things to come,' spoke a new word through him also, bidding men prepare the ground for what we may call the Anglo-Saxon Revolution, the abolition of Negro slavery. Woolman's Journal tells how this humblest and quietest of men used to travel round on foot, year after year, among those old-fashioned American Quakers, stirring their honest but sleepy consciences on this new point of his touching 'the holding their fellow men as property.' A Quaker Socrates, with his searching, simple questions, he surpassed his Athenian prototype in love and patience and argumentative fairness, as much as he fell below him in intellect. And when the Friends found that they could not answer John's questions, instead of poisoning him or locking him up as an anarchist, they let their slaves go free! Truly, a most surprising outcome for the colloquy of wealthy and settled

men with a humble and solitary pedestrian! Incredible as it may seem, they asked no one for 'Compensation'! But then the Quakers always were an odd people. They say John Brown in the ghost went marching along in front of the Northern armies. Then I guess John Woolman was bringing up the ambulance behind. As to John Brown, to use a Balkan expression, he was a *comitadji*, 'undaunted, true, and brave.' He could knock up families at night and lead out the fathers and husbands to instant execution, or be hung himself, with an equal sense of duty done, all in the name of the Lord, who he reckoned was antagonistic to Negro slavery. And then came the war, those slaughterings by scores of thousands of the finest youthful manhood in the world, the grinding up of the seed-corn of Anglo-Saxon America, from which racially she can never wholly recover. And all because the majority of slave-owners, not being Quakers, had refused to listen to John Woolman. Close your ears to John Woolman in one generation, and you will get John Brown later on, with Grant to follow." On one occasion, at a very English table, Carlyle was bored by a tribe of Philistines who were reiterating over their Port our great insular doctrine that "political theories make no difference to practice." After listening long in silence he growled out: "There was once a man called Rousseau. He printed a book of political theories, and the nobles of that land laughed. But the next edition was bound in their skins." And so, with a big Scottish peasant's chuckle, he fell silent again amid the apologetic coughs of the discomposed dinner party.

The Problem of Christianity. Lectures Delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston, and at Manchester College, Oxford. By JOSIAH ROYCE, D.Sc. (University of Oxford), Professor of the History of Philosophy in Harvard University. Vol. I. The Christian Doctrine of Life. Vol. II. The Real World and the Christian Ideas. 12mo, pp. xlvi+425, and 442. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $3.50, net.

THIS work is offered as a contribution to meet the religious needs of the modern mind. Professor Royce reminds his readers at the outset that his views are novel, but he has come to his conclusions after much thought and study, and the volumes have been published for the strengthening of hearts. This is surely a good motive. We are impressed by the high ethical tone and the fine spirit of the writer. He deals with the situation, on his own confession, not as a historian nor a theologian, but as a philosopher. Now philosophy is an interpretation of life and the universe, but it has no monopoly of the field. We must also reckon with the interpretations of artists, leaders of men, and all students of the humanities. Dr. Royce acknowledges that Christianity is the greatest result of the efforts of mankind to secure salvation. "Both by reason of its past history and by reason of its present and persistent relation to the religious experience and to the needs of men, Christianity stands before us as the most effective expression of religious longing which the human race, travailing in pain until now, has, in its corporate capacity, as yet, been able to bring before its imagination as a vision, or has endeavored to translate, by the labor of love, into the terms of its own life." Christianity can be approached in one of three ways. The

apologist is the expounder and defender, whose purpose is to defend, to propagate, and, in one way or another, to render efficacious the Christian view of God, of the world, and of human destiny. The second attitude is that of the opponent, the critic, or one who is indifferent to its claims. The third is neutral because he is baffled by reasonable doubts, philosophical issues, historical problems, and tragedies of practical and religious life. Dr. Royce sympathizes with this last position, and he offers a new interpretation of Christianity, intended to help this brother toward a solution of his problem. But in spite of his insistence and repetition, we must declare that this Christianity is as unlike the New Testament conception of it as theosophical Buddhism is unlike the original and pure Buddhism of the Pitakas. The learned professor deals with a form of social religious experience which makes little of individual experience. One of the most attractive features of the gospel of Jesus is his emphasis of the worth of the individual life, but Royce thinks differently. He does not openly criticize the Master, but he calmly explains that the historical evidence for the life and teaching of Jesus is not reliable, and so he has nothing positive to say about the person of the Founder of Christianity nor about the origin of the Christian community. This is certainly a serious disqualification on the part of one who professes to discuss Christianity. If the testimony of the primitive church is worth anything at all, we must acknowledge, in the face of literary evidence, not to speak of historical, that everywhere and at all times Jesus received the place of central importance; and it was given him by the unanimous consent of the early church, whose worthy example has been followed by the church of all the centuries. Dr. James Denny has reminded us recently that professed philosophers, as a rule, have fought shy of Christ. They have not come to close quarters with his words. They have never dealt seriously with his own estimate of himself. They have constructed theories of the spiritual world in which he had literally no place, or no other place than their own. This somewhat sharp charge by the Scotch professor can be illustrated from these volumes. In spite of the apostle Paul's repeated declaration in his epistles that the grace of God was mediated to him through Jesus Christ, we read in these pages that the origin of the power of grace is psychologically inexplicable, as, indeed, all transforming love is. But testimony is not wanting that both grace and love can be explained and understood by pragmatic tests, for by their fruits they can be known. It is absurd to be told that Paul owed more to the church than to Christ, and it is unhistorical to declare that the secret of Paul's power as a missionary can be explained by his inspired passion for the community. Nay, rather, it was his undying passion for Christ, "who loved me and gave himself up for me," that was the motive and power of his apostolic labors. Dr. Royce seems to be obsessed with the idea of the community; but in the last analysis we learn from him that this is only an ideal: "The true church is still a sort of ideal challenge to the faithful rather than an already finished institution, a call upon men for a heavenly quest, rather than a present possession of humanity." "This community

is not a mere collection of individuals. It is a sort of live unit, that has organs, as the body of an individual has organs." It is even conceived of as a person on a level superior to that of any human individual. Note well this sentence: "Christianity not only is a religion founded upon the idea of the divine community—the church—but also is a religion whose human founder was rather the community itself, acting as a spiritual unity, than it was any individual man whatever." What, then, shall we make of this declaration of the apostle, which is also a challenge: "For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 3. 11)? Where Paul and the primitive church believed and preached that salvation came through Jesus Christ, this modern philosopher announces that salvation comes through thoroughgoing devotion to the community. But we have already seen that the community is only an ideal. Loyalty is the watchword of this new doctrine, but beautiful as is the sentiment, the New Testament word *faith* is more comprehensive and carries more applications. We do not object to an ideal; indeed, there is nothing to incite courage and draw out our resources like the ideal community which gathers within its bounds the entire human race in an all-embracing unity. But we surely cannot be expected to accept it in preference to the supremely blessed reality of Jesus Christ our Lord. Professor Caird has described the church as "a bond of human beings as all directly related to God, and only through God related to each other." This is far more profound than Professor Royce's conception of the community in which there is no place for the Supreme Being and where worship is offered to the immanent spirit of the community after the fashion of Positivism. One of his concluding exhortations is: "Let your Christology be the practical acknowledgment of the Spirit of the Universal and Beloved Community." Nay, indeed, we shall abide by the all-sufficient Christ, who is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through him. The change suggested by Dr. Royce may make for a species of social mysticism, but it satisfies neither the mind nor spirit of the Christian, because Christ, the life of his life, has been taken away, and his indispensable place is occupied by a pervasive influence, which is too ethereal to make possible any concrete experience of spiritual fellowship. The failure to give Christ the supreme and essential place has rendered all the teaching of these volumes defective. What is said about guilt, grace, forgiveness, atonement is characterized by a fine ethical spirit, but when we seek to make connections with the source of power, we find that all communication has been shut off. The endurance of religion depends on its ability to meet human needs, by strengthening hearts and fulfilling the just demands of the human spirit for guidance through the wilderness. It is true that the traditional types of Christianity are inadequate for modern needs, but the world of to-day, however much it has changed, cannot get on without Jesus Christ. In his excellent discussion entitled "Christianity, its Nature and its Truth," Professor Peake well states that "Christianity is not a mere moral philosophy; it is a moral and redeeming force. We needed more than a teacher, we wanted a Saviour. To

have set before us the loftiest ideal would only have brought home to us more keenly our utter inability. But Christ is not only a teacher, he is a Redeemer. As such he has from the first been proclaimed by his followers." After a visit to the Orient to study religious conditions, President King, of Oberlin College, recently declared that Christ is the only hopeful basis for Oriental civilization. Let us also acknowledge that Christ is the only unifying force of Occidental civilization. Indeed, the world, both East and West, most urgently needs him. Time has wrought many changes, and ideas that were paramount in one age have become obsolete in later ages. Not so has it been with our Lord.

> That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
> Or decomposes but to recompose.

There are different types of Christianity—dogmatic, philosophical, sacramental, evangelical—but they all center in Christ. The Christians of the New Testament bore a direct relationship to Jesus Christ. It was of him they spoke; it was his commandments that they obeyed; it was his honor that they sought; it was his spirit of love that they showed; it was his power to save from sin that they advertised. No one bearing the name of Christian can depart from this standard. An ideal or conceptual Christianity which is concerned with a religion based on the pure reason is chimerical. Where we differ so radically from Professor Royce in his examination of the Christian experience, it is needless to consider his metaphysical idealism, with which he endeavors to support his findings in the realm of practical life. If his conclusions are accepted, the New Testament will have to be remade. Such a radical course happily is superfluous, and we prefer to accept the apostolic testimony that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Pilgrims of the Lonely Road. By Gaius Glenn Atkins. Crown 8vo, pp. 339. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

We know no better way of introducing this book than by copying the publishers' description: "Contents: Introduction. I. The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. II. The Confessions of St. Augustine. III. The Imitation of Christ. IV. Theologia Germanica. V. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. VI. Newman's Apologia. VII. Tolstoy's Confessions. VIII. Conclusion. A study of the experience of a group of men who have during the last fifteen hundred years set out to find liberty and peace, and have told the story of their quest in a group of books which are classics, either of devotion or confession. These men labored in secret and published their labors to the world. They were accounted dreamers, but their dreams have rewritten history; they were pilgrims in that each one of them sought something better than he knew. They were pilgrims of a lonely road because they dared greatly and went out not knowing where they were to go. They achieved great transitions, and some of them released, in the silent travail of their souls, forces which have in the end been mobilized

on the fields of battle and filled senates and parliaments with their clamor. They have much to teach our own time, for they turn us back from an excessive dependence upon the superficial and external to the truer springs of life and power." We pass over six chapters to the last, which is on Tolstoy, whose spiritual quest and struggle lie nearest to our own time and its problems and conditions; from which we extract, as a sample of the book's quality, the following without using quotation marks: Multitudes of men are always and unquestionably content to dwell upon the lower levels; they surrender without protest their high estate, live and die, seemingly without travail or inner protest, upon levels which are far, far short of the best. A good many men seem able to maintain themselves upon the conventional levels "of reason, order, decency, and use"; still others are gradually pushed from such respectable stations down all the passes of that weary road which leads to darkness. From time to time we are vouchsafed the vision of those who seem born citizens of the highest; they do not strive nor cry aloud; their voice is not heard in the streets; they simply come home, quietly, directly, with no conflict which other men at least may discern, to the high habitations of the soul. They mount up with wings as eagles and where we falter through the shadows they pass in radiant certitudes. But there are others still—and Tolstoy is one of them—who will not surrender to the lowest and who cannot attain the highest except in sore agonies of spiritual endeavor. The early pages of the "Confession" record the decay of an inherited faith which had really never gripped his soul and is one more chapter in the story of that twilight of the gods whose shadow has fallen deeply across so many men and women in the last two generations, whose recital lends haunting melancholy to wide reaches of contemporaneous literature. Like all his comrades, Tolstoy's "cradle faith" died of inanition. "Thus, now as then, the religious teaching, which is accepted through confidence and is supported through external pressure, slowly melts under the influence of knowledge and the experiences of life, which are contrary to the religious teaching, and a man frequently goes on imagining that the religious teaching with which he has been imbued in childhood is in full force in him, whereas there is not even a trace left of it." It is a bitter day when a man comes to bear his weight upon inherited convictions and finds they will not support him. With nothing to sustain him except a passion for perfection unrelated to transforming and redeeming powers, Tolstoy entered, he tells us, upon bitter and sterile years. "I cannot recall those years without dread, loathing, and anguish of heart. I killed people in war and challenged to duels to kill; I lost money at cards, wasting the labor of the peasants. . . . Lying, stealing, acts of lust of every description, drunkenness, violence, murder—there was not a crime which I did not commit, and for all that I was praised, and my contemporaries have regarded me as a comparatively moral man." He found nothing in the standards and ideals of his contemporaries either to correct or inspire him; they were all alike wanting in any real vision of the meaning of life. Literary activities brought him no release; his stars were blotted out and the deep weariness of life weighed increasingly upon him. Life

had lost its meanings, its compulsions, its justifications. The question "why" hung like a portent across all his horizons. "The truth was that life was meaningless. It was as though I had just been living and walking along, and had come to an abyss, where I saw clearly that there was nothing ahead but perdition. And it was impossible to stop and go back, and impossible to shut my eyes, in order that I might not see that there was nothing ahead but suffering and imminent death—complete annihilation." Tolstoy seriously contemplated suicide, and his biographers delight to show us just the beam between the bookshelves in the library where he meditated hanging himself. "And it was then that I, a man favored by fortune, hid a cord from myself, lest I should hang myself from the crosspiece of the partition in my room, where I undressed alone every evening; and I ceased to go out shooting with a gun, lest I should be tempted by so easy a way of ending my life. I did not myself know what I wanted: I feared life, desired to escape from it, yet still hoped something of it." All this while he was not yet fifty, happily married, a man of large fortune and international fame. Well, there is this one thing in it all: if a man stands on "the last shelf of things" and throws himself out on life, life will bear him up, and life has its own compensations, its own mystical and unfailing reenforcements. We are always being taught this. From time to time in the regions of speculation men have stripped themselves as bare of certainties as Tolstoy and his kind have been stripped bare of peace and power, and always, when doubt and skepticism have led them to the brink of abysses of negation and their last support is about to disappear, they have saved themselves by cramping their slipping feet against some ledge of reality and therefrom painfully climbing toward the tablelands, accepting what life offers and rebuilding laboriously, but with a new and unfailing sense of security and power, the houses of their habitation, the temples of their worship. Curiously enough, when such houses and temples are finished they are very like those from which they had moved out, but always with this difference: their foundations have been reestablished in those certainties beyond which we cannot pass and deeper than which we cannot delve. Surely this is the first stage in the new birth: to begin again with nothing at all except life itself. It is worth while at any cost to go down to the foundations of things. We who do not so dare or are not so driven are at least in debt to the men who have sounded the shadows and who come back to testify to us that the "foundation of God standeth sure." To be sure, those who make this discovery do not always directly discover that it is the foundation of God. That comes later as the light begins to rise. Tolstoy, then, came in his agony to the place where he really had to choose between death and life: he chose life and set out to find its meanings. Then he found directly, as we all find, that as the day so shall our strength be. Life offered him enough to go on with, and the further he went the stronger and more wonderful it became. He sought the guidance of all sorts and conditions of men; he asked many questions of the leaders of the Greek Church. He consorted with peasants and sought their point of view who see life most simply and elementally, unconfused by learning,

possessions, or responsibility; and he found, he confesses, most help from those who approach life most simply and bravely. He got no help from those dreamers whose final verdict is, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." They were wanting, we see clearly enough and he felt clearly enough, in the very first condition of escape: and that is *the will to live.* Life will not yield its meanings to those who despair of understanding them. When Christian was locked up with Hopeful in Doubting Castle he discovered one day that he was a fool so to lie in a stinking dungeon when he might as well have been walking at liberty, for he had all the while a key in his bosom which would open any lock in Doubting Castle. He called that *the key of promise.* We may call it, if we will, *the key of confidence and action,* for confidence and action are the ward and slot of the key to all the meanings of life. Mr. William James and his school have rendered us no greater service than in *justifying on psychological grounds the ancient enthusiasms of the soul;* they have shown us that desire does not follow, but leads, in the master enterprises of life, and that *will is a creative force,* giving quality and solidity to all our experiences. So many men to whom the generations have looked for guidance, asking bread only to be given a stone, have failed just here: they have really been wanting in the will to live and have spread abroad a contagious paralysis which is responsible for an unbelievable body of confusion and despair. Having determined to live, Tolstoy sought next the right way in which to live and the secret of unfailing power. He found the secret of unfailing power where men have always found it: in God. His search for God carries us into the region of intellectual doubt. It goes without saying that this is a modern note. The strife of Saint Augustine, Saint Paul, and John Bunyan is the strife of the divided purpose; they found it hard enough to completely surrender their lives to the will of God, but they never doubted his existence. Tolstoy grappled with his doubts. "He would not make his judgment blind." How far, in the end, he completely resolved his doubts or in what conceptions of God he finally rested it is not easy to say. As far as one may read between the lines of his confession his apprehensions of God were emotional rather than intellectual; his path the mystic's rather than the high and austere road of reason. His confidence in God is born of satisfied need. "I need," he said, "only to be aware of God to live; I need only to forget him or disbelieve in him, and I die. . . . 'What more do you seek!" exclaimed a voice within me. 'This is he. He is that without which one cannot live. To know God and to live is one and the same thing. God is life. Live seeking God and then you will live without God.' And more than ever before, all within me and around me lit up, and the light did not again abandon me." Having so discovered God and resolved his doubts by experience rather than by reasoning processes, he saw faith in a new light. For a little, indeed, he accepted with a childlike simplicity the offices of the Greek Church. "And strange as much as it was to me, I accepted everything; and attended the services, knelt morning and evening in prayer, fasted and prepared to receive the eucharist; and at first my reason did not resist anything. What had formerly seemed

to be impossible did not now evoke in me any resistance." This could not long continue, but it enabled Tolstoy to gain a deeper and more inclusive vision of the meaning of faith and worship. "I told myself that *the essence and value of every faith consist in its giving life a meaning which death does not destroy.*" This really marvelous definition, a little amplified, comes more nearly to the heart of the problem, which emerges now in one aspect, now in another, in all the literature of confession and travail, than in any other sentence in all such literature, save the great word of Saint Augustine, so often herein quoted: "Thou hast made us for thyself, and we are restless till we rest in thee." Faith not only gives to life a meaning which death does not destroy, but it gives to life a meaning which doubt, fear, perplexity, despondency, the vast incessant challenges of pain, tragedy, and loss cannot destroy. It gives to life a meaning which no shadow can permanently darken, no flood overwhelm, and no earthquake level to the dust. Faith, then, is the assumption of truths, realities, relationships which make life livable, give us heart to face its demands, introduce into every situation, no matter how perplexing or complex, just the final elements which are necessary to clear it up and make it consonant with the needs of the soul, the demands of justice, and the nature of love itself. This is a book of marked interest and value.

Wesley's World Parish. A Sketch of the Hundred Years' Work of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society. By GEORGE G. FINDLAY, D.D., and MARY GRACE FINDLAY, M.Sc. 12mo, pp. iv + 224. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1, net.

Religions and Religion. A Study of the Science of Religion, Pure and Applied. By JAMES HOPE MOULTON, D.D., D.Theol. 12mo, pp. xx + 212. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

THE centenary of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society was celebrated in England with much enthusiasm last year. It is gratifying to know that the special centenary fund amounted to over one million dollars. Not the least benefit imparted to the Wesleyan Methodist Church by this movement was the campaign of missionary education, with its inevitable deepening of the spiritual life. The notable volume written by Professor Findlay and his daughter is a condensed but comprehensive sketch of the progress of Wesleyan Methodism in foreign lands. We have in these thrilling pages a chapter, none too long, devoted to the apostolic adventures of Thomas Coke; pen pictures of the founders of the Missionary Society—Bunting, Watson, and Newton, known as the three mighties; an account of the colonial pioneers, in which the origins of American Methodism receive honorable mention. It is with profound gratitude that we read of the spontaneous growth of Methodism in the British colonies, as a result of the heroic services of soldiers and immigrants, who, after the fashion of the Primitive Church, went everywhere "speaking the word." These local preachers and class leaders helped to care for many an outpost on the mission field, more particularly at the great seaports of Asia. There were laymen who took service in foreign ports, in order that they might spread Christ's kingdom, with-

out embarrassing the far too limited exchequer of the Missionary Society. That awful word *retrenchment* haunts us in parts of this memorial volume. It meant that time and again the consecrated heralds of the cross in regions beyond were compelled to restrain their ardor and to hold back their hand, because the churches at home did not realize the gravity of the situation, where so many Macedonian calls were clamoring for urgent attention. The daring of this movement a hundred years ago can be realized when we recall that it was "a Methodism scarcely out of its cradle which flung itself upon the enterprise of foreign missions; a Methodism at a financial impasse compared with which our embarrassments are ease; a Methodism which, as its leaders told it, risked its very existence when it founded the Missionary Society." But, as these authors well put it, for a church of the creed and genius of Methodism, its work for world-humanity is its dominating interest." Insular selfishness, the limitations of the home horizon, are becoming difficult to the modern man—still more to the intelligent Christian man, most of all to the man of Methodist faith and sympathies." Listen to this challenge of heroic example and do not hesitate to take it up: "Let us remind ourselves, in these days of languor and mediocrity, that we are of the line of the fighters, builders, heroes, martyrs, saints of missionary annals. *And we have it in us to be worthy of them.* Exploits as arduous and as splendid as any that they have achieved invite our courage to-day. For men and women of the Methodist breed, heirs of the world-warfare against the kingdom of darkness, life offers now as in the old time glorious possibilities to a loyal faith." There is not a dull page in this book. The literary style, the skillful massing together of facts, the spiritual fervor are worthy of the notable achievements of the first century of Methodist missions. If one of the leading scholars of British Methodism wrote the annals of its Missionary Society, another scholar of the church, held in the highest honor for his learning in all the churches, has published what might be called an exposition of the missionary charter, in the light of modern scholarship. Dr. Moulton is favorably known as the author of A Grammar of New Testament Greek. He is one of the pioneers, with Deissmann and Ramsay, in the scientific study of the language of the New Testament, in view of recent discoveries of papyri in the regions of Anatolia. This authority in the science of language and the science of religion is now seen to be outspoken in his fervent advocacy of foreign missions. This book is an optimistic appeal for the great cause. Much of the material used for purposes of illustration is taken from the Reports of the Edinburgh Conference. He quotes more especially from the volume dealing with "The Missionary Message," which, by the way, should be carefully read by every minister and kept within reach for reference. In parts this Fernley Lecture shows marks of hurried writing, but we are nevertheless thankful to Dr. Moulton for his excellent contribution, which was produced *currente calamo*, while working upon his Hibbert Lectures on "Early Zoroastrianism." We hope that he will return to the subject of this book and give us a constructive presentation, for which he is so

well qualified. The volume consists of four chapters on the following subjects: "A Century and its Lessons"; "Comparative Religion and Christian Origins"; "Christianity and Other Religions"; "The Christ That is to Be." Over one third of the book is devoted to the last chapter, which discusses the missionary message, motive, and mandate in the light of the comparative study of religion. There is much that stimulates thought in this section and it furnishes new arguments for the missionary appeal. For instance, a strong case is made out of the principle of "equality of opportunity," as it applies to the non-Christian world: "If I have a religion which makes it a hundredfold easier for me to live an unselfish life, it cannot conceivably be consonant with that religion that I should keep to myself so great a help toward the fulfillment of God's primary command." He recognizes that missionary statesmanship must decide questions relating to adaptations of non-Christian customs. Other problems no less serious are before the missionaries; but considering what has been done, we can hope with Bishop Bashford that God is leading the churches by the manifest waste of sectarianism toward a federation and unification of Christendom. That blessed era can be hastened by a deepening of spiritual life within all sections of the Church of Christ, and a baptism with the Holy Spirit and the fire of intense enthusiasm. Dr. Moulton is persuaded that for ethical results the operative principle in the Christian religion is the exaltation of Christ as divine Saviour. Indeed, "Christ is everything for Christianity, and every element in a Christian's creed must be tested by its relation to him, as the one Revealer of God and Saviour of men." He is in no sympathy with "anarchists of criticism," like Jensen, Drews, and Robertson, who are in such a hurry to lower the preeminence of Christianity, because of similarities between it and non-Christian faiths. The worth of Christianity is not lessened but rather enhanced by these discoveries, for it is seen to be the fulfiller and perfecter of the hopes and aspirations which have been uttered so waveringly by paganism. The new science of comparative religion has thrown such light on the religious consciousness that it "enables us to write a new chapter of the *Præparatio Evangelica*." Furthermore, "it has helped us to a wider and truer view of God, whose presence in all human history we can realize as our fathers could not possibly do." The trouble with the adverse critic is that he is not critical enough; he allows presuppositions and prejudices to warp his judgment in an unscientific manner. Coincidences and the like are a small matter by the side of the supreme issue, which is the historical influence of Jesus, who has not been one of the minor characters on the stage of time, but the most potent personality. The modern missionary thus goes forth on an essentially constructive errand with a personal devotion to Christ, and confident that he is the indispensable Saviour of the world. This book by Dr. Moulton will make clear to those who stay at home that they also must share in the same conviction, and cooperate to usher in the day when Christ shall be enthroned in the midst of all nations, from the least to the greatest.

METHODIST REVIEW

MAY, 1914

THE PROBLEM OF CHURCH UNION

The discussion relates to union and not to unity. Union means the organic joining of the various churches; unity means the full and sympathetic cooperation of all the churches. As yet we do not have either formal union or full unity. There are many good people who long and pray for both.

Consequently the talk of church union is constant and emphatic. The preparations have been in many forms. The American Bible Society, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the International Sunday School Association, and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America have all tended to bring the churches toward a working unity. The movement now has exponents in two important and influential weeklies; it has at last expressed itself in a wealthy theological seminary; and it has begotten for itself an organ in the form of a quarterly. In Scotland it has already won an objective victory of real note, while in Canada it seems on the edge of another great conquest. In America it is being furthered by a commission which, being properly financed, is sending out literature that is finely courteous and unaffectedly pious. This commission is preparing for a World Conference on Faith and Order—a conference wherein opportunity may be had for better mutual understanding and for positive statement of positions deemed fundamental.

This array of facts could be increased greatly. It is enough to say that one of the serious movements of the period is the move-

ment toward church union. The vision of the united church is making a mighty appeal. It answers to the present passion for consolidation. It has all of the lure of bigness. It pleases the age with its promise of economy and efficiency. It seems the natural goal for that interdenominational comity that has steadily grown through many decades. It is the inevitable reaction against that spirit of division that in days past manifested itself so easily and needlessly until the religious census was burdened with the names of several scores of churches. Seeing eyes behold the trend toward union on all sides. Once in a while it appears locally. Regular denominations are asked to give place to a nondescript union organization having no direct connection with a world program. Indeed, the movement has made such headway that the question of its guidance should be one of concern to all the followers of the Lord.

The word "problem" is not used recklessly. The securing of church union is just that—a problem of difficulty and magnitude. Practically four hundred years have passed since the birth of Protestantism. That mighty river has sent off smaller rivers. These smaller rivers have sent off creeks. These creeks have been divided and subdivided into rivulets. This main figure of speech suggests that the Protestant movement has reversed normal processes. Usually the rivers and creeks and rivulets are joined together to make the mighty stream and to pour at last into the unifying ocean. Can all those channels be reversed? Can Protestantism go backward to unity while still going forward to power? It is an easy prophecy that many mountains must be removed, many watersheds reformed, and many shore lines reconstructed, ere these wandering streams shall join their waters in one vast course. The figure of speech suggests what a huge problem is involved in the movement.

But it would be easy for one man to magnify the hindrances, and it would likewise be easy for him to give undue emphasis to his own religious and ecclesiastical opinions. The only safe course is to gather a composite message. Now a composite message, like a composite photograph, is not apt to be attractive, even though it may represent, not a solo, not a quartet, but rather a big chorus

of convictions. If one will collect sentiments from many good men who are not given to wildness of judgment and who do not hold a theory of the church inevitably committing them to some form of the outward unity of Christendom, one will be saved from reckless idealizing. The truth is that the hindrances to the objective union of the churches are both many and great. Summed up and designated by general adjectives, these hindrances may be called doctrinal, temperamental, historical, ethical, and volitional.

The doctrinal difficulties, happily enough, do not relate to the fundamentals of the Christian faith. The calls for conferences usually invite all those who recognize Jesus Christ as God and Saviour. The platform indicated by this language is to-day the platform of the greatest portion of Christendom. Movements that have forsaken that platform have been largest in their beginnings, have lost missionary ardor, and have apparently lacked the power that can make a world conquest. Union which comprehended all who recognize Jesus Christ as God and Saviour would include an amazing majority of Christian people and would exclude a minority, slender in numbers, however excellent in other respects. It is thus evident that the doctrinal differences that separate the churches do not refer to the person of our Lord. They refer to certain conceptions of the church itself as the instrument by which the grace of Christ is to be brought to the world.

It is often affirmed that the differences between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism are fundamental and irreconcilable. Certainly no sane man expects any speedy union of the Roman and Greek churches or of the Roman and Protestant churches. The problem of unity must be worked out in Protestant circles ere the larger and more difficult task is undertaken. A careful study of tendencies does not reveal any vigorous moving to the type of unity for which the Roman Catholic Church stands. The best-loved cardinal of that church in America has recently affirmed that for unity "the first essential requirement is the recognition of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Successor of Saint Peter, divinely appointed head of Christendom." This cardinal says that "once the proper position of the Pope is recognized I do not believe that the other controverted doctrines are as formidable as is commonly

imagined." Take it the world over, however, the drift seems to be quite in the other direction. There is no movement toward the recognition of the Pope. Witness France! Witness Portugal! Witness the restlessness even in Spain! The Roman Church grows in America by birth and immigration, but very slightly by conversions from Protestantism. Yet in every Protestant church of goodly size there will be found converts from Rome. The simple truth is that there are in the world to-day literally millions of people who would die ere they would submit to a scheme of unity based on any doctrine of external human authority. The English statesmen have been slow to see that Ulster meant what she said! Well, the Ulster spirit is a zephyr compared to the cyclonic whirlwind that would come from an effort to enforce the authority of the Roman Pontiff!

When we move into the Protestant world the difficulties are not so great, but they are still very real. There is a gulf between those who find a warrant for a church life in a historical exigency and those who find the warrant only in historical continuity. There would be a debate not only about the facts, but about the meaning of the facts, if the facts were proven. The men who believe that a historical relation contributes something essential and is necessary to constitute validity or even regularity can scarcely be expected to surrender their conviction, while those who regard such a view as either a figment or a fiction would naturally be averse to a union which would deny that their spiritual forefathers had lacked any divine grace that could come only by way of manual contacts! If there are some who would assign genuine virtue to a proved succession, there are many more who would fear any theory of the church which they regarded as even refinedly materialistic. It may be that between these two theories of the church there is some point of reconciliation, but it is suggestive that the most recent and most earnest pleaders for unity insist that the question must be postponed.

In 1872 Phillips Brooks wrote to a friend: "Have you read Lightfoot's Commentary on Philippians? Do get it and read the 'Essay on the Christian Ministry.' It does seem to me to finish the Apostolic Succession Theory completely" (Life of Phillips Brooks,

Allen, Vol. II, page 174). Again he writes to a friend with reference to the secession of Bishops Cummins to found the Reformed Episcopal Church: "And what do you think about Cummins? What a panic it must make among the bishops to know that a stray parson is round with a true bit of the genuine succession, perfectly and indisputably the thing, which he can give to anybody that he pleases! Nothing like it since the pow-wow among the gods when Prometheus stole the sacred fire" (Ibid., Vol. II, page 206). If these views represent the Protestant Episcopal Church, union would not seem so difficult. But if one reads the protest signed by hundreds of clergymen of that denomination at the time when the Convention had decreed that with the consent of the bishop ministers of other churches might be allowed to appear in Episcopalian pulpits, the matter of union seems an absurdity and an impossibility. If the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church feel that they cannot conscientiously vote to unite with the Federal Council, what hope is there that they would be able to find terms on which self-respecting members of other churches could agree with reference to actual union? Amid all the discussions of the subject no theory has as yet been put forward that promises a meeting ground for the two conceptions of the nature of the church.

It is likewise often claimed that there is a psychological foundation for the main branches of the Christian church. The advocate of this view will tell us that as the man of insight passes from the Methodist Episcopal to the Congregational or Presbyterian, and then to the Baptist, and on to the Protestant Episcopal Church, he will clearly observe differing types of persons and so different moods of religious service. Of course, this argument runs off into absurdity when it is locally applied. Even the small community will hold the various temperaments; but does this fact call for the various churches answering to those temperaments? The natural answer would be that if we are ever to have a united church, it must provide within itself for the needs of the various religious types. The advocates of church union believe that such a church could be fashioned so broad and catholic as to be really inclusive of all normal religious temperaments.

Unless such a union could be made, division would quickly reappear. The lesson of history is plain here. More than this, the lesson would seem to be that the division was wholesome. Who can believe for a moment that it would have been better if the Puritan movement had been held within either the Roman Catholic Church or the Church of England? Who can believe that, if the Wesleyan movement had been kept within the Established Church, Methodism would still have kept its fervor and peculiar flavor? Is it likely that if William Booth had not walked away from a Wesleyan Conference that had been shocked by his unconventional proposals of Christian work, and if he had not put the Salvation Army on a separate basis, his movement would still have kept the bizarre and glaring splendor of its appeal? The strong bonds of unity have not in the past prevailed against the demands of spiritual types. In spite of these bonds, often made of ecclesiastical iron, Martin Luther came, and John Calvin, and Roger Williams, and John Wesley, and William Booth. The pressure of unity went just so far and then souls either seized their spiritual rights or rushed off into spiritual lawlessness, as one may be pleased to interpret history. So the argument based on temperament is substantial, and the advocates of unity must reckon with it as a serious thing. The excuse for some smaller denominations may be smaller than the denominations themselves. But the contention that the final adjustment of Christian forces will provide for several divisions of the church, all federated for action and all frankly and reverently acknowledging the divine mission of the others, is not to be dismissed with a sneer.

The historical argument against outward unity declares that the record of the past does not speak convincingly of the benefits of one church. The world had one church for a long period. That was just prior to what men call the Dark Ages. The picture of that period is not a highly persuasive plea for outward oneness. Besides, the argument may be made contemporary. There are now large sections of the earth where objective unity prevails. Spain, for example! or Bulgaria! or Portugal! or Russia! If Protestant illustrations are desired, they are at hand. There are sections of Europe where one church is practically all. Do those

sections show any nearer answer to our Saviour's prayer for that kind of oneness that would lead men to believe on him? Records, past and present, are not very convincing pleaders for unity.

It is not surprising, therefore, that many sensible men ask that we shall try fellowship and federation ere we try the more delicate relations demanded by objective unity. It is deemed significant by these men that thus far the leaders of the movement for church unity have been furnished by those communions that claim either an exclusive ministry or an exclusive sacrament. Are they really anxious for church unity? Or are they mainly concerned for some theory that lies behind church unity? A writer on the subject in the Atlantic Monthly for May, 1913, reaches his conclusion by asking, "Is not the proposal to give episcopal orders to the churches that have lost the apostolic succession one which should be seriously considered?" Our forefathers duly considered that matter; and they made the American nation because they found their own conscientious reply. Several millions of their sons will utterly decline to consider any platform of unity that makes their spiritual ancestors in the slightest sense ecclesiastical outlaws or ecclesiastical guerrillas. The united church may doubtless emphasize order as a means toward efficiency; but it will not be allowed to emphasize order as a means toward authority or validity or regularity. There is a numerous spiritual type in the world that will not yield itself to the aristocratic conception of the church. What is the official answer to the question raised at Kikuyo? Is the shocked and indignant Bishop of Zanzibar correct in his charges against his brethren of Uganda and Mombasa? Petty and deplorable as the incident seems, perhaps it will render service if we can secure at length a straight and unequivocal declaration of the spiritual standing of nonconformists in every land.

There are likewise ethical differences that stand in the way of church unity. Some of the great denominational cleavages have occurred on what men deemed sacredly moral lines. The largest division in the largest Protestant Church had such a cause. Some may say that indiscretion, haste, and bitterness figured on both sides of the famous controversy. But all will say that there was something magnificent in the spectacle of a church surrendering

almost one half of its members and property rather than to consent that one of its Bishops should keep slaves that had come to him by marriage. Or, should anyone believe that a really sacred right was involved on the opposite side of that transaction, he will still grant that there was glory in a movement that surrendered formal unity rather than inherent righteousness. Phillips Brooks, in a fine passage in his sermon on "The Church of the Living God," says: "The church which forty years ago had cried out at the sin of slavery would be more powerful than we could imagine in America to-day. The church which to-day effectively denounces intemperance and the licentiousness of social life, the cruelty or indifference of the rich to the poor, and the prostitution of public office, will become the real church of America." It is suggestive that all the terms of this statement are ethical. The reader finds himself inquiring whether any Protestant Church in the land corresponds fairly to the above description. Phillips Brooks was a prophet when he wrote this moral challenge. He saw that an ethical unity must precede an ecclesiastical unity.

In proof of this point we have all noted that, when an ethical cause unites the various churches in a community, a spiritual unity begins to sway the minds and hearts of those who have been otherwise divided. The attack on wickedness and the defense of righteousness make a meeting place for the children of God. The hindrance to church union in this respect must not be underestimated. There are some men in the United States who will not consent to dwell in the same church organization with brewers and distillers. In the city where these words are written hundreds of men engaged in the liquor trade are at least formal members of one branch of the Christian church; other men who mingle intoxicants with groceries and sell both to their customers are in good standing in some Protestant churches. All over the land there are members of churches, and even some clergymen, who are sippers of strong drink and compromisers in their whole attitude toward an unholy traffic. Who imagines that it would be possible to yoke these men with those earnest Puritans who are pushing the battle to the very doors of the American saloon?

This is, of course, but one illustration of the ethical issues

that bear on the whole case. If there is what a great preacher called "the expulsive power of a new affection," there is likewise what might be called the divisive power of a great conviction. It is easily possible for such a mood to degenerate into narrowness, and to exalt minor issues, and even to seek to invent some extra sins. Yet the men who to-day are making the fiery center of several vast reforms will not be lured into a church union based on a false breadth and an evil patience.

Finally, there are what we have called the volitional hindrances to church union. Here it must be allowed that the evil will can do its sorry work. When churches are formed on the question of buttons or hooks and eyes; on whether a fragment of the gospel story shall be turned into a virtual sacrament; on whether organ or violin music shall invade the house of God; and on many other questions that are utterly minor, it must be that human perversity has done very bad service. Without doubt, also some denominations have grown from personal and greedy ambitions. Whatever may be said in justification of the larger divisions of Protestantism, who can find ample apology for so many kinds of Methodists, or Presbyterians, or Baptists, or Lutherans? Evidently one thing needful is that many of us shall pray for that divine grace that will enable us to distinguish between an opinion and a conviction.

Beyond this, it is necessarily difficult for a man to tell just where his loyalty to a denomination parts company with his loyalty to some wider and diviner interest. When our family history has been related to one branch of God's church; when at its altars all of our ancestors, so far as we have record, have found their faith and inspiration and comfort; when we have sacred memories of fathers and mothers who have invested sacrificial lifetimes in working for a particular type of gospel and in building up an organization for the furtherance of that gospel, it is asking no small thing that we should merge all this into an immense ecclesiastical trust. We have that rather beautiful partisanship to deal with in our approach toward church union; and we have observed that there is a good bit of it in all our church camps. Certainly, however, we can believe that, if the will of Christ be for the

formal and outward union of his church, his grace is sufficient to enlarge our little loyalties until they are joined in devotion to his wide Kingdom. .

The dogmatist may be willing to affirm that all the hindrances that have been classed as doctrinal, psychological, historical, and ethical may really be classed as volitional. But union will not be hastened by making light of the views of honest men, nor yet by any cry against so-called "reactionaries." Church union cannot be accomplished by a wave of a wand; neither will it be promoted by scorn toward even petulant dissent. In the whole project God gives us a splendid chance for patience and for that charity which is even better than tolerance. The only hopeful attitude is a prayerful waiting for the revealing of God's will.

Meantime there can be only gratitude that there is in Christendom in general so much loyalty to the One Shepherd. If the sections of the flock all turn toward him, it is inevitable that they shall turn toward each other and shall come into closer companionship. We still wait for the definition of the "one fold," or, as the commentators tell us, of the "one flock." When that definition is placed in the mind and heart of the church, the problem of unity, if not of union, will move to its gracious solution. In the hush of some spiritual evening we shall see the hillsides whitening with the approaching sheep; we shall hear the rush of eager feet toward one kindly shelter; we shall catch sight of the Good Shepherd himself coming in from his journey bearing the sheep that was lost into the safety of the ninety and nine; and when all the divisions of the "one flock" shall move in obedience to the voice of the "one Shepherd," the hirelings shall vanish and the true undershepherds shall lead their sheep along the ways of God. Until then the expectant church must be sincerely ready to say, "The will of the Good Shepherd be done, now and forever. Amen."

Edwin L. Hughes.

JOHN STUART MILL

I. That "most strenuous and magnanimous spirit" John Stuart Mill was born in Pentonville, London, on May 20, 1806. His father, James Mill, the historian and philosopher, belonged to a family which came originally from the slopes of the Perthshire Grampians of Scotland, a region noted for the growth of keen thinkers and ardent disputants. The elder Mill received the best education his frugal parents could procure, and after graduating at Montrose Academy he entered upon a course of study at Edinburgh University, where he formed friendships with John Leyden, David Brewster, and Lord Brougham. At the age of twenty-nine he began his well-known literary career in London, where his strong and logical intellect, clear perceptions, precise statement, and versatile knowledge attained deserved reputation. He treated the themes he discussed in an original and constructive manner: loose reasoning was his abomination; and for him, at any rate, the prevalent empirical method was displaced by his strict adherence to first principles and their ascertainable results. When thirty-one he married Harriet Burrow, a lady of generous nature and refined tastes. The union was not a particularly happy one. James Mill was by no means a cheerful personality, his stern and reserved demeanor being better fitted for exacting philosophical and literary pursuits than to discharge the duties of domestic life. Holding himself aloof from the majority, and never on familiar terms with any, he entirely approved Landor's surly, supercilious maxim, "Few acquaintances, fewer friends, no intimates." Mrs. Mill deserved a better fate, and her eldest son, John Stuart, was destined to increase its bitterness by his unfilial conduct. His father accepted the dicta of the utilitarian cult, that men are born alike, and that every child's mind is a *tabula rasa* on which experience registers its impressions. In harmony with this conception, education became the formative factor in determining life and shaping character. It should begin with the dawn of consciousness and be prosecuted without stint. How absolutely James Mill indorsed these views is evident from the methods he adopted

in training his son. There have been few more pathetic juvenile histories than that of John Stuart Mill, and were not its strange recital so well substantiated, doubts as to its accuracy would be legitimate. It has been received with feelings of amazement mingled with those of sympathy and indignation. At the time when the infant prodigy should have been playing in the nursery, or on the open fields, he was compelled to memorize the Greek alphabet and long lists of Greek words with their English equivalents. Before his eighth birthday he had read Æsop's Fables, Xenophon's Anabasis, the whole of Herodotus, a large part of Lucian, Diogenes Laertius, and Isocrates and the first six Dialogues of Plato. In addition to these classics, studied in the original, he extended his researches to the English historians and essayists; Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, Millar, M'Crie, Rollin, Hooke, and Sewell being actually read by the time this child had reached his tenth year. The differential calculus and other branches of higher mathematics, including geometry and algebra, to say nothing of Latin, logic, treatises on scholasticism, and the study of Organon, were undertaken by him during the period of his adolescence. Macaulay's phenomenal precociousness was altogether eclipsed, and, even so, Mill's father was still dissatisfied, thrusting upon him other herculean labors which were simply impossible. At eight he received the appointment of schoolmaster to the younger members of the family, a post which he confesses was more educative to his mind than helpful to his manners. The Draconian theories of an insolent philosophical system which recognized no limitations were thus ruthlessly applied to the eldest child, who vicariously operated upon still younger children as they left the cradle. It was a painful and depressing spectacle, and Jeremy Bentham added to its repulsiveness by volunteering his services in carrying out the scheme, so far as John Stuart was concerned, "by whipping or otherwise"; to which the elder Mill replied, "I take your offer seriously, and we may perhaps leave him a worthy successor of us both." The unfortunate lad was, in their view, a living peg on which to hang their unnatural notions and exhibit their supposititious advantages to posterity.

Training of this sort was more than a dubious discipline; it

was a merciless exploitation whose marvelous achievements were obtained at a penalizing cost. It is extremely questionable whether the knowledge thus acquired was as valuable to Mill as his father supposed it would be, and still more so whether the results thus secured were worth the sacrifice of a normal childhood and youth to ideals born in the brain of unimaginative speculators. Mill avers that his childhood was not unhappy; but at best his testimony can have only a negative value, since he might have mistaken the absence of actual suffering for the positive presence of pleasure. He had never tasted the sweetness of irresponsible freedom common to normal boyhood, with its thrilling romances and adventures, and although he was highly emotional, and even religiously inclined by temperament, he had been forced to face existence from the purely intellectual standpoint. He admits that his father made unreasonable demands upon him and that he was subjected to a carefully prepared and rigorous curriculum, every detail of which was predetermined and the goal defined. The rigid austerities involved in its realization were responsible for Mill's meager development physically. Mr. Hugh Elliot asserts: "He must have been born into the world with the constitution of a giant. . . . But all its strength was drafted off to the nervous system, and we find him throughout life threatened by consumption. He suffered also from a ceaseless twitching of the eyelid of one eye, evidence enough how great was the strain which that overwhelming intellectual burden cast upon his physical condition."

There is, however, something to be said on the other side. If the father never spared others, neither did he spare himself. He held many public views in a spacious and intelligent way and desired that his son should cultivate sympathy with the causes which made for social betterment. The advantages derived from so close an association with his father's vigorous mind and its lucid and lofty controversies for the common weal inevitably contributed to John Stuart's ethical and intellectual qualities as a sagacious advocate of necessary reforms. "One of the grand objects of education," said James Mill, "should be to generate a constant and anxious concern about evidence." To this end they

took daily morning walks together, during which the problems of political economy were discussed. These peripatetic dialogues had to be reproduced in written form on the following day. A high standard of exactitude was enforced, the outcome of which was palpable in those literary talents which were most useful to the comprehensive philosophy John Stuart afterward set forth. He acquired habits that grew with his life: no opinion was to be received on authority, however venerable; half solutions of difficulties were not to be passed upon as complete; puzzling questions must never be abandoned; obscure corners of a debated issue should be explored to their last ramifications; the part of any subject must not be confused with the whole. A passion for veracity was permissible, although all other sentiment was disavowed, and once results thus gained were established, they should be fearlessly and honestly accepted. As a discoverer and defender of reasoned truth in human affairs, Mill was taught to look with cold aversion upon those upholders of dogma who shrank from the searching light of free, rational investigation. This is the apology for a process out of which he emerged having saved his individuality, though as by fire. Whatever were the youth's feelings, his endurance was beyond praise. Nor is there any hint that he faltered while passing through so premature a forging process. His resolute will and his respect for his father's lightest word were stimulated by the example of those wholesome characters which had overcome formidable obstacles. His mind early attained and kept to the end a high range of efficiency. And, while many thinkers and some contemporaries were more eminent for originality, none surpassed Mill in the amplitude of his knowledge, the diversity and scope of his intellectual pursuits, or in his invaluable faculty for fusing together rich but fragmentary phrases of thought. He acquired those gifts of concentration which made him a mental analyst of the first order. On the whole, it seems probable that the interminable drudgery to which he was subjected in the astonishing program delineated was beneficial for his philosophical capacities.

But philosophical capacities fall far short of the sum total of a human spirit's mysterious powers, and the day came, or, per-

haps, more correctly, the night fell, when Mill's implicit and complacent trust in his metaphysic and its proposed evangel was rudely shattered. His mutilated childhood followed his career as its Nemesis and was revenged in a series of dark, depressing moods which well-nigh overwhelmed him. For an interval, while his heart arose in revolt against the unbearable tyrannies inflicted upon it, everything on which he had hitherto depended tottered and seemed about to fall. He was numbered among those disenchanted spirits whose ideals have melted into thin air. Realizing that if all his objects in life could be attained at one stroke this would grant him no respite, he said with melancholy emphasis: "My happiness was to have been found in the continual pursuit of a certain end. The end had ceased to charm; and how could there ever again be an interest in the means? I seemed to have nothing left to live for." There came upon him

> A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
> A drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned grief,
> Which finds no natural outlet or relief
> In word, or sigh, or tear.

What availed his father's regimen or his bold and brutal efforts to stifle in the gifted son his spiritual aspirations? The irrestrainable passions burst out from beneath the glacial exterior like an antarctic volcano flaming above the snow, teaching observers the lesson that we may perhaps repress ourselves, but no one else can attempt it with impunity. Excessively nurtured in intellect and starved in emotion by calculating rationalists who conducted their frigid experiments in his vitalities as though these were insensible, Mill never regained the proper mingling of elements and consequent equipoise then forfeited.

His father had banned the poets because they fed sentimentality, and any glow of personal fervor was a cardinal offense against correct taste. The son recovered himself by reading Marmontel's Memoirs, and later the poetry of Wordsworth was a leaven of consolation. These authors not only quickened his withered feelings, they contradicted the main tenets of the Benthamite position. He saw that the heart could be a guide to truth and was not necessarily a rebel against it. A far more adequate appreciation of

human happiness awakened in him. He began to live the life of emotion, and, treading this unaccustomed road for which he had received so little preparation, it is not surprising that he fell into a snare.

His introduction to the well-known Mrs. Harriet Hardy Taylor resulted in an intimacy which created division in his family and caused keen anxiety to his friends, some of whom, however, have maintained that the animadversions cast upon the compact were largely based upon wrong impressions. The facts are as follows: Harriet Hardy was married when eighteen years old to John Taylor, a successful merchant of London. She needed the financial aid his material prosperity afforded and he was a kindly, affectionate husband, of some education and many laudable traits, who erred, if at all, in not being more insistent upon the integrity of his domestic honor. The disparity of their respective ages and lack of mutual sympathy prevented the wife from feeling more than an affectionate gratitude for her husband's forbearance and abounding kindness. To love him in the deep sense of which we are told she afterward showed herself capable of loving was an impossibility. Her soul awakened when she met Mill, and he spoke of her in terms of ardent devotion as "the only woman I have ever known with whom I could have entered into the marriage relation." Her tribute to him was even more fervid and came perilously near mawkishness. "O, this being!" she wrote in 1833, "seeming as though God had willed to show the type of possible elevation of humanity. To be with him is my ideal of the noblest fate; for all states of mind and feeling which are lofty and large and fine, he is the companion spirit and heart's desire." She made confession of her affection for Mill to Mr. Taylor, who requested her to renounce her lover, and on her refusal they for a time separated. Finally Mr. Taylor weakened and welcomed her return to his home as a friend and companion, the new relation giving him, he assured her, much delight. Mill resumed his constant visits there despite the remonstrances of his father, who bluntly accused him of being in love with another man's wife. After twenty years of this indiscretion and selfishness the death of the magnanimous husband left his widow free to marry her ad-

mirer, and the monetary fortune bequeathed to her by the deceased enabled her to live in material comfort. But the consequences of their relations exacted a heavy toll from Mill's character, his work, and his influence. Sir William Robertson Nicol affirms that, while there was nothing technically immoral in the Taylor incident, it was a sad and sorry entanglement which turned many of Mill's books to folly. Lord Morley, on the other hand, described Mill years ago as "true to his professions, tolerant, liberal, unselfish, single-minded, high, and strenuous." The eulogy is entirely too silvery, and it may be revised when Morley's promised Life of Mill appears. The advanced age of the distinguished biographer of Gladstone may deprive us of the Life of Mill. If it should not do so, Morley cannot allow the philosopher's conduct in this affair to escape beneath any literary disguises. It will be still more difficult to explain the implacable attitude of the "Saint of Rationalism" toward his long-suffering mother, whom he does not once mention in his Autobiography. This deplorable aversion arose because of her neglect of his belated bride, and destroyed the peace of that circle in which he had been an affectionate son and an open-handed brother. Miss Taylor, the granddaughter of Mrs. Taylor, has urged all that can be said in vindication of the behavior of Mr. and Mrs. Mill, but candor compels her to admit that Mill was cruel and insulting toward his nearest kinsfolk, and that, while they suffered acutely, their affection was as invincible as his resentment. "Not one bitter word is flung back at him. One sees that he reigns in all their hearts. As one reads one feels less anger with him than deep love and admiration for those brave women who seem to consider in each 'scornful phrase' only the wound from which it springs and which they perpetually seek to find and heal." Comment is superfluous; right-minded men and women can be trusted to appraise such an affinity and its results at its true value; nor will the powerful defense or extenuation of gifted people conceal the essential folly and depravity of the whole proceeding.

Mill and his wife withdrew almost entirely from society and made their home at Avignon, in France, the seat of the Papacy during the "Babylonian Captivity" of the fourteenth century.

Seven years later she died there, and this crowning calamity severed him altogether from England. He dedicated his most careful work, the essay on Liberty, to her memory, declaring that in this, as in many other of his writings, she was the inspirer and in part the author: "the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement and whose approbation was my chief reward." After a brief illness he also died, at Avignon, on May 8, 1873. His end came suddenly and created a deep sense of loss in the intellectual life of Europe and America. "A strong, pure light has gone out, the radiance of a clear vision and a beneficent purpose." So wrote his greatest living disciple, expressing the sentiments of a prominent coterie of thinkers and social reformers.

II. In 1865 Mill was elected to Parliament for Westminster, where he served until the general election of 1868. Few contemporary statesmen possessed any wider experience than he in the responsible application of the principles of government; a fact which should be borne in mind by those who may be disposed to depreciate Mill's political activities unduly on the mistaken assumption that he was an armchair philosopher, remote from practical affairs. Yet he could scarcely hope to excel in an assembly of such transcendent talents as those of Gladstone, Bright, Disraeli, and Robert Lowe. His closely woven arguments were couched in a hesitant manner and involved in long parentheses, and while his presence elevated the House, his peculiar gifts were not exactly adapted to the exigencies of its extemporaneous debates. As a philosopher he is correctly described by Mr. Frederic Harrison as being "the singularly systematic product of a singularly systematic school." Standing midway between the Benthamite and Spencerian types, Mill became their most important link of connection, insisting on a logical deduction from observation and experiment and challenging all social and political theories which could not justify themselves in the forum of reason. Coleridge, Carlyle, and Ruskin were neither the offspring nor the founders of any school, but rather the apostles of intuition and feeling, and to their work must be applied the Socratic treatment which Mill's trenchant powers amply afforded. In his zenith he

was the acknowledged leader of a brilliant group of thinkers animated more or less by the same aims and by a unique blending of scholastic tenets and social aspirations. Thus he won a unique position, in that he was at once the head of an influential metaphysical sect, an active publicist, and the recognized initiator of many moral and economic changes. His merit as a writer lay in his gift for combination. English and French ideas meet in his pages, and the sturdy good sense of the one and the illuminating lucidity of the other contribute to his output. Theories which before were widely apart are here found in juxtaposition. The ancient and modern methods of inference were never so completely amalgamated or made to illustrate one another. Such a task requires the delicate shades of expository art, and this Mill inherited from the philosophical acumen of his father and from his care in the use of words. He seems to have been a compound of Bentham and Auguste Comte. In him the argumentation and sagacity of the former were quickened by the graceful explanations and idealisms of the latter.

Through his writings and those of his disciples, notably Alexander Bain and J. E. Cairnes, he dominated the thought of the middle period in the nineteenth century. His discussion of any theme was not a collection of desultory remarks upon it, but an orderly presentation in which the beginnings are articulated with their conclusions and every part has a close relation to the whole. The subjects on which he dwelt allow of little or no deviation or outside interference. Metaphysics, logic, and political economy are very exacting in their demands upon the time and strength of their devotees. Yet Mill wrote his books during the many years when he was engaged in the East India office as the guardian of its interests in the native states of India, and when all the circumstances of their production are considered, their meritorious character is augmented. There is now no necessity to set forth at length the central position of the utilitarian system. It suffices to say that Mill, as its disciple, defined matter as the permanent possibility of sensation, mind as the permanent possibility of feeling, experience as the sole source of knowledge, and he absolutely rejected *a priori* and intuitive elements of every

kind. The mind derives its entire fund of materials through the senses and contributes nothing out of itself to the structure of knowledge. He went so far as to deny the principle of contradiction. We are not even sure that we are not sure. When Hume conceded the necessary truth of the axioms of Euclid, Mill rebelled against the concession and avowed that "there might be another world in which two and two make five." He would not admit the existence of a conscious self as a centrality in itself, and, contrary to his wont, his terminology on this issue was fertile in differences because of the looseness of his phrasing, a looseness since banished by the more critical and discriminating philosophies of the later scientific era. The support of Sir Leslie Stephen and Herbert Spencer did not avail, and this attack on the reality of the mind as the nexus of personality has now largely spent its force. It undermined the intelligent basis for experience, notwithstanding that on experience the utilitarians rested their whole case, deducing from it alone the laws and necessities of the moral and intellectual life. A further defect of Mill's theories was their leaning toward, if not direct association with, the determinism which gave a mortal blow to ethical responsibility and annulled personal freedom. Nor could Mill introduce a qualitative distinction between one form of gratification and another and remain consistent with his creed. For Bentham push pin was as good as poetry, provided it afforded equal pleasure. Mill could not go as far as this, and the moment he began to differentiate between pleasures he called to his assistance the moral sense which he otherwise strongly disavowed. Christian thinkers conceive of man as a rational being, incapable of finding any permanent satisfaction in pleasure, capable only of self-realization in a common good, and they feel justified in setting aside the puerile comparisons named and in appealing directly to man's sense of moral obligation. The end of life is not happiness, but duty, and if this concept had authority as it has intrinsic reality, the maddened pursuit of pleasure would be checked which is to-day destroying millions who never heard of Bentham, Hume, and the Mills, but who unconsciously exemplify their erroneous reasoning. Any creditable exposition of the structural defects in this vaunted

policy is a grateful resistance against an evil whose ravages must be decreased or our racial value will continue to suffer.

Jeremy Bentham gave his attention to jurisprudence; James Mill to psychology; John Stuart to a new political economy. Hume's appeal to the fine senses has ceased to charm the reflective world; the elder Mill's belittling estimate of human nature crippled his enterprise; John Stuart's political economy, while laboring between two incompatible schemes of thought, the *a priori* method of his youth and the *a posteriori* method, or "inverse deduction," of Comte, has originated and directed many currents of salutary opinion. His earlier works, on Logic (1843) and Political Economy (1848), are still consulted. Utilitarianism, begun in 1854 and finally published in 1861, while pregnant with ideas and provocative of criticism, has lost its sway. The Subjection of Women, which appeared in 1869, is the best illustration "of all the richest qualities of the author's mind," and it is fortunate that a subject of such incomparable moment should have been first effectively presented for discussion in so worthy a form. No other production of Mill's pen has had a greater practical influence upon legislation or the public opinion that legislation should mold and embody. It went beyond vehement denunciation of man's arrogance and injustice toward woman and aimed to recast the forms of community life.

Though brought up in complete indifference to religion, Mill had a decidedly religious nature. It was not until after his death, however, that the world became acquainted with the views he actually held. His father had been led to reject not only the belief in any revelation, but also the foundations of natural religion. Butler's Analogy restrained him for a while, but eventually he considered the Bishop's argument as conclusive for nobody except the opponent for whom it was intended. Finding no halting place in deism, he finally took refuge in what was known later as agnosticism. The activity of evil in the world promoted his negative attitude. The younger Mill never threw off religious belief, because he never had it. He looked upon all faiths, ancient and modern, as matters which did not concern him. But the parental advice that he should not speak freely of this state of mind caused

him to turn within himself; and when his Three Essays on Religion appeared they made quite a commotion among his followers. Leslie Stephen put the book down and paced his study in angry surprise. Mrs. Stephen offered the consoling remark, "I always told you John Mill was orthodox." The third essay, on Theism, kindled the fears of his friends. Morley felt that the Mill he knew was slipping through his hands, and Courtney declared that the twilight land of Mill's semifaith was not exactly known to his followers. The first leading idea is that God is the cause of the world, and though not always omnipotent, yet always benevolent. The second important idea is immortality, in which he has a faint belief. He urges that the soul may be immortal because the body is not the cause, but only the concomitant of mental life. The third idea centers upon Christ as a divinely appointed teacher. "Select," he says, "all the sayings of Christ which have high value, and reject the rest, and you are left with a character inexplicable on natural and historical grounds." We turn to his Logic and find that the science of social development cannot dispense with the laws of continuity. Historical sociology cannot admit that in the world's development a character could arise which had no relation to the past and no roots in existing social conditions. Yet, the Logic, notwithstanding Mill's essay on Theism, declares that Christ was charged with "a special, express, and unique commission from God to lead mankind to truth and virtue." Indeed, the whole paragraph is so refreshing we venture to quote it:

> Whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left: a unique figure, not more unlike all his precursors than all his followers, even those who had the direct benefit of his personal teaching. It is of no use to say that Christ, as exhibited in the Gospels, is not historical, and that we know not how much of what is admirable has been superadded by the tradition of his followers. The tradition of followers suffices to insert any number of marvels, . . . but who among his disciples, or among their proselytes, was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels? But about the life and sayings of Jesus there is a stamp of personal originality, combined with profundity of insight, which . . . must place the Prophet of Nazareth, even in the estimation of those who have no belief in his inspiration, in the very first rank of all the men of sublime genius of whom our species can

boast. When this preeminent genius is combined with the qualities of probably the greatest moral reformer, and martyr to that mission, who ever existed upon earth, religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor, even now, would it be easy even for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life. When to this we add that, to the conception of the rational skeptic, it remains a possibility that Christ actually was what he supposed himself to be—not God, for he never made the smallest pretensions to that character, and would probably have thought such a pretension blasphemous, as it seemed to the men who condemned him, but a man charged with a special, express, and unique commission from God to lead mankind to truth and virtue—we may well conclude that the influences of religion on the character, which will remain after rational criticism has done its utmost against the evidences of religion, are well worth preserving, and that what they lack in direct strength, as compared with those of a firmer belief, is more than compensated by the greater truth and rectitude of the morality they sanction.

In a letter to Carlyle he says:

I have recently read the New Testament. . . . It has made no new impression, only strengthened the best of the old. I have for years had the very same idea of Christ, and the same unbounded reverence for him as now; it was because of this reverence that I sought a more perfect acquaintance with the records of his life, that indeed gave new life to the reverence, which in any case was becoming, or was closely allied with all that was becoming, a living principle in my character.

Confessions and sentiments of this kind well up from the deeps of his nature; and had not his youthful soul been overlaid with his father's crass materialism we might reasonably believe he would have been not only the saint of rationalism, but a saint of social Christianity. To have begun life thoroughly diverted from Christian truth, and to rise steadily to such a noble appreciation of Christ, stands greatly to the credit of Mill.

In conclusion, while he excelled in the higher qualities of the mind, it can hardly be claimed for him that he was an original or logically consistent thinker of the first rank. His name will stand, however, as the most important in English philosophy between those of Bentham and Spencer.

ON READING BEAUTIFUL BOOKS

THE talk here had is about books beautifully printed and bound. Any book of beautiful thoughts is a joy, however light. No binding is sometimes an accession. For instance, I have a Life of General George H. Thomas in sheets. How I came by it is another story. But I have come by it, and he shall be a laddie who shall dispossess me of these same sheets. About General Thomas was an aloofness, a remoteness, a lonely eminence, which touches like a defeat in the battle "The Rock of Chickamauga," the stolid, slow man who in the battle of Nashville played whirlwind and swept a whole army into chaff. Howbeit, that whirlwind caught not the popular plaudit as seems to us it ought, and to the general himself so seemed, so that to the end of his chapter he was an uninterpreted man and disappointed in part or in whole, so that this incomplete volume of mine has in it a measure of recognition of the battle man whose story is therein set down in terms of pulsing laudation.

What should a body care how ragged and scurvy the brochure in which he found printed the story of The Other Wise Man, or Rab and his Friends, or Thackeray's bitter, yet tender, but always tremendous The Four Georges, or Oliver Goldsmith's delicious and cleansing comedy She Stoops to Conquer, or that dashing piece of bloodthirstiness and heroism The Prisoner of Zenda? One would not think of print and covers. The thing was enough. Howbeit, these selfsame books, were they garmented in lovely apparel and print, would give their robes regality and the robes would impress us as fitting. Some books are seemliest in tatters. For instance, I have a collection of Eliana, not large enough to boast of, but ample enough to rejoice a lover of Elia. Works of him and works of him I have on hand, some bound in paper, some printed this side and some that side of the Atlantic (which was a space of doom to unsea-going Elia); some are bound just enough to call them bound; some bound by famed binders and in loveliness which had caused my Lord Grolier to smile a smile of deep content and write upon the fly leaf what

was reiterantly printed on his books, "For Jean Grolier and his Friends." And in all bindings they read well. Democratic and undemocratic, they pass on the coins of a perpetual mint from the nervous fingers of aristocratic, democratic Elia. If I were to light on The Newcomes anywhere in tatters of paper wrapped about some discarded crockery, would not my night trim its lamps till day the while I read the book, and would not the month be June though gusty January swaggered along the world as owning it?

In my library is a copy of Bleak House in the original parts in blue wrappers, and no living binder, Cockerell or Mathews or Cobden Sanderson, though he came from his retirement as ex-binder and did me the honor to bind my book, not he nor any of those anonymities of binders who bound Jean Grolier's volumes for him should bind these nineteen blue pamphlets for me. As they are, I love them. Blue pamphlets with advertisements, and tied together with a faded riband, so they stay with me beside a first edition of David Copperfield and Pickwick Papers and John Forster's all but inimitable Life of Charles Dickens. As they are they ought to be, and shall be, while this booklover owns these books and sits with unacclaimed delight and looks at them and looks and looks—Sēlah!

Yet having said these things regarding the delight of books, however contrived, and said them quite truthfully, it remains true that beautifully conditioned books have their thrall. A lovely book is like a precious stone cut into a cameo, beauty to beauty added. Since the calligraphy of the scribal artist who pored over his vellum and decorated it with angel and flower and bird and flame it has been that men have loved and desired the book beautiful; and Philobiblon—Richard de Bury—has had a host, and will have a "hostier" host more, of fellow adulators. We are not guilty of vagary when we linger over a book which is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." We are not on the wrong track, but decidedly on the right track, when we do so. A book of beauty put into print, page, body, adequate and fit, makes a thing which to possess, read, dream over, caress with the eyes, is luxury. And, happily, it has come to pass that at no wild excess

of price these luxuries may be had. The prices are not prohibitive even to the lean purse of a preacher. In particular is this true if a body be a buyer at book auctions, as this writer has been lo! these twenty years, and is and shall so stay what time God lets him stay in earthly libraries and a lover of what they hold. A constant peruser of catalogues of every great book-auction house in America and of old book dealers' announcements from Europe, he has found that the crumbs from the rich men's tables have enabled him to be a Lazarus whose poverty has grown to riches. Because when a library is tabulated as "The Private Library of the Late ———," then come I, a blithesome Lazarus, and hobble close to the rich man's table and make free with the crumbs, as if I were English sparrow, till at last, by and by, an unbidden guest at many a "Late Rich Man's Table," my crumbs accumulate into a loaf. Meantime, I have eyed each crumb and enjoyed each crumb. ENJOY is the word. For the time, a crumb was enough and a loaf had been needless excess, seeing one cannot eat a loaf at an eating. Why be porkine with edibles? O! the fun of being poor and having a little at a time.

To illustrate: Robert Hoe's library—that pride to all who care for such things and know about them because Robert Hoe, inventor of the Hoe press, who so came by his wealth by the good graces of the type, became the princeliest buyer of books this world has known—how Richard de Bury would have loved him (and how good that is to say of an American, and how proud am I, an American, to say it!)—has sold for about two millions of dollars, or more than four times the price of the costliest library hitherto dispersed—to instance the Ashburnham Library, which brought $450,000. That Robert Hoe Library, whose vellum copy of the Gutenberg Bible fetched fifty thousand dollars, the top price ever paid for a book! From that library where prices were asserted to be exorbitant, and where I, Lazarus William A. Quayle, thought it bootless to bid much, as being a book-buying impertinence, yet secured a vellum-bound copy of the Riverside Press copy—two volumes—of The Marble Faun, with the Robert Hoe Book Plate thrown in for abundant measure, and all at a price so low that I, though a bibelot Lazarus, am too purseproud to men-

tion. The poorest may buy a few beautiful books and be never the poorer, but much the richer. What an inexpensive luxury this same The Marble Faun is, and obligated should America feel to Houghton Mifflin Company, owners of the Riverside Press, for the exquisite pieces of printery they send forth from time to time. What an artistic satisfaction is their The Fair God or their Howells's Venetian Days (of which I am happy, though humble, possessor of an all-vellum copy), vellum leaf and vellum binding and brightened by a series of water-color illustrations witching as Venice on the sea; or their two volumes Cape Cod, with Thoreau footing it around the windy sand-drifting cape, elucidated by water-color pictures of things seen and said on the journey in the book and all executed so daintily as to fill a body with content to hold it open in the hands and dream and listen for the breaking surf that surges on those sandy wind-whipped shores. And this copy of mine is not the less alluring because it was a gift and, as a token of love, brings with it sunlight and spring weather.

As I write I hold in my hands the Riverside Press The Life of Cardinal Wolsey, written by George Cavendish, and "me seems," to use the introductory word of Cavendish, that the Kelmscott Press copy of the same work is not so desirable. It is more ornate, but less satisfying. This remark may be taken with as many grains of salt as any reader may wish, seeing my Americanism is so vociferous as to make me a little lopsided in my appreciations of everything cis-Atlantic and bearing the imprint "U. S. A." The quaint reading of Cavendish's notable biography, which, after long neglect and strange vagabondage, has come to be recognized as one of the noblest biographies ever written—this, when put in this comely volume, becomes more than doubly engaging and is as a rare gem set in wrought gold, cunningly done by the smith—a work beautiful.

In my library are books from most, if not all, the famous modern presses, and I con them over with a light heart. Ballantyne Press, Vale Press, Riverside Press, Chiswick Press, Elston Press, Caradoc Press, Mosher Press, Cleland Press, Tomoye Press, Kelmscott Press, Doves Press, The Abbey Press, De Vinne Press, Grolier Press, Daniel Press, Lee Priory Press, Vincent

Press, Baskerville Press, Ashendene Press, Foulis Press, Ben Franklin's Press, Strawberry Hill Press, Merrymount Press, Knickerbocker Press, Temple Press, The Wayside Press, Cranbrook Press, Turnbull & Sears, Club of Odd Volumes, Eragny Press, and others; and then when I wish to grow haughty, I recall that I am possessor of William Morris's Copy of Wynken de Worde's Flouer of the Commaundements of God. And what joy without alloy have I had in fumbling o'er these pages—not reading, but just fumbling and sometimes reading and fumbling, yet, in any wise, fumbling. No haste is permissible when a fair page is before the eyes and a fair story before the heart.

I have three settings of the book of Job, each being noble and all being rugged like an oak in a storm. One is that weird production William Blake's illustrations, quite the sublimest rendering in interpretation which this great poem-drama has ever had or is capable of. How the wonder of the poem deepens on the soul as seen through the poet's eyes when that poet has turned painter! Sublimity has found interpreter when William Blake contrives to picture God. The second is from the Abbey Press. Pure white of page and vellum cover, and simple but worthy black type, and pictured in black. How the stately periods of this stupendous drama resound when seen on this perfect page. The third is from the press of Turnbull & Sears and is illustrated by Granvell Fell and done in colors, and fails not in being companionable in worthy dignity to the poem they attempt to explicate. The binding is chaste and modest and all the book stimulates satisfaction. I have read Job from a tattered Bible in the corn field; and there, where the sky was blue and the wind strong and the leaves crumpled in the wind's fingers, the holy and high Word was sweet and wonderlit; but these books wherein artistry of pencil, type, bindery, are tinctured together give one peace.

My Ashendene Press Dante, in three volumes, handmade paper and hand-illuminated initials, printed in Italian, volumes to which the brave and saturnine Dante himself had accorded the grace of a smile had he seen them, is putting poetry to music. I care to fondle the books as if the words could make my hands odorous as if wind from a clover field blew over them. And The

Vicar of Wakefield, from the Caradoc Press—how good "to have and to hold from this day forward"! When ever have I not loved to handle The Vicar of Wakefield? To be near that sweet book and not have heart heat is beyond me. Though Mark Twain loved it not, but loathed it, what is that to me? I stand in my own right of love and laudation. But this book sets my pulse going lively. I want not to put the book down, though I read it not. I dawdle over it and am refreshed. Another Vicar of Wakefield I have in French, a tongue in which I am not an expert, but in which I can on a pinch order raisins and a mutton chop, which, really, is enough of a foreign tongue. Those who have so worthy a tongue as Americans have can be neglectful of the languages of others, resting content with the mighty speech which has come to them through brooding centuries when a language was in the making, a language fit for freemen with Magna Chartas and Declarations of Rights and Declarations of Independence. But this French Vicar of Wakefield, while the print is French, the pictures are in English, color prints, and are artistic masteries of interpretation and color and do shine the gentle vicar's virtues out in a gentle light like the light of stars. And Spenser's "Faerie Queene," printed for the Chiswick Press at Ruskin House and illustrated by Walter Crane, whose Recollections I am at this moment reading. But if ever a poem needed nothing to make it picturesque and satisfying, that poem is "The Faerie Queene," though now that it is set out in the sunlight in this noble fashion and with an artist spirit for interpreter bent on making loveliness more lovely, I lean over it and drink it as I have drunk the dew from the heather's lips on the cliffs of Manxland as they stand, stalwart, looking on the sea. Another edition of this book I have, done in illustrations by Louis Fairfax Muckley and bound in vellucent vellum, with hand paintings on the vellum, binding by Chivers of Bath. You cannot make "The Faerie Queene" too beautiful. It outbeauties all about it. And this Kelmscott, this particular one—though there are a number in this library—The Wood Beyond the World, by William Morris, does me good like a walk along a quiet river. Of course Kelmscott does me good, the very thought of it—for Morris stood for so much I honor in

my heart and so much, too, which I deeply disbelieve, but he loved the beautiful and yearned to make it prevalent and popular, and did both in a measure, and the end is not yet. But the book spun from his brain with that inherent love of mediævalism and his romanticism harking backward, ever backward, as if romance were of yesterday and his quaint language learnt of Mallory of the Morte d'Arthur and here roaming like a wandering light, and the type he cut and the book he planned for beauty, and the plan worked out in this book now lying before me!

And here is Spenser's "Epithalamion," done on parchment and hand-illumined and lettered in blue and gold; and another book done on vellum and illuminated in carmine, blue, and gold is Wordsworth's Ode to Immortality; or this, The Flower and the Leaf, by Geoffrey Chaucer, done in parchment with illuminations manifold. These things are as they ought to be. Their loveliness increases. What poets have chastely said must by other poets be chastely pictured, set, and bound. A beautiful book is a poem. And now here is The Pilgrim's Progress (both parts), published by "George Newnes, Lt'd," illustrated by Edmund J. Sullivan and done on Japanese vellum, only twenty-five copies printed, of which this is number "seven" and signed by Edmund J. Sullivan. Of the many editions of the immortal "Progress" of the immortal "Pilgrim" in this library, no one charms me as this volume. My Chiswick Press Bunyan is beautifully done, and on handmade paper, but contains only "Part I" of the Progress, which should never happen, for, to say nothing further, Part II has the speech of Mr. Standfast in the River, which I should set down as, all told, the sweetest piece of prose in the English language. Many of my copies of Pilgrim's Progress are copiously and admirably illustrated, and withal nobly, yet does this chaste setting please me above all. I shall seek no further for editions of this transcendent allegory. My eyes and hands and acquisitiveness shall now rest content. Besides—and a big besides—this volume is bound by Cedric Chivers, of Bath, and in a quiet gray-brown levant—the exact color I have seen on a moth's wing—and is inlaid in a quaint and insinuating fashion alluring to the eyes and has toolings very chaste and beautiful. Both color and

artistry rest the spirit like a brown landscape of corn fields seen in autumnal afternoons of gray sky where not one window opens through the settled cloud into the ultimate blue. On the front of the binding is a picture of Pilgrim with his heavy burden leaning heavy on his shoulders and a heart of mother-of-pearl just above his weary head, bent in reading the book, which shall suddenly give light whereby the load shall roll away before the cross; and the heart is pointed upward. This picture is painted on vellucent parchment in gentle blues and gentle browns and gentle reds, while below is a mother-of-pearl heart pointing downward. Many bindings have I seen from many binders, though never a Grolier nor a Maioli which possessed the spirituality and loveliness of this quiet and dear book. Without and within it has right to be named a delight.

Nor can I omit in such a catalogue my own little book The Song of Songs, which now lies under my eyes and at the touch of my fingers. This treasure is printed on pure vellum by Eaton & Mains on a page of my own shaping and in type of my own choosing: Cheltenham with long hafts for "fs" and "hs" and "ls"; page size and length adapted to size and shape of types. No chaster piece of printing has come from any American or foreign press than this little Song of Songs, and I speak advisedly as being informed on what I say. The pages have the paragraph letter omitted after the manner of the earliest printed books and an illuminator has inserted curious and lovely letters throughout the volume and enriched it with floriations and ornamentations in every color from gold to shimmer of silk sheen luster and has let the trailing vines of color blossom out into sudden and heartening flower. From title page to colophon each page has its scribal and unduplicated handiwork, and very beautiful is it to look upon. This illumination, done in Chicago, is much superior to the mass of scribal work in this library done by foreign scribes; the floriation much more accurate and vinelike and in the proper manner of the preprinting scribal artists; and to me it is a real joy to have America prove preeminent in this gentle art. The book is bound by the Monastery Hill Bindery. The binding, too, is of my own designing, so that the book within and without in

sentiment and form is mine and gives the thrill of creation on its every page. The binding is royal purple (the murex shell spilled his life blood to the last drop on this levant) and front and back have superimposed silver, done by the silversmith at my direction, in scroll work of silver, which flashes out into silver flowers like a windflower's white, and the clasps are flowers at bloom in perpetual silver. If I grow a trifle conceited over the amenities of this book beautiful, I am confident any bibliophile will pass my imperfection by. It is not egotism; it is affection.

In this library is a royal volume, using that term in its economical sense. It is the Prayer Book of Edward VII. To be sure that king had nothing to do with this notable volume. Kings seldom have any leadership in doing things that are fine and generous. Somebody else does the fine things and tacks a king's name on to the tag. The only point involved is that at the time of the printing of this engaging volume the almanac asserted that Edward VII was on the throne. He could not help it; neither could the people. The like was true of that line of historical prayer books from the days of Edward VI to now. This is the *chef d'œuvre* of the Chiswick Press; and they may well rest their laurels on so stately a book. Those laurels will refuse to wither. The paper is Japanese vellum, type and initial letters designed by Ellis, and the cost at publication was one hundred dollars, and was worth it and more. Thanks to the book auction, with what joy I became economical possessor of this expensive book of prayer, and thought myself happy to have it, as it was printed with stately figures of archbishops and kings and Milton—and Wesley, though just how such unworthy worthies crowded their worthy way into a prayer book of the Church of England, I, uninitiated, could scarcely surmise. Yet there they were; and I waded through the holy and noble book as I have done through rushing surf, elate as June. The volume of my first acquisition was bound in purple and was noble folio in dimensions, so the impression made was very noble. How I swaggered with this book on my library table in the view of the multitude! Pride might have had a fall from me at any time, but Providence was kind as designing to be indulgent to a humble minister who so

very seldom has any conceivable ground for any kind of pride, however modest. What shall measure my fortune when, not long since, through the happy medium of my friendly friend, the Book Auction, there should happen to happy me another volume of the same book, only with binding of intricate inlay work and rich and various gold toolings which gave a sense of lavishness like the riot of golden flowers along an autumn ravine—elaborate and noble inlay. AND (let that "and" stand tall and visible; so it belongs) every initial letter and every figure throughout the entirety of the book (and in the Psalter the letters and figures were past the hundreds) illuminated with intricacy and skilled painstaking till each figure became a work of real art to remind me of a copy of the famous Plantin Press, where the pictures are hand-colored and wonderful. This artist clearly had gladness in the work. And the binding throughout is in keeping with the lavish beauty of the volume's self. Purple, as has been said, inlaid with lilies and fuchsia bells and crimson roses, a very riot of flowers and color, and the dentelle work varied and lovely, while the doublure is crimson levant with an inlaid cross of black, but overgrown with a vine—"I am the Vine"—with leaves of inlay green as spring and golden clusters of grapes hanging from the black arms of the cross on which the Christ, for us, was glad to die.

And that high tide of Samson Agonistes becomes beyond itself impressive when Samson lies dead, slain in his triumph over Israel's enemy, and the Voice says—

> Samson hath quit himself
> Like Samson . . .
> Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
> Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

—this, said on the page of a Baskerville's Milton, makes melody more melodious and heightens this sublimity.

William A. Quayle

BERGSON, WARD, AND EUCKEN IN THEIR RELATION TO BOWNE

The American visits of Eucken and Bergson and the late appearance of James Ward's Gifford lectures, The Realm of Ends, give a new impulse to a study of the prevailing philosophical systems of the hour. There is an apparent drift on the part of opposing schools toward a clearer recognition of the essential questions of debate. The ending of the war of words and recrimination is ridding us gradually of an intellectuality which is merely verbal, and promises to reverse the scale of opinion in which some names have been held. After the philosophical confusion and strife of two generations we are coming to a clearer appraisal of the questions at issue.

That the coming new day in philosophy is sure to lead to a better appreciation of the work of Borden Parker Bowne is to us quite evident from a study of the leading philosophical tendencies of the present. The philosophical world of the English-speaking race at least has been strangely overawed and dominated during the past fifty or more years by the methods of the materialistic philosophy. Until a comparatively late date in England, and until quite recently in America, there has been scarcely a philosopher of note who has dared to risk his reputation to oppose the assumptions of the Spencerian type of mechanical causation. The voice of our own yet-to-be-appreciated Dr. Bowne has been in this philosophic waste like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. It brings a sense of joy, therefore, to know that after the eclipse of metaphysical thinking which has characterized the reign of the Spencerian dogmas there are arising in our day voices whose message means that darkness is already past and the day is at hand.

Of these prophets, the one who by the naïveté and uniqueness of his methods has succeeded in creating a real sensation in the philosophical valley of dry bones is Henri Bergson, of the College of France. His outstanding and, I believe, latest

translated work is known as The Creative Evolution. Bergson was practically unknown outside of France until called, about three years ago, to lecture in England. Here his revolutionary daring in attacking the empiricism of Herbert Spencer started even the stolid Englishman from his generation-long slumber. Not that he had no prophets of his own who had discovered to him again and again the weakness of the materialistic explanation, but here was one, not native, from whom he had expected other words.

Of the Spencerian system Bergson says: "The usual device of the Spencerian method consists in reconstructing evolution with the fragments of the evolved. If I paste a picture on a card and then cut up the card into bits, I can reproduce the picture by rightly grouping again the small pieces. And the child who, working thus with the pieces of a puzzle picture, and putting together unformed fragments of the picture, finally obtains a pretty colored design, no doubt imagines that he has produced design and color. . . . So by combining together the most simple results of evolution, you may imitate well or ill the most complete effects; but of neither the simple nor the complex will you have retraced the genesis, and the addition of evolved to evolved will bear no resemblance whatever to the movement of evolution."[1] It will be something of a surprise to the students of Bowne that this heralded discovery of Bergson should have produced even comment nearly forty years after the work of Bowne's early manhood, the criticism of Spencer, had been given to the world. His criticism of Spencer is as keen as that of Bergson, and as unanswerable, but it is more logical, and in addition he presents a metaphysical basis for his criticism which Bergson wholly lacks. It seems strange that one thus in advance of the age should have been relatively so neglected. We can discover the reason in the fact that only now is the philosophical world recovering in any large measure from the long nightmare of empirical slavery. On the other hand, we may anticipate that, in the long roll which history writes, to the heroic forerunner will be the greater glory. To escape the Spencerian snare of mechanical explanation, Berg-

[1] Creative Evolution, p. 364.

son gives to the idea of time as duration the leading role in his philosophy. Instead of time being, on the one hand, an external reality upon which are strung successive experiences, and on the other hand, instead of making time a relating of experiences by an abiding personality, as does Bowne, Bergson takes the position, not so clear, that the individual contains in himself the past at any moment. Duration is not merely a succession of experiences, but himself, his individuality. His stock illustration of this is the rolling snowball. "My mental state," he says, "as it advances on the road of time, is continually swelling with the duration which it accumulates; it goes on increasing—rolling upon itself, as a snowball on the snow . . . the past . . . follows us at every instant; all that we have felt, thought, and willed from our earliest infancy is there, leaning over the present which is about to join it, pressing against the portals of consciousness that would fain leave it outside. . . . What are we, in fact, what is our character, if not the condensation of the history we have lived from our birth—nay, even before our birth, since we bring with us prenatal dispositions?" "Continuity of change, preservation of the past in the present, real duration—the living being seems, then, to share these attributes with consciousness. Can we go further and say that life, like conscious activity, is invention, is unceasing creation?"[1] Upon this fundamental idea he bases his creative evolution.

The clear-minded will see that Bergson hides his thought under the mental picture of the snowball, and after his volley of words is as far adrift from the secret of life and personality as was Mr. Spencer far away from real explanation of the universe in his famous formula of evolution. What Bergson needs here for his constant factor in the equation is not duration, but an abiding personality, able to relate events to each other and to itself. Reverting to his own definition of character and conscience, we cannot see how he can avoid the conclusion that he who has lived the longest, that is, whose character is made up of the most duration, is the greatest. This is indeed not the truth. It is the self-directing personality who makes the events of time

[1] Creative Evolution, pp. 3, 5, 23.

his discipline that knows most deeply and apprehends most truly the world around him. They that come to a long term of years may yet possess them in dire poverty of mind and character, while others who fall in the bloom of youth upon the fields of high endeavor will have possessed all that life here can give.

We should not dismiss lightly, however, Bergson's doctrine of duration, for it contains some elemental truths. It is true that the experiences of the past are in a measure unescapable. But while we may not erase them from our memory we are not bound to that fatalism which gives them power and dominion over all our future. It is only as the personality yields itself as their prey that the experiences of our yesterdays dictate character. Character springs more from moral assents and moral struggles than from the outward stream of experiences.

If, however, character, like the snowball, is the complete accumulation of the past, and the man's sins are a part of his individuality, as we must believe, this doctrine, generally recognized, would lead to a new appreciation of the blasting nature of sin and the profound character of any salvation which shall be real or adequate. Herein may lie the beginning of a new sense of sin so feeble during the past generation, and especially prevalent since the reign of that type of philosophy which has been so given to mechanical explanation that sin has been little more than physical disease, or at most the resultant of outer influences for which the individual was but little responsible.

Bergson is not blind to the implications for personality of his doctrine of duration. To free the individual from becoming a mere mechanism whose present is the product of past states, and to give place to initiative, Bergson introduces the factor which he calls the vital impetus, the first use of which term is contested by Ward in his Realm of Ends.

Bergson says: "The role of life is to insert some indetermination into matter. Indeterminate, that is, unforeseeable, are the forms it creates in the course of its evolution."[1] He rejects not only the doctrine of mechanism, which assumes a closed universe in which all that is is the product of mechanical change; he like-

[1] Creative Evolution, p. 126.

wise rejects the view of the radical finalist which assumes that all that shall be is the fulfillment of a divine plan, a preconceived

> Divine event,
> Toward which the whole creation moves.

The possession of the vital impetus which gives rise to new possibilities, the unforeseeable, bringing progress and development, is to Bergson the very characteristic of life. It is the source and the explanation of evolution. We note the contrast of this theory with that which it displaces. Instead of a closed mechanical universe, we have one in which may occur any possible miracle. He avoids a closed mechanical universe, on the one hand, and on the other a universe which seems to him closed because it is forcordained and contains no real freedom; but he adopts a universe in which it is impossible for God himself to know what is going to happen.

Since Bergsonianism deals much in mental picture, declares the philosophical worth of the common intuitions, and there is promise of that great popularity which did so much for Herbert Spencer, there seems a prospect for a popular return to the belief in miracles. As a matter of fact, our difficulties along this line have been measurably due to the demands of an overbearing materialism—what Bergson calls the demand for geometrical thinking.

Rejecting both radical mechanism and radical finalism, Bergson attributes those harmonies in nature that have furnished materials for the teleological argument of theology to an identity of impulsion, rather than to an aspiration after any future goal existent in the mind of the Creator. Thus do we come at last to Bergson's definition of God: "God has nothing of the already made; he is unceasing life, action, freedom. Creation, so conceived, is not a mystery; we experience it in ourselves when we act freely." This idea of a developing, growing, not yet fully realized God is pretty sure to give a shock to our established ideas regarding the divine Being, and perhaps it ought. That which Bergson lacks here Bowne had so clearly, a personal World-Ground, himself the unchanging Cause of change. Bergson leaves entirely out of reckoning that purpose which makes humanity

great, and which makes man indeed the greatest thing of the universe and the lord of all, because behind his little and short-sighted purpose lies a deeper Purpose, which is also a Person. Left as he leaves it, the vital impulse goes off and we find ourselves suspended in the air, with no wings for flight, and a sickening descent beneath us. What Augustine said so long ago of the heart of man is true in like manner of his mental faculties; our minds are restless till they rest in God.

In his thought of intelligence and intuition as contrasting forms of knowledge, Bergson has doubtless done an important work. His theory would seem to be vast in its possibility of explaining the abnormalities of genius, the uniqueness of Jesus, the authority of the divine revelation, and the possibility of its appearance in those who, untrained in the schools, are yet open to the deepest voices of our being. His proclamation of the value of the common intuitions, the possibility of the possession of the deepest philosophy by the unlettered, has drawn to him the greatest popular attention. Especially has he created interest among the Roman Catholic scholars of France. As yet he has not followed out the larger implications of his theory; but we shall watch with eagerness the development of a system which promises something of the popular vogue that gave extended life to the thinking of Herbert Spencer.

Ward in his Realm of Ends approaches from the theistic standpoint some of the same problems which Bergson approaches from the pluralistic side. It is interesting to note the agreements and contrasts. He joins with Bergson in rejecting mechanical explanation as being not valid for life and mind. He says, "While it may be possible, setting out from mind, to account for mechanism, it is impossible, setting out from mechanism, to account for mind."[1] He looks upon the events of history as unique acts and deeds that have their origin in individual centers of experience, and yet that history as a whole is not without its unity.

The real discussion of the book hinges upon the debate whether a plurality of interacting subjects will account for itself

[1] Realm of Ends, p. 18.

and also for the unity which the interaction implies. Like Bergson, he endeavors on the one hand to avoid the mechanical universe of Spencer and the sensational school, and, on the other, the predestined world of necessity set up by the Hegelians with their Absolute idealism. This problem of the one and the many he declares to be the philosophical problem of the twentieth century. Like Bergson again, he realizes the emptiness of the Spencerian theory of evolution as an explanation of First Cause and the demand for an evolution in which is possible the introduction of new factors not given beforehand. He agrees that only such an evolution, characterized by freedom, can be a true evolution at all. Respecting the outcome of the pluralistic hypothesis, in view of an actual progress toward something better, he shows that it can never lead farther than to a God who is supreme, first among equals, but never to a God who is Absolute. He says: "On the pluralist view the Divine will would only be a reality as it was the ideal toward which the whole creation moves, attained at length. The Kingdom would take the place of the ideal King; there would be a perfect commonwealth, but strictly no monarch, other than the 'objective mind' sovereign in every breast."

Ward shows the untenability of the theory which begins with the One as Absolute in whom resides the perfect plan, of whom the world is only the outworking, after the manner of Hegel's World-Spirit working out to self-consciousness in the realization of its world plans. This brings the inevitable and irreconcilable conflict between freedom and necessity. He recognizes with Bergson the failure of Absolute idealism, but he should have gone a step farther, to Bowne's solution of the conflict. The real solution rests upon the ideal nature of time for a timeless Personality. In calling attention to the insufficiency of a pluralistic God, Ward lays his finger on Bergson's great weakness. He really crosses the chasm between the mechanical explanations of pluralism and the false unity of Absolutism, which Bergson sees but does not span. He does this by positing a divine Personality as the World-Ground. Having shown the inadequateness of the two contrasting systems of pluralism and Absolute idealism, Ward declares the crux of Theism to be the problem of evil. He affirms that this

problem can be met only by positing a purposive Intelligence, the existence of a future life, and the reality of the spiritual world. Of the necessity for belief in God he says: "With one creative Spirit over all, we may well believe in a unity of the many created spirits, such that the highest good of all will prove to be the highest good of each. And in the light of this divine purpose we may well find the vocation and the meaning of our own individual life. The existence of this Creative Spirit is matter of faith, not of knowledge, to be sure; but may we not hold it to be a rational faith, since without it we are without assured hope in a world that is then without clear meaning?"[1]

A review of the present philosophical situation, however superficial it would be, would not be complete without at least a reference to the predominating place of Eucken. He is not only the outstanding figure in the philosophical world of to-day, but is in close accord with the thought and spirit of Bowne. However much one may fail to find his personal ideas emphasized in Eucken's work, the Christian finds himself in strange accord with Eucken's spirit. It is not without significance to the world of thought that a man has sprung from the home of rationalism to be the bright particular defender of the reality and the significance of the life of the spirit. The fine spirit of Rudolf Eucken, and his essential unity with the best Christian thought of the times, is clearly shown in his book, The Truth of Religion. His contention for the reality, the greatness, and the supremacy of the spirit in all true living stirs the heart like a bugle call. His plea for the necessity of regeneration for the individual soul is especially pleasing to the followers of Wesley. He stands in Germany to-day, like a prophet in the by-ways, calling men from a life engrossed in material things and from a system of thought bound to mechanical explanations to a higher life lived in the conscious presence of God. His insistence that the test of religious reality is to be found, not in subjective experiences alone, but also in the active realization of religion in life, adds a note of conviction to his contention. The significant thing, aside from the contents of his teaching, is the universal interest he has created. He followed

[1] Realm of Ends, pp. 422, 423.

the American visit with a lecture tour of all the leading universities of the Continent. We may regret his failure thus far to take the orthodox position on the incarnation and kindred themes, but we need not therefore close our eyes to the greatness or the significance of that movement which is taking place in the world of thought, of which Eucken is to-day the greatest exponent. A philosophy which proclaims in a materialistic age the reality of the spiritual is like a great light in a dark world. It is no wonder that Hermann in his excellent little book on Eucken and Bergson affirms that there is light on the far hills.

The day has not fully come, for the minds of the populace are largely dominated still by the thralldom of sense thinking, and men of science continue to attempt the explanation of life by meaningless word and symbol, but the new and better day is at the dawn. It has been our privilege to watch the breaking day, and to some who may read these lines has come that rare blessing of having lived and walked for a little time with one who in America was among the earliest prophets of the new day, perhaps the first, and "who being dead, yet speaketh."

Ralph T. Flewelling

THE PROBLEM OF THE "FIRST CHURCH"

In the nature of things the First Church of any denomination in a city is the downtown church. Its location was settled not by deliberate choice, but the beginnings of its activities date back to the time when the metropolis was a village, and the little white frame church was erected in a determination to afford the pioneers opportunities of worship. No vision appeared of the after years when a great modern church edifice would challenge commercialism and greed upon their own domain and utter the message of the kingdom of Jesus in the shadow of the great office building and next door to the modern department store. Nor did any prophet arise to proclaim the coming of the modern city, with activities so different from those of the great metropolitan centers of the very recent past which seemed at the time to be the highest utterance of municipal organization. The electric wonders in ordinary street life to-day are the new arrivals of the last few decades. Night is turned into day, and business signs are better shows than traveling entertainments a generation ago. Rapid transit by traction cars and interurban communication has added to the cities population which twenty years ago would have considered itself rural, pure and simple, and it includes in its numbers hosts of people who do business in the metropolis and sleep amid the fragrance of the meadow and the field. The very noises of the downtown are rasping to the nerve and sound the warning to the overworked toiler of the street and store to live where the strain will be less and the life comforts more. Hence men who have been the very life of First Church organizations have moved far out, as the city has grown, and the increase of property values has tempted the trustees to dispose of the old sanctuary with a view to moving the church edifice to a location more convenient to the "center of population."

In the very large cities the old First Church has faced a puzzle and a tragedy, and in a few instances, where a fine and lucrative business property has been erected in connection with the sanctuary, the cause has been represented in the hurly-burly

of the "downtown"; a desirable result made possible by the unusual rents commanded for offices and stores in the permanent business center. The beginnings of the problem of the First Church are in the births of suburban enterprises. These come in the visions of the prophets who are willing to sacrifice immediate ease in church maintenance to the interests of future generations, and under their leadership these new churches are begun in the form of mission Sunday schools; whether fostered by the First Church or otherwise undertaken, in any event, they subtract from the membership of the First Church a large majority of the members of it whose homes are in the district in which the new church is established. In the further growth of some of our most aggressive cities these second churches face the same problem, and sometimes, when the residential district gives place to factories and wholesaling business, there is little reason, indeed none at all, for their continuance, for there is no population adjacent to which to minister. But when the former residences become boarding houses, and in addition new flats and apartment houses are erected in which is housed a motley population of unchurched people, the problem of the First Church is duplicated ~~in the history~~ of the suburban churches closer in. These unchurched people are sometimes unchurched because they are theater employees and talent and other participants in work which the church dismisses with a frown, and too often the move further out is made, with no second thought as to the salvation of the people concerned when the church deserts the new and strange conditions—conditions unheard of, unthought of, and impossible a quarter of a century ago. All these problems are related, but that which chiefly attracts my attention just now is the puzzle which confronts the First Church of an ordinarily growing city of fifty thousand people or more, in which from five to ten other churches have been established. It is not to be captious or critical that the writer deals with this question differently from those who have usually written upon the subject. He is as well aware as any one, having had experience in several such parishes, that the changing population, the downtown activities of sin, the competition of the Sunday theater, and the vast distances to be traveled to attend services

constitute a serious problem. But there is one difficulty which First Churches face that has had little discussion. I may be bolder than wise to mention it, and yet it should be faced with a frankness that will command honest dealing among all concerned.

The most serious problem which the average First Church faces is the attitude of suburban pastors themselves. These men are not wholly to blame. They are influenced, if they are men of vision, by the stern determination of the average official board to judge its pastor by his "drawing powers." And the average estimate of a pastor's drawing powers is generally based upon his demonstration of an ability to attach to his congregation and membership *all* who reside in the neighborhood of his church. Sometimes the man is without vision, and then his policy is settled by his grim determination to persuade all who do reside in his district or so-called "parish" to separate from the First Church and join the church of their suburb. In either case he is moved by the smallest consideration and his course constitutes an embarrassment to the First Church official board and its worried and overburdened pastor, while it subtracts from the efficiency of the denomination represented in the center. This is the point which the suburban church pastor and his people overlook. It is the immediate problem which they face which settles their policy and fixes their conclusions, and without deep thinking they assume that everybody who lives in their part of the city should attach himself to their church, if he happens to belong to the denomination they represent. Of course, if the wisest policy is to forsake the downtown, or business, center and confine the church ministrations to residential districts, no complaint can be lodged against this average idea of the suburban church boards and their pastors. But if we are to proclaim the gospel to the masses, if the transients who throng our hotels are to be taken into consideration, if alongside of the sinful theater we are to maintain the sin-destroying gospel, this policy is short-sighted, suicidal, and its active propaganda is little less than imbecile, not to say contemptible.

I can name suburban pastors who have visited from door to door among First Church members in their vicinity to persuade them to unite with the church nearest to them. I can name pas-

tors who have urged the saving in street-car fares as a reason for people they seek to influence leaving the old First Church. I can name others who have made life a burden to families near their churches by their frequent visits to secure their consent to change their membership, when these very families have been drawn to Christ by the downtown ministry of the First Church, and they might never have found the Christ or renewed their forgotten covenant relations had not the almost constantly "open door" of the mother church of the denomination attracted their attention. And this sort of a policy not only aims to decimate the church membership of the First Church, but it tends to separatism. Pursued steadily as a policy, it divides the officialdom of the denomination in the city and gives rise to captious criticism of the downtown pastor, while inevitably those who have been long-time friends become suspicious of each other, and instead of a united front against the enemy, the churches which ought to listen intently for the command from the common Captain, "Forward!" are competitive organizations, whose successes in apparent gains often subtract from the sum total of the strength of the denomination in the city.

The fact is overlooked that the First Church would have to close its doors were its support withdrawn by many who live in the suburbs. The only consideration given to the question by the average pastor of a residential church is this: "These people live near my church. Therefore they should belong to my church, and if they are members of old First Church they should transfer at once and have done with it." And this spirit colors the church life of the denomination in the city where such pastors live. It makes every pastor a promoter of a single enterprise, where he should belong to a great military division.

However, there is another view of the situation which is altogether overlooked. It is this: There are people who by virtue of their very make-up are First Church people. To illustrate: A stranger attended my church in the "downtown," and as I greeted him among a hundred or more transients I was told that he had moved to the city. I said, "Give me your address and I'll call on you." "No use," he replied with a smile, "I am going to join a

residential church this time. I've been in 'First' Churches a long while, and the suburban pastor has made me see that I ought to help him." "Very well," I said, smiling in return, "visit us once in a while, and be sure you pay your fare when you come." "Be sure I'll always do that when I do come," he responded cheerily. Well, some six weeks later he was present at our services. I spoke to him and said, "So you've gone visiting to-day, have you?" Then he drew me aside and said confidentially: "Doctor, you had better call on Mrs. A this week, for we've concluded to have you send for our letters." "What!" I exclaimed in some surprise. "Well, you see it's this way, pastor. We are First Church people. We can't be anything else. Sunday is altogether lonely to us out there in Lonesomehurst. Maybe it's wicked, but we just can't rest on the 'day of rest' unless we see the center of the city and hear the noises of the downtown streets."

There is real philosophy here. Those people could not enjoy the community church. But the church in the swirl and swing of the traction transfer centers afforded them a congenial field in which to work. And God has made a great many of these people. He did it because there is a mission for the First Church. He did it because he wanted to evangelize and save the "downtown." He did it so that the travelers on the Jericho roads of earth might have a host of Good Samaritans to bind up their wounds and carry them to the Gospel Inn. He did it so that a multitude of young people who go to the "downtown" might see beacon lights and "happen" in where the voice of a real gospeler would check many a sinful plan and halt many a wrong excursion. This man and his wife are types of a vast host of Christian workers whose impulses and desires are such that nowhere in Christian service are they at home so much as where the tides meet and sin's madding waters roll.

When it is conceded that the First Church, God's ministrant to the "downtown," has a mission, and that the denomination it represents is interested in its success, enough problems remain to puzzle the minds of geniuses and statesmen. The competition with the centers of amusements is one of these. Picture shows, vaudevilles, and other attractions now enter openly on Sabbath

evenings to divide attendance. There is not a single central church whose congregation would not be doubled but for the attractions of the playhouse. More than this, some of these attractions, barring the fact that they are desecrating the Sabbath of the Lord and enlisting a regiment of Sunday toilers, present bills of entertainment to which the average, and even the thinking, citizen who does not actively enlist in church work offers no objection. And indeed it must be admitted that many of these programs in themselves are on the high level of the lecture and entertainment platform. Christians who are awake to the meaning of evil and the insidiousness of sin frown upon these enterprises, but the average man and woman do not, and often people who rank well in the social world attend these attractions instead of church, and too frequently take their families. Then, again, the attractions at the church are seemingly inferior to those of the playhouse in quality. In music, while the people who perform are graceless, often, and fallen, better voices sing even classic songs and better orchestras and instrumental soloists discourse sweeter music than any of the churches, even the wealthiest, call to their aid in the æsthetics of worship. Not infrequently, of late years, a monologist or an orator discourses apparently more brilliantly than any pulpit ministrant is capable of doing, judging by the average. And the press, usually as a part of an advertising contract, gives large publicity to the affairs of the theaters, while the church services are not given ten per cent the newspaper notice which the advertising contracts insure the house of mirth and sin, unless in a sensational utterance a preacher affects refined taste or utters hackneyed heresies. More than all this, the sociability of these places of amusement conducted for profit is often an art in which skill and genius have full sway, while the sociability of the church gathering downtown is too plainly a matter of exhortation from the pulpit on the part of an impatient minister to "shake hands with the person next to you."

The maintenance of *esprit de corps* among the people whom God seems to have made for the First Church work is another and a serious problem. They live everywhere, do these people. Hence there is lacking the help of the "neighborhood spirit."

They meet once a week in the worship on Sundays, and in the various functions through the week different parts of the congregation get together in sectional endeavors. But the evening spent "downtown" means a late arrival home, sometimes on a crowded car and at the expense of "strap hanging," and the effects are apparent and "deeply felt" the next day. The work among the children of the people whom God made with impulses that fit them for the First Church, "the Church of the downtown," is difficult, too. In many of these Sunday Bible schools the larger part of the children must go on the street car, and then an early rising is necessary. The teachers and the officers who direct the Bible school are usually the busiest of men and women, and they too find that Sunday is the day on which they must part company with sleep the earliest. And yet many of these First Church Bible schools are the best in the average city, their officers and teachers are the most regular and faithful, and the per cent of attendance by the children, some of whom come a distance of five miles and more, is largest compared with the suburban schools, when based upon the enrollment. And this shows that the problem is being solved. If this indicates anything it indicates that the pastor who talks about residential-district Christians being faithful to the church nearest to them is only a selfish prophet who is looking to the size of his church revenues rather than to the interests of the kingdom of God.

And then there is the ever-changing population. In the downtown district, where boarding houses and tenements and flats are numerous, and where the First Church has a parish, if it has any in geographical terms, moving day is oftener than the proverbial "First of May." Sometimes it is every month, and, too, among people who are not seeking to evade the landlord. And then, too, it is often the case that three months measure the stay of many a pious family in the city. Just as they seem to become one of the "downtowners" a better position opens and it is "up and away" with them. In one downtown parish I was called upon to part in twelve months with two hundred and twenty-three who were on my rolls at the beginning of the year, and yet so roving are the American people that we had a net gain through

the year of thirty-nine. But that meant labor and toil. It meant, too, that some of those whom we dismissed went with sad hearts, because they desired to remain, but they had been made to feel by the pastors of residential churches that it was a sin to belong "downtown" and live out among the people who enjoyed the privilege of fresh air and Jersey milk. In the fatigue of such a year in a First Church the pastor who has done the work is compelled to smile grimly, and as he thinks of the pastors who have been more active in proselyting than in revival work, he prays, "Father, forgive them: they know not what they do."

The fact is, however, that no denomination which deserts the centers of the city ever holds its own. The "downtown" church is a publicity agent of its denomination, and its environment and vigor constitute the basis upon which the newcomer registers his opinion of the entire church force of that name. Every suburban church and its pastor should be interested in maintaining a great First Church. It should be their pride, and he who looks upon it as a competitor is blind indeed. He does not even know his own job. It contributes to the success of the residential church, not indirectly nor remotely, but directly and immediately. Located upon the highway of travel, doing its work in the glare of the secular light, challenging sin where it claims a right of way, the "downtown" church is the advance agent which greets every newcomer with a welcome, and to the people who love the quiet of the suburbs it points the way to the churches it represents, while it would enlist as its own colaborers those who feel the tug which draws them to the Christian service of the masses who move mid "the madding crowd." And if that church at the center is lacking, the suburban church stands to lose many who otherwise would come into its fold, but who have made their first acquaintance religiously with the city through a great "downtown" church of some other denomination.

A financial endowment will not settle the question. A great First Church plant with an income assured sufficient to meet the entire budget of expense and to employ a great pulpit orator will be lifeless. The successful and efficient church needs "folks." A lecture platform might be maintained on an endowment, and

the finest sacred concerts might be staged with that assistance; but if the gospel of Jesus Christ is to reach and save men it must be through the agency of a company of people rather than a pile of masonry and an array of eminent pulpit, choral, and other talent. The endowment will help, but it will be futile without people who shall make up the real church and voice its loving appeal to those who through any influence have been disconnected from its varied activities.

The time will come, and it ought to come right soon, when the pastor of the "downtown" church of any denomination will be the dean of his church family in his city. He will be generous himself and the pastors of the suburban churches of his particular group will be open, fair, and willing subjects of the Golden Rule. The success of the First Church will be the object of all the pastors together, and its contributions to the strength of all the second or residential churches will be marked and real. There will be a comity of agreement, and no pastor of outlying churches will feel free to call upon First Church people to persuade them to leave their church and join his, even though they have moved out of the district adjacent to the downtown church and taken a home in the geography of his parish. And yet, so thorough will be the understanding, that all pastors will move freely among the members of any of the churches sweetly and happily, a thing which, as a First Church pastor, I have never yet assumed to do, being able to say that I have never yet called at the home of any person not a member of my church or congregation. And yet, my homes have been too often entered by pastors as agents of the residential churches. When the new day dawns we shall have a more effective city church activity and the cause of Christ will move forward with apostolic success, a reality to be coveted far more earnestly than the fiction of "apostolic succession."

Frank E. Day.

HIDDEN POEMS

The relations of prose and poetry, declares Professor George Saintsbury, constitute perhaps the most important problem of modern literary criticism. Mr. W. C. Brownell, on the other hand, scornfully inquires: "Who now, except in willful indulgence, enjoys what used to be admired as 'prose poetry'?" This, however, does not dispose of the matter; for the now odious term "prose poetry" implies much that is not applicable to the best passages of poetic feeling and rhythmical flow, in Ruskin or Carlyle or Hazlitt. Certain it is that meter does not make a poem, and that the absence of regular meter does not prove the absence of essential poetry. To the acrid debate over Walt Whitman the present writer will make no addition; yet it indubitably shows that the whole question is still an open one. Matthew Arnold's famous denial of the title of poet to Dryden and Pope, on the ground that their so-called poetry was conceived and composed in the wits, whereas genuine poetry is conceived and composed in the soul, has hardly been discredited—although, as Hazlitt averred, it is obvious that Pope was a great writer of some sort. In point of fact, some of the greatest passages of English poetry have been concealed by being written as prose—that is to say, without being divided into lines and stanzas. No poet is more delightful to read, on the subject of nature, than Ruskin at his best. If Professor Moulton's experiments in his Modern Reader's Bible, particularly in such books as Job, are worth anything, then Ruskin and others should gain similarly by metrical arrangement. This arrangement can often be made without changing in the slightest degree the actual prose text; and in all the examples to be given this integrity of the text will be rigidly preserved.

The main thesis of the present writer is that, in passages of poetic feeling, especially of lyric outburst, a close approach to regular meter is inevitable. It may, in fact, be said to be a law of the expression of emotion. Whenever, therefore, we discover a paragraph of intense feeling, devoid of prosaic words and of all

prosaic elements, there is excellent ground for suspecting metrical signs of this. Often we shall be disappointed at the shyness with which the passage seems to shun the conventional fields of verse; but close analysis will generally reveal its alliance with formal poetry. What we call "blank verse"—iambic pentameter unrimed—is an exceedingly natural measure into which to fall; and iambic tetrameter is nearly or quite as common. Anapæstic measures are not uncommon in what is thought to be mere prose; and other metrical effects too numerous to mention may sometimes be detected. The cadence of a paragraph is particularly likely to reveal definite meter. In his joy over the fact that his task, the History of Criticism, is smoothly done, Professor Saintsbury, in the concluding sentence of his final volume, lapses into this dancing measure: "It [criticism] shows how to grasp and how to enjoy:

> It helps the ear to listen
> When the horns of Elfland blow."

Sir Gilbert Parker, in a recent volume of short stories, falls, in the dialogue, into this familiar anapæstic strain:

> If my son be dead where those jackals swarm,
> It is well he died for his friend.

And again:

> A man will ride for a face that he loves,
> Even to the dreadful gates.

These are examples of not infrequent occurrence. The absence of rime leaves perhaps something of poetic pleasure still to be desired; yet in the blank verse of Shakespeare and Milton we scarcely feel any lack. Even the highest flights of lyric are to be found in iambic pentameter unrimed. We shall seek far for better examples of the true lyrical cry than Hamlet's "Remember thee! Ay, thou poor ghost," or Othello's

> O now, for ever
> Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!"

Collins's rimeless "Ode to Evening" does not, to the ordinary reader, betray any omission; and Longfellow's "Evangeline" is as popular an example as one could wish of the success of an unrimed poem.

Clearly, then, rime, though perhaps desirable, is not necessary to high poetic pleasure. In Ruskin, De Quincey, Carlyle, or Hazlitt one often finds poetic delight in a truly remarkable degree. It is with these authors that the present discussion will be concerned, for the reason that they wrote no poetry commonly considered as such, save in the case of Ruskin, whose early and scanty verses are almost negligible. Indeed, it is probable that but few well-informed readers are aware of their existence. If, then, it can be shown that several fairly typical passages from these prose artists reveal unmistakable metrical effects, something may have been done toward clearing up the general problem of the relation of poetry to prose. To hark back to Mr. Brownell's disparaging remark on prose poetry, the best evidence that can be obtained of the inevitableness of metrical form in passages of poetic feeling is the appearance in court of a passage which Mr. Brownell himself, in his Victorian Prose Masters (page 227), cites from Ruskin as an example of that master's best manner—a description of the flight of a dove. Without the minutest alteration of order, it may be written thus:

With what parting of plume and what soft pressure
And rhythmic beating of divided air
She reaches that
Miraculous swiftness of undubious motion,
Compared with which
The tempest is slow and the arrow uncertain;
And what clue there is, visible or
Conceivable to thought of man, by which
To her living conscience
And errorless pointing of magnetic soul
Her distant home is felt
Far beyond the horizon,
And the straight path, through
Concealing clouds and over trackless lands,
Made plain to her desire and her duty
By the finger of God.

Now, what are the poetic characteristics of this passage? It is, I hope, obvious that the first, fourth, and sixth lines are essentially alike in scansion, and that the measure is chiefly anapæstic; also that in the first alliteration is prominent. The second line is blank verse (iambic pentameter); likewise the eighth, tenth, four-

teenth, and fifteenth—a generous proportion in so brief a passage. Alliteration is noticeable in several lines, though not overdone, as in inferior writers. The most important point, however, is that the language is not only poetic, but poetic throughout; there is no descent into workaday phrase. Whether this supports Wordsworth's famous contention—which, unfortunately for himself as a disputant, he did not always illustrate in his verses—that poetry should preserve words in their natural prose order I shall not attempt to say. What may safely be said, however, is that sometimes, as in Ruskin's passage, it is not necessary to disturb prose order to produce excellent poetry. It must be admitted that the pauses at the ends of certain lines are bolder and weaker ones than a good poet would ordinarily permit; but little other violence is done to Ruskin's intention. And his big rhythm is perhaps better revealed to the average reader by the division into lines—a matter of high importance, since the great writers of the nineteenth century studied exhaustively the problems of prose rhythm —if it is necessary to use the word "prose"—and went far beyond any previous writers in the subtlety and beauty of their rhythmical devices. Without attempt at close metrical regularity, often, perhaps, without conscious purpose, they wove surpassingly beautiful patterns of English prose, of prose whose beauty partly consists in its resistance to mathematical analysis. The fact that more than one good critic has affirmed that excellent prose is more difficult to produce than excellent poetry suggests the infinite complexity in the workmanship of the former. Mr. Frederic Harrison, for example, in an essay "On English Prose," says:

> Although fairly good prose is much more common than fairly good verse, yet I hold that truly fine prose is more rare than truly fine poetry. I trust that it will be counted neither a whim nor a paradox if I give it as a reason that mastery in prose is an art more difficult than mastery in verse. The very freedom of prose, its very want of conventions, of settled prosody, of musical inspiration, give wider scope for failure and afford no beaten paths.

Few better illustrations of Mr. Harrison's statement could be found than this description of mosses, from Ruskin's "Modern Painters":

> To them,
> Slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted

The weaving of the dark eternal tapestries
Of the hills;
To them,
Slow-penciled, iris-dyed, the tender framing
Of their endless imagery. Sharing
The stillness of the unimpassioned rock,
They share also its endurance;
And while the winds of departing spring
Scatter the white hawthorn blossoms
Like drifted snow,
And summer dims on the parched meadow
The drooping of its cowslip gold—
Far above, among the mountains,
The silver lichen spots rest, starlike
On the stone;
And the gathering orange stain
Upon the edge of yonder western peak
Reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

This has the utmost variety of rhythm, falling only here and there into regular meter. It closes, however, with two perfect lines of blank verse; and the second, sixth, and eighth are also in this meter. Moreover, the antithesis between the second and the sixth is plain; and the compounds in both attest the poetic character of the diction. Indeed, the choice of words and phrases throughout yields nothing even to such poetic artists as Keats and Tennyson. In lines 16-18 the alliteration is especially beautiful. The total effect is notably increased by the majestic climax of the closing line. Here is no preciosity, no inflated "prose poetry," but genuine poetry of the finest quality. It betrays neither insincerity nor gush of sentiment. Though complex in rhythm, it is exceedingly melodious.

There is perceptibly less complexity, however, in most modern prose masters than in Ruskin. De Quincey's mysteries are much easier to trace. Although at his best the Opium-Eater is an adept at lofty and impassioned prose, there is not infrequently a noticeable grandiloquence and unduly rhetorical quality in his effective periods; and sometimes, I fear it must be confessed, not a little fustian. It is difficult at this late day to share Leslie Stephen's enthusiasm for De Quincey as a prose poet. Yet it is possible, nay, easy, to select certain passages which exhibit remark-

able poetic feeling adequately expressed. Such, though possessing a tinge of rhetoric, is the justly renowned apostrophe to opium:

O! just, subtle, and mighty opium!
That to the hearts of poor and rich alike,
For the wounds that will never heal, and for
"The pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel,"
Bringest an assuaging balm;
Eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric
Stealest away the purposes of wrath;
And to the guilty man for one night givest
Back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure
From blood; and to the proud man
A brief oblivion for
"Wrongs unredress'd and insults unavenged!"
That summonest to the chancery of dreams,
For the triumphs of suffering innocence,
False witnesses; and confoundest perjury;
And dost reverse the sentences
Of unrighteous judges:
Thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness,
Out of the fantastic imagery of the brain,
Cities and temples beyond
The art of Phidias and Praxiteles—
Beyond the splendor
Of Babylon and Hekatompylos:
And "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,"
Callest into sunny light the faces
Of long-buried beauties,
And the blessed household countenances,
Cleansed from the "dishonors of the grave."

Here the prevalence of blank verse lines is obvious. Two are quoted by De Quincey, but there are ten others: the second, seventh, eighth, ninth, thirteenth, fifteenth, twenty-first, twenty-third, twenty-fifth, and twenty-eighth. The sixth is a melodious Alexandrine. Indeed, the whole passage is notably melodious. Particularly noteworthy are the lines which contain the sounding proper names, Phidias, Praxiteles, and the incomparable flow of "Babylon and Hekatompylos," which recalls the magic of Milton. As in Ruskin, alliteration adds to the effect of the passage.

In the following, from the "Vision of Sudden Death," De Quincey's tendency to artifice, to rhetorical effect, gets a little

the better of him; yet the variety and adaptation to purpose, in the several lines, compel admiration:

> From the silence and deep peace
> Of this saintly summer night—
> From the pathetic ending of this sweet
> Moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight—from the manly
> Tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring
> Love—suddenly as from the woods and fields—
> Suddenly as from the chambers of the air
> Opening in revelation—suddenly
> As from the ground yawning at her feet
> Leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts,
> Death the crowned phantom,
> With all the equipage of his terrors,
> And the tiger roar of his voice.

A remarkable proportion of these lines fall into regular meter: of the thirteen, six successive ones, beginning with the third, are in iambic pentameter—the fifth a trifle irregular, but perfect in movement. Lines one and two clearly correspond. The tenth, "Leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts," is in its suiting of sound to sense worthy of Tennyson or Shelley.

One more example from De Quincey will suffice to show that his rhythm lacks the subtlety of Ruskin's. Here, with the exception of the first two lines, everything is in iambic pentameter:

> I saw a girl, adorned
> With a garland of white roses
> About her head for some great festival,
> Running along the solitary strand
> In extremity of haste. Her running was
> The running of panic; and often she looked back
> As to some dreadful enemy in the rear.

Prose which approaches so closely the regularity of verse is generally a trifle inferior to that which shows more freedom. This is one of De Quincey's "Dream-Fugues," which may perhaps be expected to lack the firmness and coherence of a paragraph not built in dreamland.

A much more lawless prose writer, and therefore not so well suited to establish the thesis of this discussion, is Carlyle. It is notorious that this literary highwayman distorted prose order and defied the rhetorician's rules. Yet he is frequently justified

by his works; and in such chapters as "Natural Supernaturalism," in "Sartor Resartus," reaches a height of poetic effect seldom attained even by Ruskin. His best short poem, however, is imbedded in his "Past and Present." In this remarkable tribute to the blessedness of labor there is actually a refrain, very seldom used in English prose, which clearly proves the lyrical nature of the passage:

> Who art thou that complainest
> Of thy life of toil? Complain not.
> Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow
> Workmen there, in God's Eternity;
> Surviving there,
> They alone surviving:
> Sacred band of the Immortals,
> Celestial bodyguard
> Of the Empire of Mankind. Even
> In the weak human memory they survive
> So long, as saints, as heroes, as gods;
> They alone surviving;
> Peopling, they alone,
> The unmeasured solitudes of Time! To thee
> Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind;
> Heaven is kind
> As a noble mother;
> As that Spartan mother,
> Saying while she gave her son his shield,
> "With it, my son, or upon it!
> Thou, too, shalt return *home* in honor;
> To thy far-distant Home, in honor,
> Doubt it not—if in the battle
> Thou keep thy shield!"

The repetitions serve little or no purpose in prose; but the moment the passage is regarded from a poetical standpoint, they become of high value as melodious refrains. In other words, the mood in which Carlyle wrote this passage was distinctly a poetic, not a prosaic, mood. It is a kind of lofty chant, in which the metrical movement is constantly varied, as in an ode or a complex song. The seventh line, "Sacred band of the Immortals," is in trochaic tetrameter. The eleventh has an emphatic, almost hammerlike, movement, admirably suited to the sense. In the fourteenth the phrase "The unmeasured solitudes of Time" has a grave Miltonic music which attests that, though Carlyle affected

scorn for conventional form in writing, he often illustrated devices the most subtle—chiefly for emphasis, but not infrequently, as here, for beauty.

One of the most romantic of undiscovered poets is Hazlitt, who, if less resourceful than Carlyle, is also less anarchic. "Old, unhappy, far-off things"—and we may generally substitute "happy" for "unhappy"—have seldom been better glorified than in his familiar essays. In one of his best, "Why Distant Objects Please," occurs a passage of surprising metrical regularity which is unique among those discovered in modern prose by the present writer. Hazlitt is referring to the sound of a church organ and a village choir as heard from an adjoining meadow:

> The dew from a thousand pastures
> Was gathered in its softness;
> The silence of a thousand years spoke in it.
> It came upon the heart like the calm beauty
> Of death;
>
> Fancy caught the sound, and faith
> Mounted on it to the skies.
> It filled the valley like a mist,
> And still poured out its endless chant,
> And still it swells upon the ear,
> And wraps me in a golden trance,
> Drowning the noisy tumult of the world!

All the lines except the short one (5) fall into some familiar metrical form; and there is a beautiful cadence in the closing line. The quatrain which immediately precedes is in regular iambic tetrameter; but the curious feature in it is the fact that lines 9 and 11 rime almost perfectly: make "chant" a plural, and it corresponds precisely to "trance." Of course, it is nearly certain that Hazlitt intended nothing of the sort; but its occurrence is none the less remarkable. The whole passage has a slumberous Spenserian atmosphere and is not unworthy of comparison with Spenser, whom Hazlitt greatly admired. A still better example of Hazlitt's poetic gift is an excerpt from the essay "On the Fear of Death." The sonorous vowel-effects, so much loved by Tennyson, are particularly felicitous, and the solemn music of the whole poem is exceedingly impressive:

Ye armed men, knights templars, that sleep
In the stone aisles of that old Temple church,
Where all is silent above,
And where a deeper silence reigns below
(Not broken by the pealing organ),
Are ye not contented where ye lie? Or would you
Come out of your long homes to go
To the Holy War? Or do ye complain
That pain no longer visits you, that sickness
Has done its worst, that you have paid the last
Debt to nature, that you hear no more
Of the thickening phalanx of the foe,
Or your lady's waning love; and that while
This ball of earth rolls its eternal round,
No sound shall ever pierce through to disturb
Your lasting repose,
Fixed as the marble over your tombs,
Breathless as the grave that holds you?

This is English prose in its highest estate, and, written in a poetic mood and measure, it becomes also admirable poetry. It is probably no mere coincidence that, in the passage as above arranged, five lines end with a long O, either alone or in combination with consonants. This prolonged effect of cadence was almost certainly intentional; it contributes to the mournful beauty appropriate to the theme. It is unnecessary to point out the alliteration, which also has something to add to the general effect. Perhaps the most beautiful phrase, filled with long vowels and liquids, is the following: "Come out of your long homes to go to the Holy War." But the passage does not depend upon single beauties; it produces a unity of effect which does not soon forsake the memory.

Such passages as this and the others which have been analyzed would seem to indicate that there is no hard-and-fast line between poetry and prose. Indeed, they also seem to suggest that no line whatever may be drawn with any confidence. The blissful age in which the lion of poetry shall lie down with the lamb of prose—or vice versa—appears already to have arrived.

Harry T. Baker

THE NEW MINISTER—STUDY IN SOCIAL VALUES

The coming of a citizen to a city is usually an important event. A new factor in the communal life is represented, a new force has entered the industrial, social, political, and moral life of the community. Nationality, clothing, occupation, political affiliation, are incidental. In the crowded streets, poet and coal-heaver, philosopher and trackman, editor and laster, teacher and weaver, touch elbows; but in economics they touch pocketbooks; in politics, civics; in morality, personality equated as character swinging influences for weal or woe. The crowded streets represent master minds, expert mechanics, engineers, superintendents of transportation, representatives of business sagacity, physicians whose touch alleviates pain, senators whose integrity saves and conserves the interests of the people. Men there are whose executive genius lays broad and deep a foundation for national stability. Others there are whose work is destructive and whose influence would destroy what moral stability constructs. Their economic activity is detrimental to social welfare. They represent the unfit. Their coming to the city is a calamity.

It is interesting to study the coming of another type of citizen—the coming of a minister; some call him a "preacher." The church says, "We have a new minister." The city says, "A new citizen." Of what social, political, or economic utility is the preacher citizen? He is not particularly interested in the height of skyscrapers, smokestacks, church steeples, the number of revolutions which wheels and dynamos make per minute, or in the quality and quantity of goods stored in the warehouses and shops. He may not be a good judge of material values, except as they affect his pocketbook. He may not understand engineering or construction. Of what practical utility in the realm of economic value is the minister? We are emphasizing to-day a new source of wealth, a new source of social stability, a new factor in economic utility. Character is capital. Character is economic stability and morality is of social utility.

The making of "men," of manhood, is imperative. The

highest social and economic product is "man." If the state exists to grow men, the minister is particularly interested in the quality of that product. He is not called upon to be especially interested in what man is doing with his hands, or how he does a certain piece of work, as he is in what the man is and what he ought to be and can be as a citizen. The minister emphasizes economic and social values that are imperative to the state. He is a maker of men. He represents eternal values. He is a statesman that serves the state, not necessarily in the senate or legislature, but from a more commanding eminence. He has discovered that all progress begins in the raw material enhanced in value by the educated skill of man. He understands that as man is lifted up into relationship with eternal values, with the moral order of the world that represents righteousness, he is qualified to lift his environment. With the development of character come the larger vision and the higher needs. The birch-bark canoe grows into the Cunard liner, into the Saxonia and Imperator; the tepee grows into the home beautiful and useful; the crooked-stick plow and flail grow into the self-binder and modern thresher. Instead of the stone oven and camp fire, there is given the culinary department of the ideal home. The primal force which leads to the development of wealth is found in the fundamental wants of man. When we contrast the place which educational culture takes alongside of aboriginal man, we see the reason for the development and expansion of the wealth-producing economics of commerce.

The untutored child of nature is a stranger to the æsthetic and intellectual, but for the other, the world of art and literature is set in motion to enfranchise the mind with all the resources of knowledge. It is forever true that morality is a factor in social and economic development.

The minister as a servant of righteousness is an essential unit in the progress of the city and state. It is his to proclaim the fundamental law of life, of economic and social stability. Man is not for the state, but the state is for the welfare of man. Man is not for the machine, the machine is for the good of man. Man is not for the church—ecclesiastical sheep shearing—the church is for the spiritual development of man. The minister of

the kingdom of social justice says: "The man-side of the state, the law, the machine, the church, is of more importance than the legal, the official, the judicial, the commercial, and the ecclesiastical. Man is of more value than buttons, dividends, doctrines, dogmas, and dignitaries. If one is to be sacrificed, let it be buttons, dividends, dogmas, but not man, the creator of states, wealth, and religious necessities. Nothing is more pitiable than for a state to have more officiousness than righteousness; than for a city to have more and better buildings than manliness; than for a corporation to have more money than manhood; than for a church to have more dogmas and doctrines and ecclesiastics than Christianity."

Wheels need to fly, spindles spin, paddles splash, legislators legislate, judges preside, churchmen minister; but inspiration for speed, progress, law, religion, and dogma needs to come from the sky, from the welfare of humanity, from Nazareth and Galilee, and not from Dives and Plutus. Two kinds of raw material need to be refined, iron ore and iron blood—one for temporal things, the other for eternal. Two values are represented, one measured by the "gold standard," the other by a standard called the "Golden Rule." The social and economic utility of a minister is commensurate with his vision of social justice, with his personality equated with prophetic insight into the social significance of the kingdom of God as well as its spiritual. The things which elevate mankind, which refine and civilize, do not come from material elements; they are engendered through companionship and association based on mutual confidence and helpfulness. When the strong bear the burdens of the weak it is then that the strength of the strong is made stronger and the weakness of the weak is strengthened; each is benefited for the interests of all. The necessity of each is related to the well-being of the whole. The doom of a state, corporation, or institution is sealed by an eternal verdict when they subordinate their larger and higher and nobler social self to the lower and individual and selfish interests. Such can no longer think great thoughts, or write noble poems, or compose lofty anthems of praise. Each thinks only of its individual self and finds nothing outside of a depreciated self to live for. Such

self-centered units become as barren as the desert and as fruitless as the ruins of Thebes and Carthage. Dead kingdoms line the banks of the Euphrates and noble Nile, extinguished by self-centered generosity.

Frederick Lawrence Knowles has written,

> Helen's lips are drifting dust,
> Ilion is consumed with rust,
> All the galleons of Greece
> Drink the ocean's dreamless peace.
> Lost was Solomon's purple show
> Restless ages long ago;
> Stately empires wax and wane—
> Babylon, Barbary, and Spain.
> Only one thing undefaced
> Lasts, though all the world lies waste
> And the heavens are overturned,
> "Man," how long ago we learned!

The social utility of a minister of to-day is suggestive of different values than that of yesterday. Yesterday the minister came as a finished product all done up—sometimes fastidiously, other times precisely, suggestive of starch without and within—doctrinal and denominational starch; a representative of orthodoxy that could stand and withstand all assaults, polemical and otherwise. This dignitary represented the "genus homo" conservative standpatter of orthodox stability. Such were mighty men. Their ashes rest in peace, their polemics rest in dust. The new minister is not of yesterday; he is not made, but in the making; he is a man of the present tense and intensely a man of men. He is not green, but supple, not rawboned, but has some of the rawhide; capable of being tanned, but not fleeced. He is a student of men and new methods; he is a learned leader; he comes to live among men as a brother of men, as a lifter, and not leaner. He is not more concerned about creeds than deeds, about a hereafter than a here; the historic Christ than the living personal, present Christ; as to the quantity of water as the quality of the saint; the orthodoxy of his congregation as its spirit of justice. He sees that according to certain standards of ethics Dives may be a good churchman and a bad citizen: that it is piracy to scuttle ships on the ocean, but political sagacity to scuttle the town; that some overzealous

churchmen aim to represent John the Baptist one day in the week and Herod the other six. He runs across men who would scorn to use the mask and jimmy of the average highwayman, but who glory in adulterations that fatten the graveyard and their dividends. He knows stockholders that occupy pews in the sanctuary and butter their bread with child labor, who pay liberally for foreign missions while producing tenement conditions that make home missions more imperative, who are much disturbed over Bulgarian atrocities as well as the passing of an employers' liability law and an eight-hour labor bill. This genus homo that we call the new minister is not satisfied to call on Jericho's road and bind up the wounds of the robbed and disabled; he goes up to Jericho and demands that the brigands that infest the highway be put out of business. He is not satisfied with establishing missions that seek to save the perishing, but he calls into operation forces of conservation that eliminate conditions that create social dangers, swamps and pitfalls where the unsuspecting are lured and enticed to evil and destruction. Social conservation is more imperative than social regeneration. He says, "Drain the swamp, close up and eliminate social conditions that breed evil, smite the creators of the scarlet woman, the red-light district, put Dives out of commission, strangle the Tammany tiger, give Lazarus justice, a square deal, and not the crumbs of charity. This minister of the new social order represents that progressive and constructive citizenship of the Kingdom that stands for social justice, civic righteousness, better homes, stable economic conditions, the protection of motherhood and childhood, a living wage, shorter hours of toil, efficiency as effective labor, and character as moral stability. He has a vision of a city that comes down out of heaven radiant with the spirit of life-giving Personality that wipes away unnecessary tears, that lifts unnecessary burdens, and that maintains that heaven is not necessarily away off in some distant future, nor in a happy land far, far away, but is a possibility of the life and city that now is and can be.

In his work the new minister runs across the track of veneered respectability done up as orthodox churchmanship. He finds respectable rascality that spins spiders' webs of salacious

temptations for unsuspecting youth. He does not play to the gallery as an impetuous Robert Elsmere, nor err in economic vision as John Hodder; he deals with the Eldon Parrs not as orthodox churchmen, but as of the same class of religious degenerates that Christ found. The new minister may be called upon to die by the hand of official crucifiers, sustained by the influence of some presiding superintendent, but this is incidental. The pathway of progress is often a crown of thorns and not a Christmas present. Bowers and flowers may grace officious shortcomings, tampering with cabinets and episcopal prerogatives, with the old cry, "Thou art not Dives's friend if you return this man," but this is considered historic and official. Modern Pharisaism has not lost the art nor cunning of historic Judaism. Men die, but principles become enthroned. The prayer of progress is, "God give us men," not white ties and time-servers. The kingdom of God demands men, men that are more than mere ministers, more than orthodox setters forth of Scriptural injunctions; it demands men, clean men, manly men—men who will not train with the "trimmers"; men who will not run with the sentimental "mixers"; men who will not coddle with the "pink-tea" elite.

The ideals of this new man of manly proportions stand with the statesmanship of the ages, his principles with the prophets of God, his visions of life with the leaders of Christianity. His heart is warmed at Bethlehem, enthused at Nazareth, dynamized at Calvary, and set on fire at Pentecost. Beginning at Jerusalem, this man of God stands as the representative of a class that gives to the community an equivalent in value more substantial than that which any community or church can possibly return. He gives a great heart, a noble purpose, a useful life, and a manliness that is apostolic, stamped with a superscription, "Made by the grace of God." This is the new minister's contribution to the economic and social life of state and church as a representative of the kingdom of God.

Fred Leitch.

JOHN WESLEY AT OXFORD

To the lover of Oxford, whether he is a Methodist or not, Wesley's relations with Oxford as reflected in his Journal are full of interest. Many evidences are given there of the deep and lasting impressions made by his fifteen years' sojourn at the University as undergraduate and fellow, and although it was the spiritual welfare of the people with which he was chiefly concerned when in later years he visited Oxford as an itinerant preacher, yet he always felt a peculiar tenderness for the place suffused with a memory of past associations.

His undergraduate life, as is well known, was spent at Christ-church, the most aristocratic of Oxford colleges, and famous then as now for its classical learning. Here he distinguished himself as a student of the classics, and his reputation for scholarship as well as his personal worth gained for him a fellowship at Lincoln College, an honor duly appreciated by the family at Epworth. "Wherever I am, my Jack is fellow of Lincoln!" exclaimed the Reverend Samuel Wesley when the news of his son's appointment reached him. Even as an undergraduate his methodical habits and his purposefulness called forth the banter and ridicule of his associates, and when he became a candidate for the fellowship at Lincoln the spirit of raillery increased. His father wrote him on the eve of his election: "As for the gentleman candidates you write of, does anyone think the devil is dead .... or that he has no agents left? It is a very callow virtue that cannot bear being laughed at." After his election as fellow, his ministrations and those of his associates to the prisoners in the city jail and the inmates of the workhouse, his exact apportionment of time to various studies, his regular and frequent attendance at church, singled him out from the average easy-living, pleasure-loving collegian of this time. The men of wit at Christ-church called the members of Wesley's circle "Sacramentarians," and the Merton men christened them the "Holy Club."

Although John Wesley's letters to his family show that he was not indifferent to the ridicule of his fellow students, his life

was far from being embittered by it. His love for Oxford increased, and the tranquillity and security of the scholar's life, spent amid such attractive surroundings, became exceedingly dear to him, so much so that when his father, failing in health toward the close of his life, wished to relinquish to his son John the cares of his parish, Wesley was exceedingly unwilling to leave Oxford, and in a letter containing twenty-two reasons justifies his decision to remain. Several of them—congenial company, retirement, freedom from care, opportunities to improve mentally—are those which might be given for remaining within the cloisters by an Oxford don of to-day. The response to the call to go to Georgia as a missionary took him out of England for two years and a half and broke off permanently his life at Oxford, but from the date of his return from America, 1738, till the close of his life, 1791, he visited Oxford as frequently as his multifarious duties would permit, and his love for the place continued ardent to the last.

We know from his Journal, which gives a picture of his daily life for sixty years, that his figure must have been a familiar one in Oxford during all that time. He returns to his old room and muses on the things that are past and reflects on how many that came after him are preferred before him. He spends two days looking over letters received during the past eighteen years and follows the entry in his Journal with the remark, "How few traces of inward religion here." He browses in the college library of Lincoln. He goes to the Bodleian, where by chance he lights upon "Mr. Calvin's account of the case of Michael Servetus." He visits the schools, to attend Convocation for the election of a member of Parliament. He wanders about the walks and gardens, exclaiming from time to time over their beauties and enjoying their tranquillity and repose.

It is much more than a sentimental interest, however, that Wesley has for Oxford when he becomes a preacher; he is deeply concerned about the spiritual welfare of the people, especially those whom he regarded as his peculiar charge while he lived among them. In 1739, shortly after his return from Georgia, he writes: "I had a little leisure to take a view of the shattered condition of things here. The poor prisoners, both in the Castle

and in the city prison, had now none that cared for their souls. . . . None was left to visit the workhouses, where also we used to meet with the most moving objects of compassion. Our little school, where about twenty poor children at a time had been taught for many years, was on the point of being broke up. . . . At eleven, a little company of us met to entreat God for the remnant that was left." There are many entries in the Journal similar to the following: "Sunday, preached twice at the Castle." "I began reading prayers at Bocardo, which had long been discontinued." "Went to the Castle, read prayers, preached, and prayed with a condemned man." "In the afternoon I preached in front of the Castle, and then at Carfax." "I interviewed a prisoner under sentence of death at Oxford."

It must have been a matter of keen gratification to Wesley, although the entries in his Journal are as free from evidence of vanity in this respect as in all others, that he outlived reproach and gained for himself a serious and respectful hearing in the stronghold of the Established Church, where a bulwark of prejudice existed against all that Methodism stood for. That as a preacher he suffered much persecution from the members of the university there is no doubt, but this is a matter of implication rather than direct statement in the Journal. In recording the visit to Oxford made in 1751, at the earnest request of the Rector of Lincoln, to vote for a member of Parliament, he says: "I was much surprised, wherever I went, at the civility of the people, gentlemen as well as others. There was no pointing, no calling of names as once, not even laughter." At Oxford, as elsewhere, it is always the courteous treatment on the part of gentlemen, or "the genteel," as he calls them, that excites his comment; he had learned to take it for granted that they would be rude. To have passed from scorn and ridicule to tolerance and respect was no small victory. In October, 1782, he notes: "About noon I preached at Oxford. I have seen no such prospect here for many years. The congregation was large and still as night, although many gentlemen were among them. The next evening the house would not contain the congregation, yet all were quiet, even those that could not come in." In July, 1783, he spoke in the new preaching

house at Oxford, "a lightsome, cheerful place and well filled with rich and poor, scholars as well as townsmen." In November, 1784, "The house at Oxford was thoroughly filled, and students as well as townsmen were deeply serious." Again he writes: "I preached at Oxford. We wanted only a larger room. Many young gentlemen were there and behaved well. I hope some of them did not come in vain." When one remembers that "the young gentlemen," that is, the undergraduates of Oxford, have always regarded it as their inalienable right to express their disapproval of any cause or of any individual in whatever manner their fancy may suggest, without regard to propriety or convention, one is impressed with the fact that Wesley's personality and the cause he represented must have made a powerful appeal to his audience.

In the early days of his ministry he yearned for the salvation of the university men with a deep and tender yearning. In July, 1741, he writes: "Several of our friends from London and some from Kingswood and Bristol came to Oxford. Alas! how long shall they 'come from the east and from the west and sit down in the kingdom of God,' while the children of the Kingdom will not come in, but remain in outer darkness!" Another entry is as follows: "Rode to Oxford; I cannot spend one day here without heaviness in my heart for my brethren's sake. O God, when wilt thou show these, who say they are rich, that they are poor and miserable, blind and naked?" And again, "What is wanting to make this place an earthly paradise but the love of God?" he exclaims, after a survey of the gardens and walks in one of his visits.

The most dramatic occasions upon which Wesley appeared in Oxford were when, as fellow of Lincoln, he came back once in three years to preach in the historic church of Saint Mary the Virgin, before the university. His first sermon after he left Oxford to begin his ministry was preached before the university July 25, 1741. He felt the importance of the occasion very deeply, for when at Oxford in June he advised with a friend concerning the subject of the sermon. The friend seemed to think the matter of no moment. "For," said he, "they are all so prejudiced here they will mind nothing you say." Wesley replied that he knew not as

to that, but he intended to deliver his own soul, "whether they will hear or whether they will forbear." Wesley's notes in reference to the event are brief, but it is not difficult to picture the scene in one's imagination. The university heads in academic costume in their accustomed places, fine, thoughtful faces then as to-day. There is no abstraction, no indifference, in their expression as they look up at the young preacher—slight in figure, wearing his master's gown, his serious face set off by his long hair—who was so recently one of themselves. He is no longer the classical scholar whom they have delighted to honor, but the field preacher who has held an audience of twenty thousand at Moorfields, the misguided enthusiast whose utterance in prayer has been known to break away from the established form in the Prayer Book, the consort of the vile and wicked in prisons and in dens. What, indeed, may they expect from him? And the galleries of Saint Mary's, reserved for undergraduates and rarely filled, are overflowing with gownsmen, so that Wesley records, "So numerous a congregation, from whatever motives they came, I have seldom seen at Oxford." The young preacher, nothing daunted by the critical, if courteous, bearing of his auditors below, nor by the frank curiosity and ill-concealed hostility of the younger hearers on a level with the desk, boldly announces his text: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." His sole comment concerning the occasion is: "I have cast my bread upon the waters. Let me find it again after many days." And then he adds, as if dismissing the subject completely, "In the afternoon I set out and on Sunday preached at the Foundry."

The sermon, as preserved in his works, shows a courage born of the occasion and of the need of his audience. It is neither doctrinal nor argumentative. He defines the "almost" Christian and shows how high the pagan standard was, how many, indeed, in modern times fail to measure up to that of Agrippa, and he then proceeds to demonstrate what may be expected of the altogether Christian.

Three years later, on Saint Bartholomew's Day, 1744, he again preached at Saint Mary's. This, he supposes, will be the last time that he will be called upon in this capacity: "Be it so.

I am now clear of the blood of these men. I have fully delivered my own soul." Upon this occasion he defined scriptural Christianity and carefully avoided all reference to anything that could be construed as Methodistic. "I entreat you to observe that here are no peculiar notions under consideration, that the question moved is not concerning *doubtful* opinions, but concerning the undoubted, fundamental branches of our common Christianity." That he was fully aware of the low esteem in which he was held by many of his hearers is obvious from his appeal to them that, if they account him as a madman or a fool, they will bear with him as a fool, for it is necessary that some one use great plainness of speech with them. "Therefore I, even I, will speak. And I adjure you by the living God that ye steel not your breasts against receiving a blessing at *my* hands." He addresses searching questions to each class of his hearers in turn. "Ye venerable men, who are more especially called to form the tender minds of youth, is your heart whole with God? Do you inculcate upon them, day by day, that love alone never faileth? Has all you teach an actual tendency to the love of God and of all mankind for his sake?" After appealing to those more immediately consecrated to God, those called to minister in holy things, he turns to the undergraduates. "What shall we say concerning the youth of this place?" And when he accuses them of drunkenness, uncleanness, Sabbath desecration, and stubbornness, it is evident that he knows whereof he speaks.

At the conclusion of his sermon a realization of his boldness, his audacity, comes over him. "Shall Christianity be restored by young, inconsiderable men? I know not whether ye yourselves could suffer it. Would not some of you cry out, 'Young man, in so doing thou reproachest us'?"

It was after this sermon that the Vice-Chancellor sent to Wesley for his notes, and Wesley records in his Journal: "I sent them without delay, not without admiring the wise providence of God. Perhaps few men of note would have given a sermon of mine the reading if I had put it into their hands, but by this means it came to be read, probably more than once, by every man of eminence in the university."

Artistically, æsthetically, Oxford always remained a standard of comparison to Wesley. He was keenly sensitive to both its natural and its architectural beauties, and his Journal furnishes abundant evidence of the impressions made in earlier years by the gardens, meadows, quadrangles, chapels. He remarks frequently in his travels that such a court is smaller than the quadrangle at Lincoln, that such a garden is less beautiful than Saint John's. Upon his return from Holland, after careful comparison, he records with naïve satisfaction that the hall at Christ-church is both loftier and larger than that of the Stadt-house at Amsterdam; the gardens and walks in Holland, too, "although extremely pleasant, were not to be compared with Saint John's, or Trinity gardens, Christ-church meadow, or the Whitewalk." The love of beauty fostered during the most impressionable period of his life always remained a softening, humanizing influence, mitigating the harshness of the zealot, the asceticism of the religionist. This influence is reflected throughout his Journal in his appreciation of the beautiful wherever he found it in his travels, and it is a characteristic which, however one may admire his work as a teacher and an organizer, one would not willingly lose in the man.

Wesley's love for Oxford continued to the last. In his seventy-fifth year, after spending an hour at Christ-church, he confesses that he cannot but retain a peculiar affection for the place. The sweet seclusion and delightful leisure of academic walls still tempted him as in his youth, but it was not given him merely to see visions nor to dream dreams. In 1778 he writes: "How gladly could I spend a few weeks in this delightful solitude. But I must not rest yet. As long as God gives me the strength to labor I am to use it."

Norma Lippincott Swan.

PASSION AND PAIN OF A PASTOR

In the lone grandeur of the Alpine ranges the avalanche often hangs by a thread of silence on the bosom of the mountain. Shout, and the echo is a colossal cascade. Loosened by the vibration of the air, thundering cataracts of snow and ice rush down the declivities, sweeping to ruin everything before their green fury. Then again the silences and the majestic mountains! A pastor feels at times like a spectator of avalanches of human souls. Sin walks along beneath the mighty mountain, shouting: "Come down! Come down! Come down!" Souls are loosened. Down they rush from the bosom of God.

Among abysmal fallings, the tragedy of which often is that he alone sees how tragic they are, the pastor walks in awful places. Awful presences surround him. Passion and pain like Gethsemane grip him, for his responsibility is stupendous. Titans are grappling unseen for the dominion of men, and he cannot always be sure at just which moment of the deadly equal strife it is just his little might which shall determine the victory. But such a moment there is, and he must not miss it.

The pastor walks among insanities. I read of a burning house whence all had fled to safety but one crazy old man. Amid blazing death and crackling doom that madman clapped his hands for glee and shouted with hideous cachinnations of joy to see the rafters burning above him. Like that is every sinner, jubilant over things the wages of which can be nothing but death. Sin is insane. As the leprous in body, as the lunatic in mind, the sinner is unsound in soul. Who shall snatch him forth into safety if not the man ordained in the church of God, vicar of Jesus Christ? He must not linger nor defer. Circumstances are fickle. Psychological moments are fleeting. At the longest, the day of one's labor is once, and nevermore, and swifter than a weaver's shuttle. Sin is a widening gulf, a swift drifting down the stream. Two brothers were skating on a warm dark day when the snows were thawing fast and the waters were breaking free from their fetters of ice. Already one side of the broad river was open. The boys

had skated apart when the ice cracked between them, John toward the shore, Robert toward the waters. Robert had often heard the cracking of river ice, and gave it no attention.

"Come back!" cried John. "The ice you are on is drifting away!"

"In a moment. I can get back all right," said Robert, but John cried:

"This instant! Leap! You're lost if you wait!"

Robert turned, astonished. A pause—and the chasm widened.

"Come back, Bobbie! Come back, my brother!"

Only the dark whirling waters, an island of ice floating away into the winter twilight, and a great gulf fixed.

A pastor is a watcher of the breaking ice, forever alert, forever warning his brothers and urging them to keep the shoreward side of the chasm. He knows the character-formative probation is brief. Can he always walk light-hearted? He carries the awful thought that because of his care or his neglect the destiny of souls will be happy or sad for eternity to come—eternity so long that it would not be even begun when all the world had worn away, one grain of sand in ten million years; and all the seas had dried, one drop of water in ten million years; and all the gigantic stars were quenched, one spark of fire in ten million years; for all this duration might pass away and be ended, but there is no end to eternity. And the pastor feels that upon his labors hinge eternal destinies. Call him right or call him wrong (we are not talking about that), but that is the way he feels, and is it not passion? Is it not pain?

He will always have a "passion for souls." His responsibility is enough to bring that, but it is not because of his responsibility; it is because he loves them. As a man wants his brothers to meet his bride, this man will want his fellows to meet Jesus Christ. He will talk with Jesus about them; he will talk with them about Jesus. He will be tactful if it is convenient, but he will know enough to know that hearts get warm and tender when they see we love them enough to show them so, without following the common custom of waiting for the opportune time so long that

we never speak at all. When I was a lad I asked a man if he was a Christian. "Why, yes!" he said. "I am not addicted to cannibalistic orgies, I haven't a harem, and I don't dress in African garb. I suppose I am a Christian." I was thirteen, he was thirty. I stood confounded. I was not tactful, but I am glad I spoke. That man has a memory, and there are times when he cannot get away from the lad's question, "Are you a Christian?"

Not long after this, my pastor, a student (the young have great faith and that is why the churches want young pastors), called to my mind this promise: "Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven." He asked me to agree with him to pray for the conversion of a hard old sinner who was always bitter against the church, though he never came to its services. I caught my pastor's faith. Seriously I announced to my folks at the breakfast table that before long this man was going to be converted. They all laughed; and as I look back upon it now it must have seemed humorous. But soon the old sinner stopped his swearing and his bitter words against Christians. Next he began to go to church. Then he began to talk about what we ought to do, and next about what we are commanded to do. Then one summer day he told me his awful struggle against surrender to God. "It has got to come! It has got to come! As sure as God lives, it has got to come! But I will fight it as long as I can!" And all the time we loved him, interceding without rest. Then finally, in a quiet little League meeting which a mere lad was leading, this man of gigantic frame, who had been a sinner for nearly fifty years, leaped to his feet and declared his absolute surrender to Jesus Christ. From that day to this he has been as true as steel. Passion for the salvation of men is richly rewarded. There is joy over one sinner that repenteth.

The passion of a lover for his maid or a drunkard for his wine is not greater than that of a preacher for the hour of sermon. He can scarcely wait for Sunday, and when it comes, how long are the hours from waking till morning service! By words of his outrushing soul to sway the congregated people is flood-tide

of ocean joy. Their smiles and tears are at his will and he stands transfigured and imperial every Sabbath. The joy of the Lord is his strength—divine joy! "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel" are words easily understood by any preacher with the passion upon him. That a man should not be a great orator, or thinker, or scholar, I can understand; but that any man in this great privilege should fail to be eloquent is beyond my wit.

But for all the deep undercurrents of a pastor's joy (and I believe they are more than those of any other man), he is still a man of sorrows. Superadded to all his personal loves and griefs are the pains of his people—superadded, I say, for if because he has so many pastoral cares he love his own home folk and friends less dearly, then is he less than a man; and if for any cause he does not greatly love his people, then is he less than a pastor. He must comfort those who face the surgeon's knife and probable death; those whose children will soon be motherless; those whose homes are in ashes; those whose homes have just been emptied of little folk. When the youngest and brightest of my father's boys lay dead, the mayor of Montpelier took father's hand and said, "I can't say what I want to, but my little girl died at the same age as your boy—and I know." As if by his own experience the pastor knows the pains of his people, heavy on heart as ocean sand. The deep griefs of youth grip him. Youth is a time of dream and emotion high and holy. When the young are swept away into sin on the flood tide of hot-blooded passion, often their hearts are broken. They did not want to sin. They bitterly grieve to have been untrue to those high ideals which inspire them, which older folk do not often have. And still they try again. Temptation is grief. If one thinks the youth are greedy for sin, he has forgotten his own youth, or never had it. Nobody but a youth ought to be allowed to interpret that passage which says, "For that which I do, I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." Youth is a hard time. It is no wonder God gave the youth little business but to find and form themselves. The passions of the body and the ideals of the soul are both at their highest in youth. Something of compromise spoils the ideals of the old. All who endure the stress and knocks of life (all except the

few triumphant great) adapt and limit their visions and dreams. Nobody but the youth is capable of forming the highest ideals, though the older person is better fitted to fulfill them. That is why God kept us young so long before he let us mature and work. "Behold, this dreamer cometh," and the more he is a dreamer the more he is a predestination to himself.

Youth often has to bear the grief of broken or unanswered love. Did you laugh? Have you seen a green gawk lovesick for the girl who didn't want him and would never have him? Wasn't it comical? How you chuckled, thinking him silly! Always understand and remember, you were the fool, not he. I do not believe any man can enter the kingdom of God who finds amusement in the disappointment of life's first great holy yearning love; who thinks it matter of laughter that a heart is broken; who has fun because some green moonling weeps at a vision of angels among whom he cannot enter. Such levity in the sacramental presence, such a state of mind—nay, almost the very existence of such a mind—is one blasphemous sin against the Holy Ghost. Later griefs will be respected while this is laughed at, but the awful sublimity of this will not again be reached.

> Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
> Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
> But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!
> Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.

The pastor is a grappler. Just beyond youth is disillusionment, then doubt. To down the doubts of his people will make his sinews writhe. They are not always bad folk who doubt, for it was the loyal disciple, ready to die for Jesus, who could not believe that Jesus had risen. A man thinks it is all a dream. There is nothing but black space beyond the stars. He looks into his wife's eyes thinking: "Sweetheart, blossom-face, darling! It may come any moment and I shall never see you any more. Out of the corruption of the grave you will never wake any more." He believes that he must die like the beast of the field. He cannot believe that God is, or that God cares. Gladly he would if he could, but he cannot believe this mortal flesh is more than the cabbage leaf which rots in the garden, or this soul is more than wind

drift. Sudden insidious whispers have plunged so many folks from good reputation that he no longer believes there is any purity in human nature. The friends of his youth are unkind and careless; his own brothers and sisters are fickle and loveless; he does not any more believe there is such a thing as faithful love.

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.
There were some who mourned their youth
With a most tender ruth,
For the brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest
For the fair hills whereon its joys had been.
Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spoke of friends who were their friends no more,
And one of a green grave
Far away beyond the wave,
While he sits here so lonely on the shore.
But when their tales were done
There spoke among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
"Sad losses ye have met,
But mine are sadder yet,
For the believing heart has gone from me."
"Then alas!" those pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For life's deep shadows and the heavy cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea;
But, howe'er it came to thee,
Thine, brother, is life's last and sorest loss.
For the believing heart has gone from thee—
Ah! the believing heart has gone from thee!"

All these tragedies—for tragedy is "the end of what has long been in the heart"—test the powers of love and pain in any pastor. There are other tragedies, too, that will be as if his own. At the coffin of his neighbor's wife he becomes blank and almost staggers, for his heart goes home to the little woman in the manse, thinking, "If it were she!" Many times a year the pastor goes

down with one of his people into the deeps of grief. If a minister is saddened by the pathos of life more than other people, it is because he has more than others the necessity of seeing life as it is. He carries the burden of more secrets than any other man, even the physician. Roman or Protestant, there is a confessional wherever he goes. His heart is heavy with the broken friendships of others, their sins, their heartlessness, their diseases, disappointments, and disillusioned homes. He grows old with the grief of fathers like Eli and mothers sadder than Rispah.

Have you seen such a letter as a poor proud mother writes to tell the shame of her only daughter, her hope, her little girl, her pet, and the darling of the home? May you never see it! God help me, I have. Have you seen a father, white-haired and disillusioned among the ruins of his dream—the last that will come to him? There is many a worthless boy of whom the world would be well rid who is still the darling of some father's broken heart. Great passion of love must that pastor have who bears the pain of his people. When to fathers and mothers, in the very hours when they were pathetically praying for their children, comes that which worst they dreaded, I tell you he must be a strong man who makes them believe that God still cares. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." But like as a son pitieth his father, so the pastor must pity his people whose gray hairs are sinking toward Sheol, who are men of sorrows and acquainted with grief, the chastisement of whose peace is upon him.

The old will always love him. Their worn hearts ache for love. Their years and their hopes are behind them. Most of their loves are only sweet memories of "auld lang syne." Yearningly their eyes turn to the young folks around them—whose eyes are always otherwheres. The aged stand like magnificent mountains giving down to the sea the brooks and rivers that can never turn backward. Their own generation is breaking slowly away from them like scattered clouds, and their love runs downward to the next and onward unreturning. And those mountains face the sunset. As a dream when one awaketh, their golden youth is long ago, and far away, and dim and never more.

On a moonlight May evening a youth said good night to the girl whom he loved. Long he thrilled with the thought of her, but when at last his ruddy body slept he dreamed that he was an old man, feeble and broken and wrinkled. Many calendars had brought him to that time when one counts the years and finds them very few during which the very best providence of God can keep him from the grave. Saddest of all was the great loneliness, for all the friends of his youth were gone. Never again would he speak with one who knew him in his better days. Going to the mirror, forgetful for a moment, he looked for a young face, but he saw—O! it was pitiful, even in dream! The young dreamer shuddered and woke. Like a river of joy came over him the consciousness of youth.

Even as he lay joyous, stretching his lithe limbs, he thought he heard a muffled sound of low sobbing. It came from the next room. The boy hastened to the bedside of his father, whose face was wet with tears.

"What is it, father? Are you sick?" he asked anxiously.

"No, no, my boy, I am well. I guess I've been dreaming. I thought I met your mother under the apple blossoms, the first time, and I was only nineteen! It's foolish and you wouldn't understand it, but it's all right, my boy, and God is good."

Strong and tender must he be who guides the aged down the evening.

But not only, "Watchman, what of the night?" O watchman, what of the morning? Where are the little tots with pattering feet and tousled pates; sparkle-eyed with mischief, bubbling with laughter, or bursting into sobs? Night and day a-down God's garden must the laborer walk who keeps these white little blossom souls from the Stainer's hand.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

But why should one ever be farther off from heaven than when he was a boy in his father's house? O sweet old moonlight evenings long ago on Burnlin hills, when my father's little boys were tucked away in bed under the low eaves of the upper chamber, and the lamplight came up through the register hole and I knew that father and mother were in the room below and all was well, and the big moon looked down through the slanted window, and I knew that God was in the skies above, and all was well! The time indeed may come when no father and mother sit in the room below. Sweetly may they rest where the daisies wave on God's acre; and dark is the old home and lonely; for death can empty the house and take the dear faces away. But nothing can take our God out of the skies. Dark and lone are our hearts without him, but like moonlight down the slanted window, "God hath shined in our hearts."

This childish faith is for all our years, but little ones come new to this wonder-world. Little they know and fast they learn. Gradually they become like that which is oftenest before them, whether it be of faith or whether it be of sin. Our old minds have taken such awful multitudes of images that new impressions have little chance. The plastic minds of the fresh little folks will take and keep. They will not forget the first good. Who ever forgot his baby prayers at his mother's knee? They will not forget the first evil. "I can remember the time and the place and the man that put the first foul thought into my mind!" was the testimony I heard from Bishop Goodsell by Lake Winnipesaukee.

Steadily some influence is breathing on the child. Down the winds of destiny he goes forever—breath of Hell or Holy Spirit—he is lighter than thistle-down against either. Passion and pain to any pastor is the thought of his little ones. Auroral they come from the kingdom of God. If unclouded, their faith will shine till the night fall. But no careless man whose heart cannot love like God and ache like Hell can do this one work of the church which is utterly important. No Phaëton must drive this chariot of Apollo up the heavenly steeps. Strong and righteous must he be who guides the little ones up the morning.

Greatest of all passions that touch the preacher's heart is his

love of Jesus Christ, who will lift him at the end of the ages from the dim loneliness of the grave. Here the theme is so big that I wonder, and stop; but here the theme is all in all. This man was lost and Jesus loved him. This man was a sinner and Jesus forgave.

> Exult! O dust and ashes!
> The Lord shall be thy part;
> His only, his forever,
> Thou shalt be and thou art!

Because of this high destiny of love divine, and for his people's sake, will not every pastor have a great passion to be pure in the core of his own heart? He is the nearest vision his people will ever have of how God is holy. He stands on the mount of transfiguration and his soul wears the white robes of a minister of Jesus Christ. O, better that his bones rot unburied on the desert, and his memory die from the face of the earth, than that he stain those garments! He is the steward of things unseen which are eternal. God hath given him the divine dignity of serving the glorious church which, however the servant fail and be forgotten, will go down the ages triumphant, "looking forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," when his poor bones have been dust and ashes for a thousand years.

Arthur Wentworth Hewitt.

THE IMMIGRANT IN STORY AND SONG

The immigrant has received wide attention from the social investigator and ethnological expert; he has been thoroughly criticized by them, analyzed, observed, and, in return, has been for some time furnishing meat for the scientific alcoves of our libraries. This treatment of him has not always been sympathetic; it has been a candid portraiture, rather than an appreciation. But recently there has been coming to these newer Americans the tribute of attention from another source—from the men and women of letters, I mean, who are finding in the immigrant a rich inspiration for story and song. A unique epoch in our national literature is at hand; Columbus is setting foot on a new land; these picturesque children of the nations, these "dregs from the scum o' the earth," are being discovered; they are emerging from "the melting pot" and are bringing with them a fresh literature which is vibrant with action, burning with the passion for complete justice, tender with sympathy, violent with indignation and resentment. Yea, it is this very literature itself which is helping them to emerge by bringing them in person to the cozy libraries of our established Americans.

An acquaintance with the distinctly literary works presenting these newcomers will reveal the fact that almost every race has its own champion in the world of letters. Take, for example, the Jews, whose laureate was "our dear, dead Myra Kelley": "The opening through which I saw my vista," she said, "was the schoolroom. I taught these babies and I loved them." Placed by the accident of circumstance in an east side school where the Russian Jews predominated, the woman came to understand this particular people in an intimate way, and consequently, it is the Isadore Bechatoskys and the Eva Gonorowskys who walk the pages of her precious books, Little Citizens and Wards of Liberty. And what a rare impression of these children of the Ghetto this woman of joys and sorrows has given us. So perfectly has she welded her tales with tears and laughter that we exclaim, "This is life itself!" Her greatest charm lies in her ability to seize upon the humorous

and at the same time bring out the pathos of a situation without rendering it gloomy. "The larger problems of maturity," she said, "pass far from room eight, but their shadow crossed its sunshine."

Let us halt for a moment before the story which she calls "A Soul Above Buttons." "Aaron, at the age of eight years, had succeeded his deceased father as 'boss' of an east side sweat shop in a Henry Street cellar, where he had induced his mother to work for him, . . . had impressed a half-witted sister into service, had acquired an uncanny dexterity with his own needle, and had lately enlarged his establishment to include two broken-spirited exiles who paid for their board . . . . by their ceaseless labor." But one day the child boss awoke to the fact that if he was "to get a card off the union," and consequently a higher class of work than sewing on buttons, he must go into the public school. The anxiety of the little fellow not to waste any precious time in learning such unprofitable nonsense as Swedish exercises and reading fluffy selections such as "Baby has blue eyes," is nothing short of tragic, for it indicates the complete absorption of his normal child life by the pressing demands of a devitalizing and dwarfing business. When "cards off of unions" were all he was looking for, how could he refrain from exclaiming impatiently when the time came for morning gymnastics: "Say, Missus, ain't you goin' to learn us to read? I ain't got no time to fool with me legs an' arms. . . . When are ye goin' to quit your foolin' and learn us some?" No wonder this criticism impressed itself through Constance Bailey's armor of pedagogic self-righteousness and left her rather at a loss. But when two weeks passed and the boss found himself not a whit nearer the longed-for blue card, he not only demanded pay for all the articles he had made in the manual training class, but also stirred up the entire room to a "strike," binding them by what Morris Mogilewsky called a "fierce swear." And the result of the whole matter was that the boys ultimately swung over to the side of their cherished teacher and left the insurgent little boss unsupported, whereupon he went before "his friend, the manager of the shop," with specimens of his own hand-writing, only to be informed that they were not really words, but just "foolin' "; and

to be told that the story of "King Arthur," which he had learned in school, is a "fake," and the doctrine of "honesty is the best policy" is a lie. So can we blame the little fellow for deserting "the high halls of learning from this time forward? For had he not bent thirstily over the Pierian Spring, hoping to quaff inspiration to cards and to unions, and had he not found that it flowed with misinformation, Swedish exercises, unpaid labor, and that it bubbled disgustingly with soap and water?"

And so we reach the conclusion that one of Myra Kelley's chief characteristics and greatest merits is that she took her Ghetto children and their problems seriously. And so must we. But for all this, she felt that the "deepest could never be written out by one of an alien race." "For the lives being lived in these quiet streets are so diverse, so different in end and aim, that no mere observer can hope to see more than an insignificant vista of the whole .... swarming mass of hope, disillusion, growth and decay."

But we are fortunate in having just such a record as Myra Kelley longed for: Mary Antin, a Russian Jewess, has overcome the difficulty Americans have encountered when trying to depict people of an alien race and has given us in her Promised Land the record of a life beyond the sea "vividly remembered," as well as the account of a new life "remarkably observed." "We are the strands of the cable that binds the Old World to the New," she explains. "As the ships that brought us link the shores of Europe and America, so our lives span the bitter sea of racial differences and misunderstandings." It seems remarkable, we think, that so much of a long past has been retained by this extraordinary woman, but the Child of Russia answers: "I took note of everything. . . I was at a most impressionable age when I was transplanted to the new soil .... Everything impressed itself on my memory, and with double associations; for I was constantly referring my new world to the old for comparison, and the old to the new for elucidation. I became a philosopher by force of circumstances."

I have already referred to the great barrier of racial differences that stands between us and the newcomers. Edward A. Steiner, too, whose sympathetic study and first-hand experience

have made him an unimpeachable authority on immigration, is very conscious of it. "The great leveling forces of democracy," he says, "have all halted before the racial wall. However slight the ethnic barrier, even Christianity has struck colors before it and turned back in spite of an honest desire for universal conquest. Nowhere is this defeat more apparent than in the United States, where a tint is equivalent to a taint, and where a peculiar slant of the eyes is taken as an evidence that the race so marked cannot see straight."

But the optimism of Steiner in respect to this question is delightfully displayed in a book of sketches which represent places where the wall has been broken "by the love of God," as he says, "by the passion for fair play, which is almost a national characteristic; and by those vital but uncatalogued forces which are called environment." He has called his book The Broken Wall. It may not be quite so familiar to the general reader as On the Trail of the Immigrant, but it cannot fail to drive home certain messages in burning words. Remember as you finger its pages that their author, a tactful apostle of arbitration between Irishman and Jew, was himself once an immigrant. The high note of Christianity running through the tales tells of the works of compensation and adjustment. The miner, for example, who loses his eyesight through the carelessness of an inspector gains a devoted friend in the widow of the proprietor of the Good Will Mine; she has remained in the little town instead of moving to the city, simply in order to pension and assist just such men as the blind Carpathian, and send him back to Italy. Again, in a story which Steiner calls Committing Matrimony, there is an adjustment of rare humor between Rebekah Abramowitz and Mike Flannagan. Great though the contention of relatives at the wedding, all is made well at the christening of the first heir, when the tactful minister names the child neither Patrick, as the father insists, nor Moses, as the mother demands, but a delightful combination of the two, "Patmos," thereupon taking occasion to explain the significance of the name.

The Syrians, too, have their champion in Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke, who has recently collected in a volume called Eve's Other Children a number of stories which appeared originally

in various magazines. The tales themselves are not so pleasing as their alluring titles promise, "Dreams in Old Lace," "The Rug of Her Fathers," "The Camel of Bethlehem," etc.; yet they give glimpses of an obscure and misunderstood race. "To-day in our wonderful mosaic of all nations," the author says in her introduction, "these Oriental peoples gleam like a tiny bit of their own color. The charm of the East lies in their sloe-black eyes, and in the deep, sweet tones of their guttural voices. Yet most of them who come to us are driven hither by poverty and oppression, and their portion among us is unceasing toil."

Norman Duncan's stories of New York's Syrian Quarter, The Soul of the Street, dwell upon the same characteristics as we find in the Nazilehs of Lucille B. Van Slyke's book: their dreamy indecision and introspection, their willingness "day after day to step aside rather than stoop once to lift the stone off the path." Such characters as Norman Duncan's Khayat *live* in dreams of the past, and simply *dream* the evil present through. We seem to find traces of ancient mystics in such men as this editor Khayat, who was willing to take less wages from his employer if only he might be permitted to write a story occasionally which should be a "match for the torch of liberty" which his own people were trying to flaunt in the face of the Sultan. And here, again, in these stories of Norman Duncan's, we find traces of that racial barrier we referred to above. There is a constant jarring of delicate temperaments, such as that of the violin player Fiani with that of the sordid Tommy Dugans who constitute their environment: a melody which suggests to Fiani The Song of Love sounds to Dugan "the killin' of pigs," or "the bustin' of a sody wather machane."

And now we come to the poetry of immigration. No less eminent an authority than Dr. Simon Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, said recently in the Survey that poetry is justifiable only when it expresses our great social messages of the day. If this is true, then certainly we have a large number of poems worthy of outliving this age of destructive criticism, for almost every magazine we look into contains verses on child labor, immigration, or some other subject equally worthy of our attention.

Many persons who have given the matter considerable thought believe that the poets of the day who are writing songs of labor are depicting worn-out men of labor instead of the exultant Titans of whom they wrote twenty years ago. It may be that our poets do find them more careworn than of yore and have changed their attitude from one of admiration to one of sympathy for the men who have "lost the power of song"; or it may be that the difference between such poems as Realf's "Hymn of Pittsburgh," published forty years ago, and James Oppenheim's "Pittsburg" is due to the particular mood of the poet at the time he observed the worker, or to the time of day when he saw him. I quote a few lines from each of these two poems to illustrate just what I mean by this contrast in the conception of the American Man of Toil:

My father was a mighty Vulcan,
  I am smith of land and sea.
The cunning spirit of Tubal Cain
  Came with my marrow to me.
I think great thoughts, strong-winged with steel—
  I coin vast iron-acts,
And orb the impalpable dreams of seers
  Into comely lyric facts.

But Oppenheim in his vision sees that

The earth grows small with the strong steel waves, and they come
  together who plotted apart—
But he who has wrought this thing in his oven knows only toil
  and the tired heart.

As for the poems which deal more directly with immigration, Robert Haven Schauffler's "Scum o' the Earth" is perhaps the most noteworthy so far. Its overpowering rhythm and fanciful pictures are sufficient explanation of its charm, but when we add to these its high spiritual tone alternating with whimsical sarcasm, frank reproof, and tender sympathy, we have something irresistible:

Genoese boy of the level brow,
  Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes,
Astare at Manhattan's pinnacle now
  In the first sweet shock of hushed surprise;
. . . . . .

Ah, it's hard to foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy's dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.
Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well;
Dante dreamed heaven out of hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell;
And you, are you of a different birth?
You're only a Dago, and scum o' the earth.

The close of this remarkable poem invokes pardon from "these marvelous folk we have blasphemed," since they are our "peers and more than our peers":

Newcomers all from the Eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these.
Forget and forgive that we did you wrong;
Help us to father a nation strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

Another work, very close in spirit to "Scum o' the Earth," appeared in a Survey of recent date. It is called "Immigrant Motherhood" and was suggested by the statue of the same name by Antoinette Hollister. The inspiration and setting are both drawn from industrial Pittsburgh:

Down yonder she sits in the half-open door,
'Tis plain she has never had time to before;
Her first little child sleeping there on her breast,
Poor soul, how she feasts on this banquet of rest!
But all is so strange to her, people don't care,
They all pass her by with a questioning stare.

How youthful and brave is the round-molded face
Still fresh with the blood of her farm-dwelling race;
Too soon she must leave the wee son of her youth
To toil in the shops with the bold and uncouth,
To roll fat cigars and to tie willow plumes,
Or stand the day long by the thundering looms,
Where no one is strange, and the bosses don't care,
But just pass her by with contempt in their stare.

Another poem which we cannot forget in this connection is "The Cage" of Giovanitti. Although it does not deal with immigration directly, yet it comes from the pen of one who has not

always dwelt within our land. Written in Salem Jail after the Lawrence strike, the poem is the essence of anarchy in both thought, form, and philosophical ideas. Yet, however we may feel inclined to denounce its lawlessness and its lack of spirituality in the accepted sense of the word, still we cannot fail to commend it highly for giving us an exalted appreciation of all the joys and emblems of a fresh, stirring humanity. Its very vocabulary marks a new epoch in English poetry:

> Glad and sonorous was the rhythm of the bouncing hammers upon the loud-throated anvils.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The fragrance of fresh bread, sweetest aroma in the world.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The smell of human sweat, most holy incense in the divine nostrils of the gods.

To conclude our consideration of immigration poetry, I wish to call attention to some lines which Wendell Phillips Stafford wrote after seeing the statue of Abraham Lincoln in the park at Newark. Does it not bring you a thrill to see this Great-heart so intimately associated with the foreigners' children of to-day?

> He sits there on the low, rude backless bench,
> With his tall hat beside him, and one arm
> Flung thus across his knee. The other hand
> Rests flat, palm downward on the seat.
> It is a call to children. I have watched
> Eight at a time swarming upon him there,
> All clinging to him—riding upon his knees,
> Cuddling in his arms, clasping his neck,
> Perched on his shoulders, even on his head,
> . . . These were the children of
> Foreigners, we call them, but not so
> They call themselves, for when we asked one of them,
> A restless, dark-eyed girl, who this man was,
> She answered straight, "One of our Presidents."
> "Let all the winds of hell blow in our sails,"
> I thought, "thank God, thank God, the ship rides true."

Of the drama of immigration there are but few examples. Israel Zangwill's Melting Pot is the most satisfactory of them all and recalls the spirit of Mary Antin's Promised Land. In David, the violinist, we have just such a genius as the Russian

Mary herself; his conception of America as God's Crucible, the great melting pot where all the races of Europe are remelting and reforming, has become classic, and familiar to all who are in the least interested in the "birth of the real American . . . who is to be the fusion of all races . . . the Superman."

When we have finished the Melting Pot and have closed the last book we can find on the immigrant in story and song, we discover one thought retaining vividness in our mind, amid all the various highly colored impressions which have filed before us: these great, hopeful-eyed people are coming to us, a million a year, expecting to find in us a land of their hearts' desire, their Canterbury, their Canaan. Their faith in us is complete. Shall we not have a corresponding degree of trust in them? Let us not allow them to be dismayed at what they find here, but rather let them see in us a bridge connecting their dreams of promise with their experience of reality; and whenever the opportunity presents itself, let us polish the "lamp of American liberty which is shining at this very hour in the darkness of deepest Russia and all the corners of oppressed Europe."

Madeleine Sweeny Miller.

THE ESSENTIAL MESSAGE OF CARLYLE

Carlyle's one message is what we have to find. It is necessary to make a search for it because there are—as all Carlyle's admirers (not his disciples; a real disciple of Carlyle is a rarity indeed) must admit—a good many things which make it a little difficult to seize upon the one essential thing. There are inconsistencies—explainable, but existent beyond doubt—temporary overclouding, outbursts of unregulated language, and other pitfalls for those who read Carlyle without clearly apprehending his one central and dominating idea. Such readers must stumble along rather aimlessly, and come out at the end of the journey without exactly knowing where they are. The present study will not be useless if it enables anyone to avoid such a fruitless reading of Carlyle, and unifies for him the many and sometimes contradictory impressions which Carlyle is apt to make.

1. Carlyle was a man of one idea, that idea being the absolute sovereignty of right; of right, not in the limited sense of a mere established code of morality, not in the sense that there were certain standard things which people ought to do, but in the sense that there was an eternal righteousness which was at every moment seeking to work itself out through individual, social, and national life, and that the one thing for which man, both individually and collectively, was here was simply to be an instrument in its hands. It was not simply a matter of conforming to what was considered right, whether by the law of the land, or by the conventions of respectable society, or by religion and the church. It was something much deeper and greater than that. It was the absolute dominance of conscience in man for which Carlyle pleaded; nay, he pleaded that a man should be *made of conscience*, if one may use the phrase. It was on character as distinct from mere work that Carlyle concentrated; and culture of character meant to him the realization, on man's part, that here and now eternal right had some inspiration for each individual man—an inspiration which might or might not lead to the doing of something already prescribed in the world's standard codes, but one

which, however that might be, man must at once yield to on pain of faithlessness and sin. And, unless that conception of Eternal right as the immediate and authoritative maker of life was being more and more accepted and acted upon, individuals and nations, however progressive they might appear, were going fast down the hill. Progress was nothing to Carlyle if it were not progress toward an acceptance of that conception as the one impulse regnant over all. Nothing that entered into the substance of the world's history could be good unless, on the one hand, it came out of the direct inspiration of right and, on the other hand, moved the world a little further toward a more perfect obedience to whatever other inspirations right might still have to give. The mere improvement of external conduct counted for little—that might only mean that man was becoming a whited sepulcher. Mere increase of philanthropy counted for little—that might only mean that in becoming somewhat more unselfish yourself you were ministering to your brother man's selfishness, pushing him down the slope of materialism with your philanthropic shove, and that you were, consequently, taking away from eternal right with one hand what you seemed to offer it with the other. What Carlyle wanted was that men should unitedly transcend all little moral improvements, all little rearrangements of the social order, all legislative readjustments whereby in getting on the steed of "progress" on one side they so often tumbled over on the other, of course all the expediencies and evasions by which manifest obligations were put aside or left half discharged, and should unitedly listen for the voice of that everlasting righteousness which sounded from the universe's heart for all who would hear. It was not that Carlyle thought lightly either of lapses from the ordinary standards of morality or of the oppressions and inequalities of the social system. One can find many noble passages in his works in which he denounces transgression, and many others equally noble in which he calls on the oppressor to let the oppressed go free. But to begin with this, and to end with this, was not to get anywhere near the heart of the matter. What Carlyle pictured as the ideal thing was not mankind painfully planing and carpentering itself into a particular moral shape, and

not one half of mankind revising and reforming its attitude to the other half, but every individual unit of mankind revising and reforming its inward attitude (its *inward* attitude, mark) to that right which was ever living and working behind the evil. With the doing of this one thing all else would be done, and without it nothing really availed. The dominance of right, and submission to that dominance on the part of every individual man, was Carlyle's one persistent idea. Now, all this has a strong flavor of preaching about it quite inevitable in any proper dealing with Carlyle, preëminently the preacher, the prophet, the apostle of righteousness. Great figure in English literature as he undoubtedly is, Carlyle was not primarily a literary man. He wrote not because he liked writing (as a matter of fact, he hated it, and the labor of composition always drove him nearly mad), but because he had to get his message uttered, and the pen was the only instrument at his command. He had something to say, and was therefore compelled to write. Carlyle is the teacher, the preacher, the prophet, before all else, or rather, he is nothing else. It is quite true that the world will not take him so. With surprise one read Martineau's statement about Carlyle: "As a revolutionary or pentecostal power on the sentiments of Englishmen his influence is, perhaps, nearly spent, and, like the romantic school of Germany, will descend from the high level of faith to the tranquil honors of literature." Yet Martineau was right. Only he set forth not what, according to sound criticism, ought to happen, but what, having regard to the folly and blindness of the world at large, was sure to happen. And of course it has happened. Carlyle's "revolutionary or pentecostal power on the sentiments of Englishmen," if, indeed, it ever existed at all, is spent, and it is simply as a literary man that he is honored now. This honor he would have scorned. With what vitriolic anger he would have talked about the fashion in which editions of his works pour one after another from the press, about the fashion in which rival publishers watch for the moment of the expiry of copyright in this book or that, about the fashion in which histories of nineteenth century literature include portraits of the author and extracts from his works, about the fashion in which critics and readers build up sepulchers

of fair print and pretty bindings (fancy Carlyle and pretty bindings!) to this prophet whom their fathers despised. At any rate, it is a figure in literature that Carlyle holds his place; and to take him as first and foremost a figure in literature is to mistake him altogether. He was a prophet, and a prophet of one idea. To get this idea proclaimed in some way or other was Carlyle's mission in life. And this accounts for his early difficulty in choosing his vocation and in finding his line. Even a prophet must live—if he is to prophesy—and the question was, How? The ordinary professional careers offered no prospect of getting out the message which clamored for expression and, since Carlyle was far removed from orthodox Christianity, the church was barred. It is not that from his earliest days Carlyle realized how the union of man with the Absolute and Eternal Will was the one formula of life, and that he had nothing to do but repeat a conviction which he had himself attained with ease. Just because Carlyle did not attain the conviction with ease, but through many hot trials of soul, his subsequent proclamation of it kept always such a fiery glow. With a great price he had himself obtained this freedom; he was not free-born. Sartor Resartus (and if you read Sartor Resartus, The French Revolution, Past and Present, and the Latter Day Pamphlets, you have read enough to know Carlyle's secret; all the rest, fascinating as much of it is, is but reiteration and reëmphasis), under the curious metaphors of its "clothes-philosophy," tells how, slowly and with pain, Carlyle's own soul, like the soul of the book's hero, got emancipated from its bonds. But from the first Carlyle had been pushing toward the goal, and even through all his gropings had never gone far astray; and simultaneously with his own progress toward a grasp of the one supreme idea, a developing consciousness had gone on that it was going to be his business to preach it to the world. How, he did not know. Suggestion after suggestion was made; at least one occupation—that of schoolmaster—was tried; the profession of advocate was glanced at (if only for the sheer fun of the thing, one would almost have liked just for once to see Carlyle pleading a cause in which he did not personally believe); attempts were made to obtain appointments of more than one kind, and it was not

till one thing after another had failed that Carlyle accepted the position and settled down as a literary free-lance. The sum of the whole matter, of course, is that for a man like Carlyle there was no line. He must make his own. He started with nothing except the consciousness of a "call," but by what method the call was to be fulfilled and obeyed was hidden from his eyes. One might draw a not uninteresting parallel in this respect between Carlyle and Milton. Both men felt an ordaining and consecrating hand laid upon them from their early years; neither knew more than that he was being led as through clouds and darkness to the goal, and in each case there was tentative effort, provisional endeavor, before the appointed way was found. Milton, indeed, made a sacrifice not required of Carlyle, since he gave up the poetic career for years, at any rate, in order to throw himself into that struggle for national freedom which he came to see was the sphere wherein he was meant to serve the Eternal Will. But, notwithstanding some differences, both men started with a sense that they were to be in some special manner the ministers of eternal Righteousness, and both had to go out not knowing whither they went. Like Milton, and with a longer wait than Milton's, Carlyle had to tarry until his weapons were put into his hands. In Carlyle's case, as, for that matter, in Milton's too, the weapon was the pen; a weapon which Carlyle took into his hand with reluctance and disliked right up to the end. He was not a literary man who gave to literature a moral direction. He began with the idea of right, and served it along the line of literature because all other lines were closed.

2. So far as the form of Carlyle's literary work is concerned, he was, of course, an historian first and foremost. Essayist and critic he was too, but the majority of his essays are of the historical kind; and even in his literary essays, his essays in literary criticism, it is, one is not far wrong in saying, the history and character of the author dealt with, rather than the strictly literary qualities of his work, with which Carlyle was chiefly concerned. It is as an historian that he stands out. But, and this is pre-eminently a thing to be remembered, Carlyle was interested in history just because it showed how men had served or had failed

to serve that eternal right which claimed them. It was not the great movements of history, in their relations to one another, in the world-tendencies out of which they sprang, that captivated Carlyle's mind; it was the individual characters of history, each one of them more or less illustrating the service of righteousness or disobedience to that service, that he cared for most. Indeed, he was really biographer rather than historian in the strict sense, and it was men, not movements, on which he dwelt, this being said with full recollection of the fact that the French Revolution, one of the great movements of the world, found in Carlyle a most brilliant recorder; for even in recounting the history of the French Revolution Carlyle's aim was to take one outstanding character after another—be it the French king, whose folly led him to the block, or those heroes who, rising up from the people's ranks, pleaded and fought for the cause of the oppressed, or those wild fanatics who, serving a good cause by evil ways, at length brought the whole thing to an end in tumult of fire and blood—and show how each one stood in relation to right. Carlyle's history is always a succession of vignettes, of individual portraits done with consummate skill; the features, the mind, the very soul of each subject looking straight out at you from the canvas as Carlyle sets him down. And your mind does not march with Carlyle's as you read his histories, however much enjoyment or even instruction you may get out of them, unless you bear in mind the one object for which Carlyle recorded the doings of men. He has been called a philosophical historian. This he most emphatically is not. He is of course far more than a mere cold annalist, although the number of facts he contrives to crowd into a page is something marvelous. He is far more than a mere recorder of battles (which is what many historians have permitted themselves to become), although he can do the flag-waving and big-gun business as well as anybody when he wants to, and can make his readers feel the excitement of the charging battalions as few can do it. His military history in Frederick is, by consent of the experts, as faithful to fact as it is inspiring in color and movement; and the Germans go to Carlyle's book very often when they want to know how their own battles were fought. But, more than annalist and more than

battle-historian as he is, he is not a philosophic historian. He does not study the underground movements of the world-spirit and explain how this and that historical event were that spirit showing itself upon the surface. He does not link one age to its forerunners, make a connected series out of the seemingly disconnected occurrences of the centuries, indicate the underlying unity of things, put his finger on the procession of causes and effects on the great scale. These are the things that a philosophic historian, properly so called, must do; and Carlyle leaves these things untouched. What he does, over and above the mere recording of fact, is to relate each fact, each man, to the eternal right of things. You can, so to say, see the great arch of the idea of right stretching itself over you as you read Carlyle—can feel the solemnity it induces—can hear what kind of echoes the procession of events brings down from it as event after event passes through. Carlyle has many other qualities as historian, needless to say. He is picturesque and vivid. He has abounding humor—did not Emerson call Frederick the most witty book ever published? He is poetic, pathetic, sublime, and many other things. And apart from everything else, Carlyle would be worth reading for these qualities alone; for these qualities many do read Carlyle to-day. And yet for these he would most certainly hate to be read. Probably he would rather have all his books burned, to the last copy, than be admired for what he would call these quite secondary things. However, keep an open eye for these qualities, by all means. Only let it be remembered that, in the last resort, Carlyle wrote history in the way and for the purpose stated. He took this man and that man, this act and that act, and, when he had made you see the man and the act, flung the limelight of the idea of right upon them and said, "How does the man or the act look now?" Not that he was always preaching—though, as a matter of fact, he *was* always preaching, if not overtly, yet by implication and spirit. Coleridge, who had for a while been a Unitarian minister, once asked Charles Lamb, "Did you ever hear me preach?" And Lamb answered, with his inimitable stutter, "My dear fellow, I never heard you do anything else." One might in the sense which Lamb intended say the same thing about Carlyle. However, he was not always

preaching in the usual sense of the term, but he never got away, and he never wants his readers to get away, from the idea that every human character and every human act is in some way or other a submission or a disobedience to eternal right. And you must tune your mind to the same pitch as Carlyle's, must at least understand what Carlyle wants to be at, if you are to get the full measure of either use or enjoyment out of his historical work. He was the historian because in every incident of history he saw his great idea of life as an instrument of the everlasting Will either exemplified or denied.

A study of Carlyle's own life would supply the sidelights necessary for a true comprehension of Carlyle's writings—indeed, without a knowledge of Carlyle's biography no one can properly appreciate his books. This matter with which we are just now dealing affords a case in point. In Froude's Life one sees how in his attitude to all the current questions of his own time Carlyle reproduced the attitude he took toward the historical events of which he wrote. The history of his own age, that is, like the history of ages gone by, interested him only as in each incident of it the actors defined their relation to right. Carlyle could never be a party man, either on the Liberal or the Conservative side; to such a man as he the innate absurdity of the party system was a thing patent as the noonday sun; indeed, it was more than absurd —it was wicked, inasmuch as it left little or no scope for the adjustment of every man's action in political matters to the idea of right, and substituted an entirely nonmoral standard for the only standard that was worthy and true. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the attempt frequently made to identify Carlyle with Radicalism, and to hail him as the forerunner of many of our modern political theories. Mr. Augustine Birrell is very anxious to insist that Carlyle "was once a Liberal," though he has to confess that the one-time Liberal fell away. It is not easy to see where even the "once" comes in. From the beginning Carlyle laughed at the counting of heads, and at the confusion between material progress and real progress of life as a whole by which all the politics of all the parties were and still are beset. He was equally ready to denounce both sides. He saw how government by mere

majority prevented any problem from being considered on its merits—how many so-called "advances" in the direction of uplifting the masses were simply concessions to materialism, neither springing from a sense of right nor developing it—how expediency everywhere ruled the day. He was no Liberal. But then—and for pretty much the same reasons—neither was he a Conservative. As between Disraeli and Gladstone, he perhaps disliked Disraeli the less, but that is the utmost that can be said. Always what he desired was the sweeping away of all the current standards of national life and the bringing in of the idea of right. He was not unpractical, not a dreamer; he knew quite well what he wanted. He was a Radical, if you like, in the sense that he wanted to go to the root of things and grow a new tree. And it was from that point of view that he looked upon all the political questions of his day. If a reader turns the pages of Froude's biography and sees how Carlyle delivered his soul on extension of the franchise, on the clamor for the "rights" of this class and that class, on emancipation of slaves, on the Franco-Prussian war, and on a good many other things (in the Latter-Day Pamphlets, also, various eloquences on some of these themes may be found), he will see—though that is not saying that he will agree with Carlyle on all these points; one should, indeed, not be very much surprised if he disagreed on every single one—that Carlyle looked upon contemporary history, as upon bygone history, from the standpoint of its expression of man's relation to eternal right. And he will come back thereafter to Carlyle's books better prepared to see through to their heart and to understand.

3. It has to be noted, however (for it is one of the salient facts of the matter), that in Carlyle this passion for righteousness was entirely divorced from anything like what is commonly held to be religious faith. It was with religion, surely, that this prophet of majestic and eternal right should have been most at home, yet Carlyle had small respect for Christianity as it was exemplified in the England of his time, and in face of the organized religion he saw round about him did not hesitate to gibe and sneer. He had no definite religious belief in the ordinary sense, though, perhaps, he never made anything like a careful examina-

tion of the Christian apologetic. That struggle through which he reached his final goal (the struggle portrayed for us in Sartor Resartus) was not exactly a struggle with doubt. It was a struggle to bring his own soul into subjection to eternal right, to accept right's discipline, to take right as his life's one inspiring idea. It was a moral struggle rather than an intellectual one. His severance from Christianity resulted, so far as one can judge the matter, from the comparative failure of Christianity to induce in its votaries that moral passion for which Carlyle himself supremely cared; and the Christian Church has reason to mourn bitterly that she could not offer a more sufficient recommendation of her faith to this man who, had he been of her membership, might have served her and her ideals so well. One reads with mingled feelings—of laughter and of tears—of that visit to Westminster Abbey which Froude persuaded Carlyle in his old age to make. Dean Stanley was to preach, Froude told Carlyle.

> The experiment proved dangerous. We were in the Dean's seat. A minor canon was intoning close to Carlyle's ear. The chorister boys were but three yards off, and the charm of distance was exchanged for contact which was less enchanting. The lines of worshipers in front of him, sitting while pretending to kneel, making their responses, bowing in the creed by habit, and mechanically repeating the phrases of it when their faces showed that it was habit only, without genuine conviction—this and the rest brought back the feeling that it was but play-acting after all. I could see the cloud gathering in his features, and I was alarmed for what I had done before the service was half over. Worst of all, through some mistake, the Dean did not preach, and in the place of him was a popular orator, who gave us three quarters of an hour of sugary eloquence. For a while Carlyle bore it like a hero. But by and by I heard the point of his stick rattle audibly on the floor. He crushed his hat angrily at each specially emphatic period, and groans followed, so loud that some of the congregation sitting near, who appeared to know him, began to look round. Mrs. D——, the Dean's cousin, who was in the seat with us, exchanged frightened glances with me. I was the most uneasy of all, for I could see into his mind; and at the too florid peroration I feared that he would rise and insist on going out, or even, like Oliver, exclaim, "Leave your fooling, sir, and come down!" Happily, the end arrived before a crisis, and we escaped a catastrophe which would have set London ringing.

Amusing it is in one way, but really infinitely sad. "Leave your fooling, sir, and come down!"—that was in truth all that Carlyle had to say to the Christian faith and its exponents as he

knew them. For the Christian ideal of virtue he had, of course, the profoundest respect. It was, in its essence, one with his own. But for the whole system of Christian doctrine, and for the whole organization which existed to propagate it, he had no respect at all. Infinitely sad, surely, that this marvelous man should have been so near to Christianity and yet so far away!

It may be admitted that in one way Carlyle escaped danger by his entire aloofness from all the creeds. There was no danger that he would put creed in place of character. This has, of course, been the danger of all creeds, of Christian creeds no less than of others, and a danger into which the holders of creeds have often fallen. Creed, needless to say, is of no avail unless it speaks of and introduces us to a spiritual force behind itself—a force whereby character may be molded and made; and this, also needless to say, is what the Christian creed is meant to do. But once the creed is there, men so frequently come to take it as the important thing, and not the spiritual force behind it. Since Carlyle had no creed he was under no temptation thus to stand under the signpost and imagine himself to be traveling toward the journey's end. He had only one thing to proclaim—that right must rule; and in this simple proclamation there was no room for such confusions as are apt to result from systematic presentations in credal form of religious forces and facts. That much of gain we may admit. Nevertheless, his absolute severance from all systematic belief, from all definite creed, put Carlyle at an incalculable disadvantage in his efforts to influence the world. His conception of right was so abstract. Not that his message was almost entirely negative, as one has to declare, for instance, that Savonarola's message almost entirely was. Carlyle did much more than say "Thou shalt not." His message was positive enough: "Make your whole life an instrument on which everlasting righteousness may play what melodies it shall choose." It is quite positive. Yes, but how? What and where is everlasting righteousness, and how is one to get into contact with it, and what is the proper adjustment of one's nature to it? The answer to these questions of course implies a creed and a whole program of religious culture. It is one answer to these questions that the Christian creed and the

Christian program claim to give, but Carlyle never touched these questions, and could not, for creed he had none. The mass of men must have something concrete, something definite, a clear line marked out; and a preaching which does not give them these things goes over their heads and dies away too often like a voice that was thrilling to hear but whose message was untranslatable into common practice. Carlyle preached character, but had no method of producing character. He told men what they were to make, but offered them no tools. His teaching was too abstract to take hold. He comparatively seldom used even the name of God; and one is not quite sure what he meant to convey by it when he did use it. Undoubtedly, quite apart from one's regret on other grounds that Carlyle was so aloof from every form of definite religious belief, one has to regret it because it made his teaching so abstract in form, and, as a consequence, limited his influence, and made men stare and gape and smile in bewilderment instead of winning them to ardent moral aspiration and setting them on a clear moral quest. But it must not be forgotten that the responsibility for Carlyle's severance from Christianity lies, at any rate in part, at the door of the Christian Church herself. Not that Carlyle was blameless in this matter; but by its own lack of sincerity and moral passion organized Christianity did a great deal to keep this man outside its doors. He was, in his passion for right, one of the Old Testament prophets risen again. Pity that the prophet of the Old Testament was kept back from realizing how the redemption of man into right was so amply provided for in the New. So near to Christianity, and yet so far away!

4. There are one or two other things in connection with Carlyle and his essential message that call for a word. The popular conception of Carlyle takes him as a man of very uncertain temper—a man who had a kind of patent Billingsgate of his own which he could on occasion pour out like a lava stream—and it has to be admitted that the popular conception is not far wrong. In his works and in his letters one comes upon the most headstrong judgments, upon the most unkind verdicts passed on some of the best and greatest of his contemporaries, upon the most curious con-

donations of tyranny, and the most remarkable abuse of the masses of mankind. People who know little of Carlyle know that he spoke of a world mostly inhabited by fools. What is to be said of all this? How is it that the great prophet of right allowed himself sometimes to go so far and—for this is what it comes to—to fall so low? No disciple of Carlyle, however ardent his discipleship, can excuse these things or make out that they are of no account. They are spots in the sun, and must be so called. But they are, if not excusable, at any rate, easily to be explained. The one thing which explains them is that Carlyle, with all his consuming moral ardor, was possessed by impatience: the impatience of despair. Impatience—yes, that is a quality belonging to all the great moral preachers and prophets of the race, but not impatience of Carlyle's kind. Impatience that the realization of everlasting ideals marches on with such tardy steps, impatience that the wheels of God's chariot are so slow—that is an essential element in all moral passion; but that kind of impatience is consistent with a large patience toward men, with a gentle treatment of their weaknesses, with charity toward their faults. But Carlyle's impatience was no essential element in moral passion, and no addition to its strength; rather was it a subtraction from its power. Carlyle was a pessimist. He preached right, but he had no real hope that right would ever win. For him God and right were well on their way to defeat, and all he could see was that the world was rushing headlong down a steep slope with black hell at the bottom of it. And he saw everything and everybody through the jaundiced spectacles of his pessimism and his despair. One can find the evidence on well-nigh every page of his writings, especially his later ones, for naturally the mood grew upon him; and in those Latter-Day Pamphlets, in which he dealt so largely with current affairs, and in many a letter enshrined in the pages of Froude. Indeed, it is unspeakably sad to note how for this man, who might have exercised upon the world a ministry of inspiration and hope, who might have called it with clear voice up to the heights, and perhaps magnetized it till it took at least one or two upward steps: how for this man no ministry seemed possible except a ministry of doom. He could weep over the world which had not known the things that

belonged to its peace; he could not think that the blind eyes would ever be made to see. He was a voice crying in the wilderness, and this wilderness would never break forth into singing or blossom as the rose. Through and through him Carlyle was possessed not by the noble impatience which is only hope straining its eyes toward its own fulfillment, but by the impatience of despair. Now, it is not difficult to see how this worked out. Of course everyone who was not with Carlyle was against him; everyone who did not join him in his crusade was but wasting his time; and, useful as any person's work might be in itself, it was useless for him to expect an approving word from Carlyle. He might, indeed, expect a word that was anything but approving. For everybody, according to Carlyle, belonged to an irretrievably lost and hopeless world. And so, as to two great women novelists, one of France and one of England, Carlyle could only speak of scribbling Sands and Eliots, not fit to mention beside his incomparable Jeanie. There is "poor sawdustish Mill," "editor of a crawlery of creeping things." There is the "animalcule" De Quincey, who is to be kept in a box and only to be taken out to talk; there is the "puir thin fool" Darwin, "hugger-mugger Hunt," and (to some of us hardest of all to forgive) "poor little Browning"—that man of men, that virile character! The ridiculousness, unfortunately, did not strike Carlyle, keen as his sense of the ridiculous was. The truth is that, through his pessimism, Carlyle the prophet frequently became Carlyle the satirist, and sometimes even Carlyle the scold. On his very style the effect of his mood showed itself; and sentence after sentence jerks itself forth as if born out of a feeling that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. And given a moral passion which feels itself to be in vain, a moral passion colored by pessimism and despair, you have ample explanation of Carlyle's ill-regulated outbursts and of his acid tempers toward so many men of his time. If he had only had the large, calm faith which discerns the world's "great altar-stairs that slope through darkness up to God"! But that was denied him; and he had to do his work as best he could without it, to our loss and his own. So, too, when one asks, as one is driven to ask, what led Carlyle to choose for one of his heroes such an unscrupulous tyrant as Frederick the Great, and to glorify him

through a whole series of volumes, it is in Carlyle's pessimism, or, at least, in a twist of mind which that pessimism caused, that the explanation is to be found. To Carlyle the good was always in the position of being worsted, and the curious twist of mind to which I allude is here: Carlyle reversed the thing as well, and seemed to take it for granted that whatever was in the position of being worsted or of fighting against odds was good. That sounds very unreasonable, perhaps, and yet this was precisely the line along which Carlyle's mind worked. He saw Frederick facing a continent in arms, standing there with half Europe clutching at his throat, like a hunted animal at bay, and because this was just how he pictured the relation between goodness and the world he jumped at Frederick's position as illustrating that relation—with the result that unscrupulous Frederick was straightway almost canonized, and stood forth with a halo round his head. How hard put to it Carlyle occasionally was to justify his admiration for Frederick the pages of the History show. When Frederick captures whole battalions of the enemy, and, turning them into soldiers of his own, compels them to fight against their own countrymen, Carlyle begins to discern dimly that there is something amiss with this particular instance of righteousness in the lions' den; and one can almost see him scratching his head over the problem till he at last reaches the rather lame conclusion, "Well, reader, Frederick did it, anyway, and must take your verdict, whatever that may chance to be." He did not see that all through his treatment of Frederick's life he was making the fundamentally false inference that because goodness always got the worst of it, whatever got the worst of it must be good. Similarly, Carlyle was perpetually insisting, and quite rightly, that men must recognize facts, and that their failure to do so was one of their chief iniquities. But then this, coupled with his passionate pessimism, caused him to set an altogether exaggerated value upon mere doggedness, and when he saw a man with his back to the wall it was enough to rouse his sympathies to fever pitch. His passion for goodness, and his utter despair that goodness could ever come to its own, is enough to account for all these curious perversions. They are simply the reverse side of virtue, or shall we say the result of let-

ting one virtue run wild? For, though Mr. Thomas Secombe may put it somewhat too strongly in saying that as an intellect Carlyle had hardly got beyond the stage of instinct, yet there is a good deal of truth in the remark. His moral passion was a primal instinct indeed—would that it were so in more of those who undertake to lead the world!—but Carlyle did not think things out. He let the mere instinct rule him with too autocratic a sway. He did not reason enough, and in this case the absence of reasoning meant the absence of faith. Had Carlyle worked out a real philosophy of things for himself, he would have arrived at a more hopeful view of the world, and, with his despair relieved, he would have come with better judgment to many of those historic problems and personalities on which he flung himself with such red-hot zeal. But we have to accept him as he was. Take a passion for goodness, mix it with pessimism, and you have Carlyle, with all the inconsistencies and inconsequences and strange humors that are linked with his name. No one need attempt to excuse these things, and yet it is not well to make too much of them. We cannot afford to belittle Carlyle. There are always plenty to do that. Is the "Dead Prophet" of whom Tennyson writes intended to mean Carlyle? I should not wonder if it were so; at any rate, the thing fits. Round the dead prophet is the multitude gathered, and he, the prophet himself,

> Dead, who had served his time,
> Was one of the people's kings,
> Had labor'd in lifting them out of slime
> And showing them souls have wings!

(Carlyle had at least called on souls to use them!) And the multitude, praising him with half praise, damning him with faint praise, gets more and more critical, and says presently:

> For since he would sit on a Prophet's seat,
> As a lord of the human soul,
> We needs must scan him from head to feet,
> Were it but for a wart or a mole.

The world has always enough who will do that with its Carlyles, and with Thomas Carlyle the world has done it with a will. Well, let honesty note the wart and the mole, as it must. They are there, as those of us confess who would fain claim for this our

greatest human teacher that he was spotless. But we cannot afford to belittle Carlyle. We need him too much. Better, instead of gloating over the blemishes, take the measure of the whole man and try to stretch ourselves to his height; better, instead of picking out the few false notes, seek to catch and reproduce the true and mighty chords.

5. For on the main thing Carlyle was right, absolutely right. And what the world requires to-day is a definitely Christian Carlyle—a prophet who to Thomas Carlyle's ardent passion for righteousness adds in his message all the impulse and inspiration and dynamic supplied in the Christian religion when the Christian religion is rightly understood. Probably the world would not listen to him any more than to Carlyle himself. One need not have Carlyle's pessimism as to the ultimate destiny of mankind; but looking on things as they are, one is forced to admit that for the moment—and how many years, it sometimes seems, the moment lasts!—things are bad enough to excuse a transient despair. We have got so strangely mixed and muddled as to what righteousness really is. We have our sentimentalisms which forbid us to call wrong by its true name—and we call that love. We have our ideals of material national prosperity—and we call that bringing in the kingdom of heaven. We talk about the rights of this man and that man—and think that in pandering to the clamor about rights we are doing God's will, so strangely have we turned things upside down; and meanwhile righteousness, in Carlyle's sense of the great word—in the sense of a living eternal Will uttering its secret dictates most imperatively to the heart of every individual man at every moment, ceaselessly besetting him behind and before, a living, eternal Will compared with whose behests all else is as small dust in the balance, and at whose bidding any man should be prepared at any instant to go or come, to live or die—righteousness calls and no man replies. The world needs a definitely Christian Carlyle.

Henry W. Clark

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

PRAYER INDISPENSABLE TO WORLD-WINNERS[1]

THE deepest missionary need of our time is not for any material or external thing. The deepest need is spiritual; the need for a vitality in the church equal to its vast work of naturalizing Christianity over all the world. For this task no mere number of workers at home or on the field will be sufficient, nor will prayerless giving ever evangelize the world, no matter how great the amount. How to call forth and apply the boundless resources of Jesus Christ is always an extremely important question. One of the elemental means for releasing these forces is prayer—a supreme factor in missionary leadership. More and greater issues hang on this than on any other one thing. The story of every great Christian achievement is the history of answered prayer. The unfolding providence of our God has been a clarion call to the leaders of the church to devote themselves to intercession above every other activity. Here is truly "an open but unfrequented path to immortality." How startling that this "central act" in victorious service should be called "the deeply buried talent" and "the forgotten secret of the church." The purpose of our present discussion is to state and illustrate three fundamental convictions regarding the life of prayer.

I. THE LIFE OF PRAYER IS A LIFE OF CONTINUOUS DISCOVERY

In the study of the Scriptures and the history of the expanding church we find four discoveries in which prayer has a powerful influence:

1. *The discovery of God.* This is life's greatest discovery. The practice of prayer is the fine art of becoming acquainted with God. All the men of the Kingdom who have most fully revealed God to other men have reached the deeps here, for prayer vitalizes and clarifies all our thinking about God. It was Isaiah worshiping in the tem-

[1] This article, by W. E. Doughty, Educational Secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, is copyrighted by the Missionary Education Movement and appears here by permission of that organization. It may be obtained in pamphlet form from our Board of Foreign Missions or the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, at the rate of five cents a copy, or forty cents a dozen, or $2.50 per hundred.

ple who saw the Lord high and lifted up. Paul states this truth in clear-cut words in Acts 22. 17, 18, "While I prayed, . . . *I saw him.*"

The book of Acts is the story of the growth of the early church from a small group of Jews in Jerusalem to a world power. The expansion described in the first twelve chapters is largely a history of the expanding Peter. What a record this is of a man who, under the transforming power of the Holy Spirit, given in answer to prayer, came to be a citizen of the world-kingdom! It is with this outlook he can say, "Neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). To him henceforth all personal values end in Jesus Christ, and all social ideals culminate in the kingdom of God. Nothing less than a deep and consuming conviction that there is no other man and no other message save the Christ Man and the Christ message able to meet the bottommost need of the world will send us forth with relentless strength. It is this rock-bottom truth which has sent men through fire and flood for the gospel's sake. We need to believe this with a sincerity and earnestness that kindles all life into deepest devotion.

If we had no other illustrations than these three from the Scriptures, it would be enough; but a host of witnesses in this modern day testify to the same wonderful illumination of mind and heart in hours of prayer, so that God thenceforth is a new and living reality. Many an intercessor can say, "While I was praying there was in the room a fragrance as though all the flowers in the garden of God had opened there, a tenderness like the pity of infinite parenthood flooded my life, a Presence appeared shriveling up all that was mean and low, helping me to see life's issues in proper proportion, and pointing the way to life's great tasks." None but a man of prayer could say as did Zinzendorf: "I have only one passion: It is He, He alone."

The hearts of thousands have been thrilled by the story of how Horace Bushnell in old North College at Yale, in the darkness and despair of doubt, by prayer and obedience discovered God. The story of the hot fires of that moral struggle and victory may be read in a sermon which he preached years afterward in the college chapel entitled "The Dissolving of Doubts." If we would be explorers in the realm of spiritual realities, we must be men of prayer.

2. *The discovery of the will of God for a man's life.* It was after much prayer as recorded in Acts that the new disciple was chosen to take the place of Judas. That was the beginning of a new era, and the first Christians depend, as never before, on prayer and the Holy

Spirit, whose leadership is recognized sixty times in that one book. We discover that it was the habit of the early church to introduce new disciples at once to the life of prayer, with the result that, when they were all scattered abroad in the persecutions that followed, each disciple was a beacon light preaching the Word with power. It was during those three days of prayer that Paul discovered that it was the will of God that he preach Christ among the Gentiles. His epistles are strewn with the record of repeated crises in his life where he was made conscious of God's will in answer to prayer.

Gossner tells how, while pastor in Berlin, when three or four humble men came to him and told of their burning desire to take the gospel to the non-Christian world, he at first firmly refused to approve their plans. They requested that he pray with them about the matter, and after much prayer he came to see that it was the will of God for his life that he train them for service. He says his chief business was "ringing the prayer bell." So clearly was this the leading of God that he was enabled to send out and support more than one hundred and forty missionaries. Among the instructions given to his workers is this one: "Believe, hope, love, pray! Hold fast by prayer; wrestle like Jacob." While Gossner is the outstanding figure in this movement, much credit for his success is to be attributed to the deep life of prayer of his associates, who had so much to do with his work.

Louis Harms was opposed and stood alone in his plans to carry the gospel outside of Germany. He describes how he discovered the will of God in prayer. He says: "I had knocked at many doors and found them shut; and yet the plan was manifestly good and for the glory of God. I prayed fervently to the Lord, laid the whole matter in his hands, and as I rose up at midnight from my knees I said in a voice that almost startled me in the quiet room, 'Forward now in God's name.' From that moment there never came a thought of doubt into my mind."

In the case of Gossner the difficulty was subjective, while with Harms it was objective. Prayer is equally effective both in changing a man's personal relation to missions and also in transforming indifference in others into zeal and devotion.

3. *The discovery of the plans of God for the world.* It requires much spirituality and much walking with God to see the world through the eyes of Christ. The tenth chapter of Acts contains the record of a man whose whole thought of the world was transformed during a time of meditation and prayer. Peter on the housetop and

Cornelius in the palace, both praying! God showing the Roman that he must send for the Jew; God showing the Jew that the Gentiles must be included in the scope of the gospel. It was nothing less than a genuine revolution for him to say, "The Spirit bade me go with them, *making no distinction*" (Acts 11. 12), and, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in *every nation* he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him" (Acts 10. 34, 35). Prayer not only illuminates the Word, but lights up the world. Here Peter had his second Pentecost. This opened up the gospel to the Roman world even as the Jerusalem Pentecost was an unmeasured blessing to the Jews. There are two other notable outpourings of the Holy Spirit in Acts; one in which Peter was the human leader at Samaria (Acts 8). Philip and others had been sent out after special prayer (Acts 6, 5, 6). The other was at Ephesus, where the Greek world was touched in Acts 19. 5, 7. God was here reaching Jew, Samaritan, Greek, Roman—the world! In each case prayer had formed a notable part of the preparation and revealed the largeness of God's purpose for the world.

Not only to men of large ability has God revealed his thought of the world in hours of prayer, but often to most unpromising men he reveals his will and gives a plan of leadership and power. John Stewart was an uncultured and drunken Negro. To human eyes he was a most unlikely person to begin a great movement in the kingdom of God. Stewart was powerfully converted after one of his debauches. He united with the church and began at once to live an unusual life of prayer. It was his habit to retire to the fields or forest to pray. It was during one of these seasons that he was deeply impressed that he must preach, and that he must carry the gospel to the despised and neglected Indians. He tried to evade the call, but each prayer season made the summons louder. He yielded at last, and in spite of limitations, the protests of his friends, and the great difficulties, did a notable work among the Wyandottes. With remarkable zeal he appealed to the chiefs, urging that it was the will of God that men go to all nations and preach to all people. An appeal for help was sent out which led to the organization of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which now has work on all the continents and many islands of the world. So God often uses humble men to reveal his purposes for the world!

4. *The discovery of new outlets and avenues for prayer.* The life of prayer is apparently capable of indefinite variety and limitless

growth. These new avenues and outlets for prayer follow at least three general lines.

There is first the deeply rooted and growing habit of unhurried communion with God. Has this not been true through all the ages, that if you trace to its source every Christian movement, you come at last upon some one who has learned the secrets of prevailing prayer? The most powerful leader in all the Christian centuries is the lone watcher on the hills. It may be some eager spirit like Paul, whose soul rushes out in a torrent of speech, thanksgiving, petition, appeal, or the quiet, deep, loverlike communion of John; the passion of a man with a brilliant university career, like John Wesley, or the immortal talent of some nameless saint.

In the second place there is a steady growth in definiteness and expansion in subjects. As Dean Gouldburn says, "He who embraces in his prayer the widest circle of his fellow creatures is most in sympathy with the mind of God." Paul is a good illustration of this principle. After his own eyes are opened in answer to prayer he begins to pray for others, those near at hand, the workers, then converts in an increasing number of places, for kings and those in authority, for those who oppose the progress of the gospel—all this engulfed in a wealth of praise. So it is with those who follow Paul as he followed Christ; they are imperialists in the highest sense.

Finally there develops a genius for appropriation—the ability to *take* from the spiritual realm the forces and vitalities that are needed for the world. This is one of the highest tests of the depth and reality of the life of prayer. J. Hudson Taylor lived such a life of intimacy with Christ that he not only developed wonderful skill in discovering God's will, but also an even more wonderful genius for appropriating and applying the powers of the heavenly kingdom. "There is undiscovered territory in every man's life; blessed is he who is the Columbus of his own soul."

II. The Life of Prayer is a Life of Ever-Deepening Devotion to Jesus Christ

Prayer at its heart is keeping company with our Lord. It shrivels and dies without steady growth in the things of the Kingdom. It is no cheap thing. The power that comes with prayer cannot be had for the mere asking. It expands with a more perfect understanding of and yieldedness to the calls of Christ; it deepens with bearing on one's heart the burdens of the lost; it widens with the joy of lifting;

it strengthens with the vision of the Kingdom. It is an eye horizoned only by the total program of Christ. Ignorance of prayer is a great misfortune, but prayerlessness is death. To master its secrets there must be uncompromising surrender, the unhesitating uncovering of our hearts to the scrutiny of Christ. This surrender is both an act and an attitude. The act is abandon to God, the attitude is obedience and abiding. The act is the gateway, it is a first thing; the attitude is a perpetual and final thing. The first is an act of will, the second an act of will plus an attitude of love. There is nothing like prayer over the open Book to bring one to an act of abandonment, for the uplifted eye and open Book create an atmosphere in which it is easy to fling one's life upon the heart of God. After that we will need constantly fresh overflowings of passion and purpose, deeper obedience, and more unbroken peace. Prayer feeds all these.

Is it not this which stirs us so deeply as we draw near and look into the lives of the men who have most deeply moved their generation? Their expanding life of prayer reveals their deepening devotion to the kingdom of God.

It is a consuming devotion in pastors like George H. C. McGregor, who sent out seven missionaries from his own church and had started in to win another seven when he was cut down by death. It was he who said, "I would rather train one man to pray than ten men to preach." Such pastors cannot fail to make their congregations grapple with the realities of the Kingdom.

Self-sacrificing devotion to Christ creates pioneers like Verbeck of Japan, of whom the Japanese themselves said, "This benefactor, teacher, and friend of Japan prayed for the welfare of the empire to the last." It marks philanthropists like George Mueller, who secured through prayer seven millions of dollars for the care of his orphans, of whom it may be said that his was an exceptional case only because there was an exceptional amount and strength of prayer. When Judson finished his Burmese Bible, taking the last sheet in his hand, he dedicated it to God on his knees in prayer. There have been reformers, too, like Wilberforce praying and fighting until, at three o'clock in the morning, Parliament passes a bill amending the charter of the East India Company so as to admit missionaries into India. After that victory it is no wonder he says, "I am persuaded that we have laid the foundation-stone of the grandest edifice that ever was raised in Asia."

Hidden workers, too, there are who are mighty "helpers together

by prayer." G. Campbell Morgan dedicates his book on The Practice of Prayer to one of these: "To Marianne Adlard, one of the hidden workers who endure as seeing Him who is invisible and who in secret labor by intercession with those who preach the Word." When James Gilmour, the martyr missionary to Mongolia, crossed the frontier into Mongolia, and his eyes caught sight of the first hut, he kneeled down and gave thanks to God for a redeemed Mongolia. All Sunday school workers should know Harriet Lathrop, whose story is told in Old Time Student Volunteers. Her life of deepening devotion to Jesus Christ led her to organize a Sunday school in the face of great opposition, and she so lived and taught in the power of the spirit of Jesus Christ that she not only went out herself as a missionary, but three sisters followed her, one brother became a home missionary, another went into the ministry, and her daughter became the wife of a home missionary.

This intense devotion characterizes business men like Nathaniel Cobb, of Boston, who had a prayer room in his store; or brilliant mystics like Henry Martyn, who wrote, "I lay in tears interceding for the unfortunate natives of this country"; native Christians like Neesima advancing on his knees, or Pandita Ramabai with sixteen hundred women and girls depending on her, and who, to one who inquired what she would ask the people of America for, replied: "Prayer! Give me prayer and I'll have all"; college presidents like the head of an Eastern institution who in his last illness was told he was about to die. "Is that so?" he replied. "Then lift me from the bed and place me on my knees, and let my last act be a prayer to God for the salvation of the world."

At Dr. J. H. Jowett's farewell service in Carr's Lane Chapel, stress was laid on the prayer life of the people, and he stated that this was the first thing his predecessor had mentioned when asked what was the secret of the strength of that church. Jason Lee's diary is saturated with prayer. Out in the Oregon country he wrote: "My Father in heaven, I give myself to thee. O may I ever be wholly thine, always guided by thine unerring counsel!" Sheldon Jackson, with eye on the horizon, had the spirit of the explorer. One of the most moving anecdotes in his biography is the story of an epoch-making prayer meeting on the Missouri River at Sioux City, where, with two other men, he looked out over the three great States centering there—Iowa, Nebraska, and South Dakota—and claimed them for the empire of Christ.

Who can read of the prayer life of such soldiers as Chinese Gordon, or Armstrong, or Stonewall Jackson, without hearing the call to intercession? So, too, when they found the body of Horace Tracy Pitkin after the fury of the Boxer attack had passed by, his hands were not bound, but clasped in prayer. When we have looked at all these and a multitude more who might be marshaled before us, we come back at last to look at Christ and let those words once more search us through and through: "And in the morning, a great while before day, he rose up and went out and departed into a desert place, and there prayed." "And it came to pass in these days that he went out into the mountain to pray; and he continued all night in prayer to God." Is it not this which our age needs that its life may be saturated with the spirit of intercession, a rediscovery of its power, a new dedication to its practice until our whole high, intense life is subdued, quieted, fused into holy fire with the spirit of prayer? To this we are summoned this hour.

III. The Life of Prayer is a Life of Ever-Deepening and Ever-Widening Ministry

All that can be done here is to put down some of the ways in which men of prayer may more and more effectively serve their generation.

1. *Prayer gives spiritual access to men.* We need reminding again and again of the familiar truth that the work of winning men is a divine enterprise. If divine, then it must be carried on by divine resources. Divine resources are made accessible by faith, obedience, and prayer. Access to spiritual natures is by spiritual means. Paul and Barnabas, sent out after much prayer, left a trail of light over Asia Minor because they entered the open door of hearts that God had prepared.

Among the private papers of Thomas Browne, a widely known London physician, were many references to prayer. One of these reveals the secret of the remarkable way in which he won the hearts of multitudes. He says: "I have resolved to pray more and to pray always, to pray in all places where quietness inviteth, in the house, on the highway, and on the street; and to know no street or passage in this city that may not witness that I have not forgotten God."

Mary Ashton gained access to uncounted hearts. She offered herself to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of her denomination for service on the foreign field. It was a deep and unforgetable

grief to her that physical disability made it impossible for her to go. Soon after this disappointment, she fell through a hatchway in her father's store and was so severely injured that she never walked again. Her place of suffering was a prayer room indeed. She began to make bookmarks and fancy boxes of notepaper for sale. In answer to prayer she found purchasers. The money went to support a native worker or two. These were prayed for day by day. The business grew; more workers were engaged. The prayer life widened to take in more workers and more unreached men and women in foreign lands and more customers for her handiwork at home. In a single year she earned nearly $2,500, and when she died, after seven years of pain, which were also seven years of widening access to hearts, her pastor reported that she had earned $12,500, every dollar of which went out on its ministry of blessing to many lands. Truly Mary Ashton knew how to get access to hearts!

A business man of many interests in a great city of the Middle West has had phenomenal success in reaching men of all classes with the evangelistic appeal, and also in his appeals for money for the Kingdom. The secret of his spiritual power over men was uncovered one day when in personal conversation he told what a great morning he had had recently, spending all its hours on a train making out a list of wealthy men and praying for them by name that they might have the vision of the Kingdom and pour out their great wealth for the blessing of mankind.

2. *Prayer makes effective speech.* There is no end of speaking and working, but there is need of the Holy Spirit to make all this effective. What further illustration do we need than Peter's sermon at Pentecost to teach us how prayer increases the power of speech? In matter it was no better than many another sermon, but it had an overwhelming effect. The very atmosphere was electric with spiritual vitalities. Back of all was the ten days of united prayer, and deeper still was the prayer of Jesus, who had said, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter." It were enough for those upon whom beat the fierce light of the public platform to learn this one lesson and live in the strength and wonder of it forever. Hearts are made tender, words are razor-edged, because of prayer.

Many hundreds of Chinese have come to know Christ in the last few months through the ministry of Ding Li Mei, of Shantung. Fires have been kindled everywhere he has spoken. At Paoting Fu, that home of martyrs during the Boxer uprising, in a recent meeting four

hundred and seventy men decided to follow Christ. At the Union Christian College at Weihsien he began by organizing little groups of students for prayer. In the next few days one hundred and sixteen of the strongest men in the college volunteered for Christian service. When asked as to his method, Ding replied, "I have no method but prayer."

3. *Prayer assures victory in hours of crisis.* A man who lives a life of prayer on the dead level of life can rise in the hour of crisis as no other man. Students of our Lord's life can never forget how prayer prepared him for the critical hours of his life. He prayed before his baptism, before the choosing of the twelve, before the Sermon on the Mount, before the feeding of the five thousand, before the transfiguration. It was Gethsemane with its passion of prayer which made possible the calm facing of Pilate, the unflinching bearing of the cross, and the uncompromising death on Calvary. Paul met the crises of his life in the same way. His epistles are "inlaid with prayer." This same principle holds good in modern times.

In the early days of the Student Movement in Japan there was strong opposition on the part of some Japanese leaders to putting the evangelical test in the constitution of the Japanese movement. Mr. John R. Mott, the general secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, was there. He held out strongly for the test during the three days of debate. They were days of incessant prayer that God might interpose in behalf of the spiritual principle involved. At the close of the debate the Japanese Christians voted almost unanimously for the evangelical basis. One of the veteran missionaries who was present says, "That was the turning point in the history of missions in Japan."

Many times our hearts have been thrilled as we have read of that spiritual crisis in Turkey when in 1851 Mohammed the Sultan issued a decree ordering all missionaries out of the empire; Dr. Hamlin said to Goodell, his fellow missionary, "Goodell, our lifework is a failure at the very start, for both British and American consuls say the edict of expulsion must prevail and we must go at once." Goodell replied, "Hamlin, the Sultan of heaven can change this; let us appeal to him in prayer." They opened the edict, spread it before God, and began to pray; midnight came, and they prayed on. The day broke while the two men still remained in prayer that the calamity might be averted. The edict was never enforced. The destiny of multitudes was powerfully influenced by that night of prayer. The two who met

in his name found a Third added to their little company. The Sultan of heaven was there!

4. *Prayer thrusts forth workers.* There is hardly any word of our Lord which ought so to lay hold of the conscience of the church as Matthew 9. 38, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest." Years ago those stirring words of Andrew Murray moved me deeply: "How little Christians feel and mourn the need of laborers in the field of the world so white to the harvest, and how little they believe that our labor supply depends on prayer. Not that the need of workers is not known and discussed, not that efforts are not sometimes put forth to supply the need. But how little the burden of the sheep wandering without a shepherd is really borne in the faith that the Lord of the harvest will in answer to prayer send forth laborers, and in a solemn conviction that without prayer fields ready for the reaping will be left to perish. So wonderful is the surrender of his work into the hands of his church, so dependent has the Lord made himself on them, through whom alone his work can be done, so real is the power which the Lord gives his people to exercise in heaven and earth, that the number of laborers and the measure of the harvest actually depend on prayer."

Dr. W. L. Ferguson, of India, relates the following: "Some years ago in Iowa there were scores of Baptist churches which were pastorless. The leaders of the denomination had diligently sought for a supply sufficient to occupy these vacant places, but without success. In a convention at Webster City this critical condition was brought before the annual assembly of the denomination, and considerable discussion was engaged in. Finally some one arose and suggested that all business be put aside and that the convention betake itself to prayer, asking the Lord of the harvest for the needed laborers. This was done, and not long afterward in the denominational college at Des Moines, where hitherto not one candidate for the ministry was studying, forty-one men were enrolled who definitely had the ministry at home or mission service abroad in view. Three came forth from one church in the space of a single year, and twenty of the forty-one have contributed up to the present day an aggregate of three hundred and seventy-eight years in active service! It counts to pray."

Jacob Chamberlain's mother is an inspiring example of what one person can do to enlist workers by prayer and personal effort. Four out of five of her own children were led into the missionary

purpose by her prayers. On the day her famous son Jacob was to sail for India she sought an interview with him and told him what she had never told him before, that her first act on rising from her bed after his birth was to carry him to her secret place of prayer and lay him on God's altar and consecrate him to God as a foreign missionary. All through his college, seminary, and medical course she had prayed. Each year she had renewed the gift as he grew, but had never told him, because she felt that God alone must make his call clear. At her funeral the president of Oberlin College said she had led to Christ and put into the ministry forty young men, most of whom became home or foreign missionaries. Would that the whole church might be inspired to enter into covenant with Jesus Christ to pray that a sufficient number of missionaries might be called and equipped for the carrying out of Christ's world program!

5. *Prayer releases spiritual energies.* With perfect simplicity and naturalness the book of Acts records the calling forth of power for the work of Christ. We have already noted how the four special outpourings of the Holy Spirit recorded in the book were preceded by prayer. Peter and John in the temple (Acts 3) found the place of opportunity near the place of prayer, and the required power was supplied. Later, when Peter and John needed power to face persecution, their prayer (Acts 4. 24-30) was followed immediately by the pouring forth of divine energies (4. 31). The prayer-meeting with the laymen (Acts 6. 5-8) led to much more than human results. When Dorcas was needed for the carrying out of Christ's purpose, she was restored in answer to Peter's prayer (Acts 9. 40).

Very soon after Barnabas and Saul were sent out from that wonderful prayer service (Acts 13. 1-4) they faced a strategic opportunity in Antioch, and "almost the whole city" (Acts 13. 44) was moved. So the story runs. No one has ever been able satisfactorily to explain the philosophy of it all, but the fact remains that the life of prayer calls forth divine resources.

The records of these modern days are no less stirring than those in the book of Acts. None of us can forget how large a part prayer has had in the Student Movement and every other movement which has gripped the heart and conscience of North America, and the overwhelming testimony of the missionaries who have been in the midst of the revivals in China, in Manchuria, in Korea, and other lands is that they began, continued, and still go on in prayer. One college in China, in a single year, after months of preparation in

prayer, gave more men to the ministry than all the colleges of North America gave for foreign missions at Northfield the year the Student Volunteer Movement began.

Henry Martyn declared that he would as soon expect to see a man rise from the dead as to see a Brahman converted to Christ. Yet these men, who have controlled the learning and religion of India for a thousand years, are yielding to Christ, and in the very pagoda where Martyn used to pray for India was recently organized the National Missionary Society of India. At that memorable meeting, says Sherwood Eddy, there kneeled together Brahmans and Mohammedans, men from many parts of India, from Burma and Ceylon. This miracle, greater than rising from the dead, is taking place daily before our eyes!

Forty years ago, at four o'clock one morning, Dr. and Mrs. Jewett and three native Christians met on a hilltop in Ongole to give themselves to prayer. The field had been very unresponsive, and they had no permanent buildings at the foot of the hill. From that eminence they could see villages containing many thousands of natives, none of whom were Christians, and they prayed that God would give them the souls of those multitudes and a home at the foot of the hill. Only forty years ago! But a few months ago a thousand members of the Christian Endeavor Society met at Ongole for a convention, and climbed the hill to pray and praise on the very spot where the five workers had poured out their hearts in prayer forty years before. What thrilling evidence they had that prayer releases the energies of God! They could see villages where now live twenty-five thousand Christians, and down at the foot of the hill are a group of missionaries' homes, a college, boarding schools, a hospital, an industrial school, a church seating one thousand, and another seating fifteen hundred. In the whole mission the successors of Dr. and Mrs. Jewett have gathered a native community of two hundred thousand.

6. *Prayer leads to unity of thought and action.* It was this unity for which our Lord prayed in his intercessory prayer. After that great prayer meeting, in Acts 4, there is a very significant statement: "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and soul" (4. 32). Nothing less than a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit could ever produce such unity as that. Think of the diverse elements here fused into one! We have already called attention to the prayer-life of Peter and Cornelius, and how they were led together. Here blended Jew and Roman with a common passion for

the world. It has been said that "the dominant notes of our time are unity, reality, and universality." Disciples of Jesus were never so near together as now, and no earnest student of missionary history can doubt that prayer has had and will increasingly have a supreme place in making all the forces of Christianity "wise and one." It is difficult to quarrel with a man for whom we constantly pray. There are many evidences of unity at home in the vast interdenominational movements to make America face resolutely the whole task of Christ. But there have been even more striking evidences in the foreign field. Union colleges and theological schools multiply. Interdenominational conferences grow in number and power and practical plans. One of the greatest unifying forces in the Shanghai Conference was the two prayer meetings held during the entire time, one in an upper room in the Young Men's Christian Association building and another at the Union Chapel.

Missionaries early fixed their eyes on Singapore as a strategic center, because of its location and cosmopolitan character. For two years Bishop Thoburn prayed that the way might be opened to enter that unoccupied field. Finally, taking his wife and the Rev. W. F. Oldham with him, without sufficient money for their return tickets, they started for Singapore. When the ship landed, to their amazement they were met by a Presbyterian, who exhibited signs of unbounded joy. This was explained later when he told how for two years he had been praying for missionaries to be sent, and was given a vision one night in which he received assurance that his prayer was to be answered, and saw a ship coming into the harbor with the missionaries on board. He had therefore gone down to the wharf looking for them, and found no difficulty in picking them out in the crowd on the ship's deck. Denominational lines were lost sight of in the larger interests of the Kingdom. Many of us pray for the coming of the ship of God, but too rarely, alas! have faith enough to go down to the wharf to receive the cargo!

7. *The life of prayer gives the intercessor an immortality of influence.* All normal Christians should be possessed by an undying ambition to extend and perpetuate their influence throughout all the world. Every Christian may practically approach Omnipresence in three ways—by increasing gifts of money, by multiplying friendship with missionaries, and by the life of prayer. This last is by far the most potent and far-reaching. It knows no limitation of time and space. We may well stand in awe as we reflect that God has com-

mitted the possibility of such a ministry to the lowliest of disciples as well as to the most brilliant leaders in the church.

In northern New York lived a traveling man who sold paper bags. He had no university training, but was a graduate student in the school of prayer. He had a habit of keeping a list of autographs of business men with whom he had dealings, but who were not Christians. This was his prayer book, and on trains, in hotel rooms, on the street, at home, he interceded for these men. One of the trophies of his work was Mr. S. M. Sayford, who is now the secretary of the Evangelistic Association of New England. It was he who led Mr. C. K. Ober to Christ, and it was Ober who found and powerfully influenced Mr. John R. Mott in Cornell University, struggling over the problem of his lifework. It was then he chose Christian service as a career. Every continent is immeasurably richer for that decision, and when all the issues involved are seen in the light of eternity, it will be known that the faithful prayer-life and evangelistic passion of that almost unknown traveling man set in motion world-wide forces which shall never cease to move men toward Christ.

In a cemetery at Northampton, Mass., is a simple stone, on which may be read these words: "David Brainerd, Missionary to the American Indian." He died when scarcely thirty, yet he was such a man of prayer that he left an imperishable heritage to the world. Besides the uncounted thousands in America who have been inspired to live a life of prayer by his example, his journal went across the sea and touched many lives. William Carey was profoundly influenced by it, and it helped to make of him a missionary who is said to have had a working knowledge of thirty-six languages and labored forty years without a furlough, with superhuman endurance in the midst of countless discouragements. Henry Martyn read this same journal at Cambridge, and it sent him to India and then to the Mohammedan world. It was his custom day by day to go to a deserted pagoda for prayer. That prayer habit has summoned countless men to live less with men and more with God. At Cambridge University there is a Henry Martyn Memorial Hall, witnessing to all Cambridge men that prayer qualifies men for leadership more than any other habit. This same record of Brainerd's life fell into the hands of Robert Murray McCheyne, and he became a leader in the movement to evangelize the Jews, which has grown until there are now fifty societies working for Jews. It was striking testimony which the Rev. Dr. John Timothy Stone received at the World Missionary Conference con-

cerning the power of McCheyne's Life of Prayer. We report his own words: "I heard in Edinburgh the illustration of McCheyne, and though I had read his life, this had never before so impressed me. We were standing near the old statue of Knox at the Free Church Assembly Hall entrance. An old Scotchman told me the story of McCheyne in his young manhood, how he stood Sabbath mornings in his church; how he leaned over his pulpit and said, 'I cannot go on'; how he broke down and wept like a child. Then he lifted his eyes, to God and said, 'O God, take my people yourself and tell them what I cannot tell them, and fill them with yourself.' The old Scotchman who told me the story leaned back against the Knox monument and said: 'Do you know, friend, this man Knox did great things for Scotland, but young McCheyne's prayer touched a chord in Scotland and in Scottish hearts that even this great man never touched, with all his power. To think that when he was scarcely over thirty God called him away; but he called down the power of God upon Scotland, and it is with us still.'"

The Conclusion of the Whole Matter

What, then, in the light of all this evidence, shall be our attitude toward the matchless life of prayer? We shall be driven to our knees only when we feel keenly that nothing limits success so much as lack of prayer; that he who works absolutely must pray; that he who prays most and best helps most in the tasks committed to the church; that we have not because we ask not; that the sob of weariness and pain in the heart of Christ has not died away into the silence of victory and peace because prayer is not yet the passion of our lives.

Awed to the core by the presence of our living Leader, whose whole life was lived in prayer, and who now ever liveth to make intercession, shall we not give ourselves to prayer as never before? Bearing in mind that our warfare is spiritual, reflecting on the amazing promises concerning prayer, in the light of its wonder-working before our very eyes, remembering the vast energies it calls forth, inspired by the example of men of prayer in all the history of the Kingdom, solemnized by a consideration of its unmeasured and unrealized possibilities, recalling the words of Wilder, "He that saveth his time from prayer shall lose it; he that loseth his time in communion with God shall find it in blessing," let us go away to the secret place, that our work may be wrought out in the tenderness and purity, the serenity and strength of Jesus Christ!

THE ARENA

THE PROBLEM OF CHRISTIANITY

THE PROBLEM OF CHRISTIANITY is what Professor Royce entitles the series of lectures recently issued by him in two volumes. The first of these volumes might well bear the same title as Professor Harnack's popular discussion, "What is Christianity?" For Professor Royce has joined the growing number of those who are undertaking to determine what the essence of the Christian religion really is. His answer is hardly what we should look for from a Harvard professor of philosophy.

First of all, Royce does not sympathize with the moderns who declare that we must go back to the teachings of Jesus or to Jesus's own idea of religion, and cut out all that has come since then. "Christianity has never appeared simply as the religion taught by the Master. It has always been an interpretation of the Master and his religion." Neither Jesus nor Paul is the founder of Christianity, it is the early Christian community itself. "The human source of the Christian doctrine of life must be found in the early Christian community itself." This is "the real human founder of Christianity."

What, then, is the essence of Christianity as we find it in this early church? It is to be found in three great teachings: those of the church, of native depravity, and of atonement. For these three Royce stands, and to their discussion the first volume is devoted. What does he mean by them?

In every case it is something vital that Royce has in mind. The approach is always from the point of view of ethics and experience. Whatever one may think of the conclusions, the discussion is suggestive and stimulating. First of all comes the doctrine of the church. It comes with a needed emphasis to-day. It will not satisfy the high churchman. There is nothing here about the institution, or about its authority. The word church, indeed, is not commonly used. His favorite phrase is "the blessed community." That is what the church is, not institution or organization, but a fellowship. It is, however, far more than the sum of so many like-minded people. It has a life that is more than the sum of its parts. There is an indwelling spirit, a spirit of love shown in the loyalty of each member toward the community and in the love of the community for each of its members. This common spirit is the spirit of Christ. The church is his body. He is its life, "as much the spirit of that community as he is a person." For the individual, the central quality of the Christian life is not a general affection, but a loyalty to the blessed community. That is not something narrow, for it includes a love for every man as destined for membership in the community. But for Royce this "simple but vast transformation of Christian love" as wrought by Paul in this doctrine of loyalty gives to that doctrine its moral definiteness and its highest power. This

"thoroughgoing, practical, and loving devotion of a self to a united community" is for Royce the height of the moral ideal.

The second doctrine is that of native depravity, or the "lost state of the natural man." "The individual human being is by nature subject to some overwhelming moral burden from which, if unaided, he cannot escape." That moral burden is nothing other than the "divided self" that we find with Paul. Here is Royce's interpretation; there is some question as to whether Paul would recognize it. We come to self-consciousness through social training. That training arouses our self-will at the same time that it makes us conscious of a social will before which we must bow. The result is individualism against collectivism, the self against the social whole. And this moral burden can be removed only by the blessed community. Here is the divinely instituted community, Paul would say. "Love that community; let its spirit, through this love, become your own. Let its Lord be your Lord. Be one in him and with him and with his church, and lo! the natural self is dead. The new life takes possession of you. You are a new creature." Salvation thus comes through loyalty. The new spirit in the man is no result of his effort, but rather the miracle wrought by the spirit of love in the church. And so the blessed community becomes the realm of grace.

That almost sounds like the old doctrine of no salvation outside the visible church. Only it is a spiritual and social truth that we have here, and not the dogma of an institution. And it is a truth that needs emphasis. In our reaction from high-churchism and all manner of institutionalism, and in our emphasis on the doctrine of the Kingdom, we have been endangering this great truth: the Christian religion is essentially social, and it must appear as a living social fellowship before it can mold the general social institutions. It is not enough to say that the church is simply an instrument for the Kingdom. The Kingdom, it is true, is larger than the church, but the fellowship of the true church is its first manifestation and its greatest dynamic. To call us back to these truths is Royce's greatest service in these volumes.

The third essential for Royce is the doctrine of the atonement. "If there were no Christianity and no Christians in the world, the idea of the atonement would have to be invented before the higher levels of our moral existence could be fairly understood." The need of the atonement for Royce is found not in native depravity, but in "willful sin." As the first virtue is loyalty, so the deepest sin is disloyalty. (Organized labor, for which the sin of sins is being a "scab," may yet claim Royce as its philosopher, as Syndicalism in France has claimed Bergson!) The man who has found light may become disloyal to the beloved community. By his own deed of treason he consigns himself to the hell of the irrevocable. All that can save him now is some deed of atonement. It is not enough to say, "Your sin is forgiven." Some real reconciling element must come in which will so overcome that treason, that the very treason may have some value, that the life of the community through this deed of atonement shall be richer than it

could have been had the evil deed not occurred. This, says Royce, can be accomplished only by some steadfastly loyal servant of the community who shall work this great and reconciling deed for which the treason afforded the opportunity. But this, for Royce, is no single historical event, but a constant occurrence.

Royce does not come as a theologian and the doctrines do not need criticism in detail. It would be easy to show how inadequate is Royce's historical interpretation of Christianity, how impossible it is to begin in mid-air, as it were, with the Christian community, and to refuse to go back to Christ. The life of the early church was not a sum of certain three doctrines, whether those chosen by Royce or any others. It was the faith in a living Lord and the consciousness of a new life through him. Despite his disclaimer, Royce has not yet gotten far enough away from Hegel. But more important is the limitation in the whole treatment due to Royce's underlying philosophy. There can be no satisfactory interpretation of Christianity or setting forth of any religious faith in a philosophy that fails of a clear grasp of the meaning of personality for God and man. The Christian religion is more than a sum of doctrine or a community with a common spirit. It is the faith in a historic coming of God to man, in man's personal fellowship with God, and in the kingdom which God is working out in men and through men on the earth.

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THE EIGHTH MAN

ABOUT ten years ago a New York preacher said: "We are living in an age of mental confusion. The world everywhere is torn up." But that was not all he said. He said a good deal that was good. Some one had made a big noise. This preacher had heard it and seemed to be alarmed. In fact, he says that seven men made this noise. He heard it, but I fear he did not hear what the eighth man said.

Now, the significance of any noise, any alarm, is not to be judged by the volume of noise it makes. And this recalls the story of the hotel keeper who advertised for frogs' legs. A man from a lake district where there were plenty of frogs, so he thought, hurried off to see the hotel keeper and said he could furnish him all the frogs' legs he wanted. "Very well," said the hotel keeper, "bring them in." In a few days the man came in with a few frogs' legs tied up in some brown paper. The hotel keeper said, "O, I can't do anything with such a small quantity as that! I thought you said you could furnish me a bushel if I wanted that many!" "Well," said the man, "the way them there animals hollered the other day I did think I could bring you a bushel, but I guess these fellers made all the noise." Precisely so! One may says this is an age of Doubt. Another is just as sure it is an age of Faith; and both of them hurried off and wrote a book. Still another says it is an age of Reason! The facts are, we have all of these. They are here

now. They have always been around. They troubled Noah. They harassed Moses and David and Paul. They will always be around! When the archangel Gabriel shall stand with one foot upon the shores of Time and the other upon the shores of Eternity, and, with one loud blast of his trumpet, shall proclaim that Time is no more, these men will be in evidence!

This New York preacher says that as he goes up and down in the earth he finds seven different kinds of men. I find more than that, but for this present occasion I will number my man No. *Eight.*

This preacher found No. *One* to be confused. He does not know what to do, and so he does nothing. No. *Two* is in a state of mental suspense. There are always two sides to every question, and No. Two wants to be just with both sides, but has not taken the time nor trouble to find out what the two sides are. No. *Three* is an agnostic. He is not sure about anything, and insists upon applying his agnostic principle to everything and everybody regardless of the discomfort it may cause. This man is not sure of anything and would like to see the man that can convince him to any other position. No. *Four* is inflated by his own learning and has the intellectual audacity to say that science is fast driving both the Bible and Christianity off the field of serious consideration. This man thinks that the sky was already full of stars and that there was not room for another one, and that the limitations of space forbid us to believe that there was such a thing as another star appearing over Bethlehem at the time of the alleged birth of Jesus. No. *Five* is an eclectic; that is to say, he is the man who will not pin his faith to any creed, ism, system, religion! All have some good. All have some evil. He proposes to sweep the whole field and take in all, both good and evil. He really is a shallow man. He will not go deeply into any problem; in fact, he can't! No. *Six* is satisfied with what he has. He is a very humble man. He is unwilling to venture upon anything, any ground, he doesn't know anything about. His policy is that of "nonresistance" in religious thought. He is afraid he might lose what he has, though he admits what he has is not very much. No. *Seven* is a timid man. An old chronic kicker can knock him out in the first round and not half try! He likes to hear the pessimist talk. He reads pessimistic novels, books, papers, and magazines. He belongs to that school in Paul's day known as those who "spent their time in nothing else, only to tell, or to hear, some new thing." Good or bad is all the same to him. The higher criticism scares him, and the lower criticism is too low for him. But his very humility creates suspicion in his mind. He does not want to see the Ark of the Lord upset, and he is not so very particular if it is not set up. He really thinks it is too bad that "Robert Elsmere" should have been so easily upset by the "Squire Wendover." And it was really too bad that "Dan Matthews" did not have some traces of a real moral backbone. Both "Robert Elsmere" and "Dan Matthews" ran away from a job that an angel would covet and hasten from his Eternal Place of Sinlessness to occupy any moment he would be notified of such a privilege!

Now, I have met every one of these fellows. They are in every community. They all make a good deal of noise doing—nothing to help the world! But I have met another man. He is No. *Eight!* He is not an angel, but has an angel's instinct to be good and do good. He is a man with red blood in him and with gray matter in his head and a whole lot of good religion in his hands and feet and in his pocketbook and all about him! He is a kind of spiritual dynamo, charged and surcharged with spiritual dynamite from the powerhouse of heaven. And he is a man that Jesus Christ knows quite intimately and with whom the Holy Spirit loves to live. He is not a "quitter," as "Robert Elsmere" and "Dan Matthews" and a few other fellows who have been paraded up and down the world in the guise as *heroes!* But he is not a hero who capitulates and runs from the field of battle when the first hot shot has been fired from the enemy! My *Eighth man* is

> One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise again, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake.

Give my *Eighth man* a hearing! He will get it whether you give it to him or not! He is the man the world wants to hear and will hear, and the world will follow him. I have seen him. I have talked with him and he has made me think that life is worth while. I would rather spend a day with him than a whole year with all the other seven! He is aggressive, persuasive, constructive, and I should not at all be surprised if it was such a man as this David had been with, or had about his courts when he sang, "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand [in the courts of the seven!] I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God [or with the *Eighth man*] than to dwell in the tents of wickedness" [with the seven]. This may sound far-fetched, but any man who gets up close to the busy world, in contact with men to-day who are the spinal column of big business enterprises and who are not afraid of any task, however big and hard it may seem, will find it so! God gave Job a pretty big job *and he did not lie down on it!* But it does seem that if any man ever did have an excuse for running away from a big job it was Job! He stayed with it to the bitter end, and at the end of it saw the beginning of better things! Hunt up the *Eighth man!* You can find him! He is worth finding. And if you can't find him, *then make him!* You have the Pattern upon which to build him, the Great Pattern, Jesus of Nazareth!

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SEEING EYES AND HEARING EARS

Jesus said: "Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear" (Matt. 13. 16).

When Lord Morley once said of Voltaire that he had no ear for the finer vibrations of the spiritual voice, the judgment was no high-handed

attempt to shut out the wizard philosopher from any kingdoms where he would fain find entrance. It was rather a scholar's sincere report on facts furnished in the life and utterances of his author. The history of one's life is what constitutes life's judgment. When long ago in Galilee a teacher sent from God began to distinguish between his hearers and to observe that, while all seemed able to hear with the "outward ear," there were not a few whose hearts were deaf, it was no surly resentment on his part that made him regard the listless folk as worlds away from those who eagerly waited to learn the evangel and secret of life. The indifference paid the penalty of preoccupation; they were not burdened with a sense of the necessity for refreshing at its sources the life of the spirit. In their self-sufficient absorption, the finer vibrations of the spiritual voice must needs be lost upon them, and to preach a gospel to them would be as pathetic in its futility as the "fall of kisses on unanswering clay." Later on, it may be, they will be ready to listen. A stroke of misfortune, a desolating bereavement, some hour when one must eat the bread of tears; then the Word once disdained might be greatly longed for. "O, that thou hadst hearkened! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." It is a comfort to Christ that he can turn to inquiring men who listen as for their eternal life. Theirs, so he would say, is the felicity who to outward hearing add inward grasp, and to outward seeing add inward vision. Happy are their eyes, for sight here implies insight.

Since our God fulfills himself in many ways, may we not reverently believe that he is waiting to make fresh revelations of himself? The times when there is "no open vision," these, surely, prove not that God is grudging of his grace, but that misuse has impaired the visual powers of the soul. In the recurring miracle of the natural world there is a witness for God. Arguments for theism derived from the order of nature might convince our reason and leave our hearts unmoved; but as, in Bacon's phrase, "the souls of the living are the beauty of the world," the immanent Divinity may be discerned by those who are not too old to wonder, whose eyes are not weighted with the thick film of haughtiness. Your test of a summer holiday is not in the distances traversed, but in the degree to which beauty is seen in the world. A journey to the gardens of Kashmir will be of little use to one who has failed to notice the world about his door. Capacity for pleasure in simple things brings great reward; whereas the superior person, unmanfully fastidious and with tastes consciously far beyond those of the common herd, is in danger of missing the Kingdom of Beauty here as he must miss the Kingdom of Beauty in the heavens. The superior person has become the slave of his subtlety.

> He loved peculiar plants and rare;
> For any plants he did not care
> That he had seen before.
> Primroses on the river's brim
> Dicotyledons were to him,
> And they were nothing more.

Happy are your eyes if they see: if your heart leaps up when you behold a haze on the far horizon or a rainbow in the sky. "What," said William Blake, "it will be questioned, when the sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire, something like a guinea? O, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty.'"

The beatitude of insight comes to be realized particularly by the man who discerns the divine in the human. The warning which the wisdom of life offers us against the delusion of distance, against letting the glamour of the remote blind us to the quiet grace of the immediately present, has high importance for us in the matter of our human relationships and friendships. The wisdom of life has not been heeded by us if the only really charming people we know live somewhere else, in London or on the other side of town or in some neighboring State. The new acquaintances made on holiday, found among the denizens of the summer veranda, may turn out to be precious and leal friends, but are we doing wisely to idealize them until we are oblivious of the tried goodness of people whom we meet in the ordinary round of our working life? Do we think that the impressive strangers could never have flat moments in their conversation, nor ever display an unheroic hour? And if the new-found acquaintances appear to make more ado about us, their cordiality is surely no finer grace than the patience of people who know us pretty well, who know our faults and still are kind. We have poor eyesight when we cannot see in our associates, neighbors, fellow students, business colleagues, anything but common clay; and worse than stark blindness is the perverted vision that allows us to see only the foibles of human nature. We may be capable of acute and clever comments on a neighbor's infelicities of behavior; the mulish propensities of another. I have read, in I know not what apocrypha, of an English artist, who was very successful in his pictures of certain four-footed animals, but whenever he tried other themes for his brush, he would come to grief ingloriously, so that a trivial wag once said of him, "He's an angel at an ass, but he's an ass at an angel." Such one-sided skill need not be coveted, for we need eyes that can clearly behold the present excellences in a man's character and can see also the not impossible Christ in any son of man. The professional helpfulness posing as a special providence such as is sometimes offered to the world in the name of the church is viewed askance by multitudes whose need of spiritual renovation is deep. You will never help men while you are standing on a pedestal; so long, that is to say, as you see only their depravity. Find the latent divinity in me, and you shall soothe a jaded heart and touch a life to braver issues.

If the beatitude of insight becomes ours to the full we shall not only recognize the transcendental values in nature and in human life, but we shall be aware of the gleam of glory that lies about the path of humble personal faith. To believe in the eternal justice and the eternal love, to relate the individual moral struggle and victory to a righteousness at the heart of the world, to know that the comradeship of Christ

is our noblest comfort in sorrow and our best strength in life's working day!

No more unto the stubborn heart
With gentle knocking shall he plead,
No more the mystic pity start,
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.
So in the street I hear men say,
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

Hath not the Eternal created us unto himself, and while the Beatific Vision tarries, are there not vouchsafed to devout and willing souls some foregleams as of that divine splendor? Yes, say the saints. And however early we come into this felicity of insight, we shall still be constrained to say, "Too late I loved thee, O thou Beauty of Ancient Days."

A Pre-Vacation Preacher.

THE CASE FOR IRELAND

I was much interested in the article which appeared in your last issue on "The Ulster Protestant and Rome." While none would question the historical authorities quoted by the writer of the article to demonstrate the hostile attitude of Roman Catholicism toward Protestantism, his essay is valueless as a contribution to the Irish question, unless we accept what is a pure assumption, namely, that Home Rule would mean Rome Rule. The whole case of the Ulster Protestants rests upon that hypothesis, an hypothesis which I claim is false, and which the English government and the large majority of its subjects regard as totally unsound. Is it quite fair to cite instances of the hostile and cruel attitude of the Roman Catholic body toward Protestants in the centuries of the past? We are now living in the twentieth century and not the sixteenth. Could not the Roman Catholics with equal justice turn the tables and quote history none too complimentary to us Protestants? Are there not incidents of a disagreeable character in our own history which we would much rather forget than remember?

The opposition of Ulster and its threat of a civil war in the event of the Home Rule bill becoming law is absurd as well as futile. It will achieve nothing. If the fears of Ulster are not of an imaginary kind, why does she not enter into a conference with the government and secure the necessary safeguards? The government has already incorporated in its measure all the safeguards it considers are necessary to protect Ulster. I have a copy of the Home Rule bill before me, and I find under the heading "Prohibition of Laws Interfering With Religious Equality" these words (Clause 3): "In the exercise of their power to make laws under this Act the Irish Parliament shall not make a law so as either directly or indirectly to establish or endow any religion, or prohibit or restrict the free exercise thereof, or give a preference, privilege, or advantage, or impose any disability or disadvantage, on

account of religious belief or religious or ecclesiastical status, or make any religious belief or religious ceremony a condition of the validity of any marriage, or affect prejudicially the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending the religious instruction at that school, or alter the constitution of any religious body except where the alteration is approved on behalf of the religious body by the governing body thereof, or divert from any religious denomination the fabric of cathedral churches, or, except for the purpose of roads, railways, lighting, water, or drainage works, or other works of public utility upon payment of compensation, any other property."

A studied perusal of this clause will convince all unbiased persons that the government measure provides all the safeguards anyone could wish. The Prime Minister has stated in several of his speeches that he and his colleagues are willing to supplement these if by doing so Ulster will abandon its opposition. Mr. Redmond, the Nationalist leader, speaking at Waterford a few weeks ago, said: "There are no lengths, short of the abandonment of the principles which you and I hold, to which I would not go to win the confidence of these men, and not to have them lost to Ireland. There are no safeguards to which I would object in a Home Rule bill to-morrow to satisfy the fears which these men entertain about their religious freedom."

It is important for us to bear in mind that this new Irish Parliament will be a strictly subordinate Parliament, dependent for its income and its very existence on the Imperial Parliament, in which there is an overwhelming Protestant majority. It is difficult to conceive how any intelligent Protestant can seriously apprehend any interference with his religious beliefs. The Unionist party have taken up the Ulster cause for several reasons. They have always been the clerical party; not only that, but they hope by playing the "Orange" card to secure a triumph at the polls at the next general election.

The case for Ireland is unanswerable. They have returned members to Parliament for a great many years pledged to work for the Nationalist cause and supported by overwhelming majorities. The British Parliament can no longer turn a deaf ear to the appeal of Ireland's sons. It must give them, as they ask, a right to control their own domestic affairs. Then there will be peace, but not until then. I believe, as Lecky, the historian, said many years ago, "The national feeling is the only effective check to sectarian passions." There is but one solution. The question now hotly discussed must be met, not from the standpoint of the Roman Catholic, nor yet from the standpoint of the Orangeman, but from the standpoint of the Irish nation as a whole. It is a national question, and no religious body ought to interfere with the settled decision of the great majority of the Irish people.

I trust the time is not distant, and I believe it has come, when the Irish nation shall have the freedom and liberty to settle her own domestic problems and adjust its own affairs, subject to the authority of the British Imperial Parliament.

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THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE TIME LIMIT OF THE SERMON

All public address must have its limitations as to length. This is true in all professions that require an advocate or expounder before any company or tribunal.

The lawyer often speaks for hours and even days when he regards the issues as extremely important, and yet the court often prescribes the time for the counsel on the opposing sides, giving to each the same privileges.

With the preacher it is otherwise. Custom has established a limitation of time to the whole service which is as effective as if it were a written law. Custom has also prescribed the time allowed to the various parts of the service, and the sermon, as to its length, must have relation to the time usually appropriated to it.

Notwithstanding the restrictions established by custom, the length of sermons varies considerably. In the churches which have an elaborate ritual, such as the Protestant Episcopal Church, the time for the sermon is shorter than in nonritualistic services. In the Episcopal Church the ordinary sermon rarely exceeds fifteen or twenty minutes. There can be no established rule on the subject, but there are certain considerations which may help in the determination in each particular case. The length of the sermon must be determined in part by its purpose. Every preacher has some particular object in each sermon besides the mere conformity to custom. The various purposes of the sermon are mainly expressed by Saint Paul: "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good work." (2 Tim. 3. 16, 17). This purpose of the Scripture fitly applies to the purpose of the sermon. A sermon of appeal for immediate action should not be as long as a sermon in the discussion of some topic which requires fullness of treatment in order to accomplish its effect. At the camp meeting, for instance, the general object is an appeal to Christians to seek advancement in the Christian life or to sinners to turn immediately to Christ. The fervent appeal should not be so long as to exhaust the audience. It should aim to bring them to immediate action and the length of time under such circumstances should be considered carefully.

The length of the sermon should also be conditioned by the occasion. There are certain times when special sermons are delivered by the pastor called forth by special exigencies in the church. At such times the people have a right to expect a fuller discussion of the topic than belongs to the ordinary sermon. It may be an apologetic discourse, defending some great interest in the church. It may be an aggressive discourse, in which the church is expected to make a forward movement. In other words, there may often arise occasions which the people regard as unusual and which call for a fuller treatment than would ordinarily be allowed for the sermon.

The length of the sermon may be affected also by the fullness of the services. There are times when the regular service, such as the administration of the Holy Sacrament, occupies all the time that should be properly given to a public service. The special emphasis at that time is laid upon some other part of the service. This would require that the sermon for that occasion should be abbreviated. This also should be considered when the regular services are very extended. We have alluded to the elaborate character of ritualistic services which has led undoubtedly to the brevity of the sermons. The so-called nonritualistic churches have greatly extended their forms of service. In the olden time the service was very simple; the hymn, prayer, a Scripture lesson, and another hymn, sermon, additional hymn, prayer, and benediction, constituted the entire service. The Methodist Episcopal Church now has a recognized formula of service. To this are added special music and solos, etc. The Presbyterian churches have, many of them, prepared elaborate forms of service and music. All this has necessarily affected the length of the sermon, so that sermons in all churches are shorter than formerly.

The length of the sermon should depend somewhat on the physical, mental, and spiritual condition of the preacher. The most gifted men are not always in a frame to do their best work; indeed, they may be so conditioned in themselves or by surrounding circumstances if they are tedious. On such occasions they should realize their conditions and shorten their sermons rather than weary the people.

An audience will readily forgive an uninteresting discourse if it is short. It is difficult for them to do so if it is too long. The preacher should be a kind of thermometer gauging the feeling and appreciation of those to whom he speaks, and should remember that when the interest of the congregation fails the influence of the discourse is liable to cease.

Miller, in his work on Clerical Manners, has put this subject very forcibly: "Whenever weariness begins edification terminates. It was well said by Whitefield that a sermon of more than an hour long, though preached by an angel, would appear tedious. Where there is more than one service statedly performed no sermon ought, on an ordinary occasion, be more than forty-five minutes in length; nor ought the whole service at any one time to be longer than an hour and a half. And if at any time you are compelled by special circumstances to preach longer, let all the other parts of the service be in a corresponding degree abridged."

He calls attention also to that at which we have already hinted, that when ministers, "for any reason, are betrayed into an inordinate tediousness in their sermons they seldom fail at the same time to make a portion of Scripture read, the prayers and the psalms all in like proportion tedious, and this interferes most essentially with the edification of many hearers."

The occasions on which the minister feels especially prepared and inspired for this work should also be considered in this connection. There are times when under the inspiration of a great purpose to be accomplished he secures the attention of the audience to an extraordinary degree. It is natural for him to go on at a length unusual, growing out of the intensity of his emotions and the vigor of his thought. There is danger even at

this point. The minister's best efforts have their limitations. In order to secure the best result he should so possess his audience that he shall realize when the object shall have been secured for which he speaks. When he has consciously fully impressed his audience with the thought and the influence which he is endeavoring to convey, it is the proper time for him to cease his sermon, although he has not exhausted what he meant to say.

The writer recalls the case of a preacher who closed his sermon when it was half finished because he realized that the end for which he was preaching the sermon had been accomplished. In one of our great New York churches a justly celebrated preacher announced that he would preach to young men on a certain topic. It was announced in the advertisement that this sermon had been called for many times, and there was a large congregation gathered to listen. The writer was present at the discourse and was astonished when he closed his sermon in thirty minutes. He was wise in that, for he left an impression which probably would have been dissipated had he preached for an hour. The writer has not proposed to answer the question which was raised, but merely to suggest that conditions of person and occasion should largely determine it.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

ANCIENT EGYPT AND IMMORTALITY

THE belief in a life beyond the grave is all but universal. It is the heritage of every human being; it is common to all countries and nations throughout the entire world. No matter how degraded a people may be, this one doctrine, in some form or another, is held by them as tenaciously as by the most enlightened of mortals, occupying the heights of civilization. No nation, however, has left such a wealth of literature on the subject of a future life as the ancient Egyptians. The theology—or shall we say mythology?—of that land is for the greater part concerned with the life after death. Its funeral ritual is exceedingly rich. Mr. Rawlinson aptly remarked that the religious ideas of this people "clustered round the tomb rather than the temple." Professor Breasted, of the University of Chicago, expresses the opinion, in his learned and instructive volume, entitled Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt, that the climate and soil of Egypt contributed in no small degree to a belief in another life; for probably in no other country in the world are the conditions so favorable to the preservation of the body as in the Nile Valley. Here bodies seem imperishable. He speaks of finding bodies or parts of bodies "indefinitely old, which seemed about as well preserved as those of the living."

Professor Flinders Petrie, one of the best-read men in the story of ancient Egypt, assures us in his Drew Lecture (November, 1913) that

we may trace in an unbroken line clear from the beginning of the Christian era to about B. C. 8000 positive evidence for the belief in future life. "It may," says this great Egyptologist, "seem surprising to refer to any religion in paleolithic times, yet the precision of the funeral ritual extends back to the earliest neolithic graves that we know in Egypt." The reader will notice that Petrie's system of chronology down to B. C. 1600 is about two thousand years earlier than that of most other Egyptologists. While Petrie makes the first dynasty begin B. C. 5510, Breasted gives the date as B. C. 3400. A still later date is given by Sethe and others.

Professor Petrie goes so far as to say that we owe Egypt a greater debt for the doctrine of immortality than we do Israel. Though we have no doubt whatever that Moses and the prophets believed in a life beyond the grave, we have often wondered why the Old Testament has so little upon the subject.

It may be a risky matter to pass judgment upon beliefs and ceremonies in prehistoric times, of which no written records have been left, yet the numberless graves examined and which belonged to the remote past bear clear testimony, if not in writing, yet in a very convincing way. There must have been some meaning to the position of the body in the grave as well as to the articles deposited with the dead. The earliest graves dug open had their food offerings, placed there, no doubt, in the belief that the deceased was not dead, but needed sustenance while in the tomb. The friends and relatives deposited not only food and drinks, but various utensils, instruments, and weapons, and as time rolled on the furnishings became more numerous, for to these were added little figures of servants or slaves. In short, the dead were furnished with all they had been accustomed to before death.

Those who have visited our museums and have examined Egyptian coffins, or sarcophagi, have noticed that these were covered within and without with inscriptions. The walls of pyramids were also decorated with like texts. These inscriptions have been carefully copied, edited, and largely translated. The coffin texts have been collected and explained by M. Lacan, a distinguished French archæologist; and the Pyramid texts by Maspero and others. The best collection is that by Dr. Sethe in two volumes (1910). Those unable to read German and French, or who have no access to the originals, may get a very complete and accurate idea of both coffin and Pyramid texts from Professor Breasted's excellent little volume, to which we have already referred. The elegant coffins and costly pyramids from which these texts have been copied belonged, of course, to royalty and the wealthy. We should not, however, believe that immortality and future life were only for kings and nobles, even though, according to popular belief, kings and rulers were to become gods after their death. But what would a king be without subjects over whom he could rule, and who could do his bidding and contribute to his happiness and welfare? Whatever the popular belief was concerning the condition of the common people in the world beyond, these texts teach very clearly that the king or queen placed in one of these elaborate and massive coffins could in some manner by repeating these texts satisfy every want.

They could transform themselves into almost anything desired, and thus gratify every wish or ambition. They could build palaces, surround them with all manner of shade trees and fruit trees. They could construct reservoirs and fountains with which they might cool the air and water their gardens and fields. Repetition of these texts enabled one to engage in all sorts of amusements and sports, such as fishing and hunting—in short, to enjoy all the pleasures of earth. One of these texts is headed: "On uniting the household of a man with him in the nether world." The result of reciting such a chapter is to bring together again father, mother, children, wives, concubines, servants, and slaves—everything that one possessed before death. Such a transmundane establishment would naturally require food, drink, raiment, etc. So we are not surprised to read a text like the following, in which the deceased says, "Give to me bread when I am hungry and beer when I am thirsty."

It may be reasonably asked, How could one get servants and slaves in the life beyond? It was a very simple matter. In order to secure such service it was customary from early times to place little figures (*ushebtis*) of wood, stone, or other material along with the body of the deceased in the tomb. These were numbered and marked, so as to avoid mistakes and confusion regarding their respective duties and work. Some tombs had no fewer than four hundred of these *ushebtis*. "The device," says Breasted, "was further elaborated by finally placing one such little figure of the dead in the tomb for every day in the year."

The Egyptian conception of the future life was very gross and materialistic, as is seen from these texts as well as from the pictures in the tombs. If the deceased had great establishments here below, the same would continue above. Practically the same occupations would be carried on, and even the same relation between master and slave. One of the interesting chapters in The Book of the Dead is that entitled "Of Making the Shabti Figure to Do Work for a Man in the Underworld." (See Budge's Book of the Dead, Vol. I, Cap. VI).

There were ample provisions made for the comfort of the dead. It was customary for the wealthy, while still in life, to endow a temple or a tomb, so as to insure abundance of good things in the world to come. One Hepzefi, *ca.* B. C. 1900, had made such a provision. He had statues of himself erected in two temples of the city where he lived, and still another in his tomb. The latter was in charge of a special priest. Contracts had been made by him with the priests and officials of the temples and tomb which stipulated that in consideration of certain endowments they were to supply all his wants after death. They were to bring continuous gifts of all description: cakes, bread, oxen, geese, roast meat, beer, water, and what not. On certain feast days—and Egypt had its full share—no fewer than 2,200 cakes, 22 jugs of beer, 56 loaves of white bread, had to be brought to the tomb of this great nobleman.

Provisions and beverages were placed near or in the tomb of the departed, so that his *ka*, or double, could appropriate them, and thus be relieved of the necessity of wandering around in search of food and be compelled to live like a dog on offals and filthy water. The *ka*, insepa-

rably connected with every human being, was absolutely distinct from the body, and though born with the man, he did not seem to be of any service to the person till after death. Though some taught that the *ka* followed man step by step in this life, others, like Breasted, would limit his care and guidance of the individual to *the hereafter* only. Some have seen an analogy between the *ka* and the guardian angel of the older Christian theologians. Petrie calls attention to a belief, current to this day, in Nigeria, which teaches "that every person has his guardian spirit, usually, the spirit of his own immediate father."

Whether the *ka* did anything for his double while here on earth, it is clearly taught that he acted well his part after death. He interceded in his behalf with the gods and protected him from harm. There was need of such protection, for the dead had to pass through untold dangers on the way to final happiness. There were difficulties of all kinds, danger of losing one's identity, and even of forgetting his own name and of losing his way in the awful darkness through which he needs pass. There were also huge serpents and terrible monsters ready to injure and devour him. Even Ra, the sun god, himself had to penetrate this darkness, just as ordinary mortals, and pass through twelve dreary cavernous galleries in the nether world before coming out a victor in his glory. It was here that the priests got in their work, for they pretended that they could provide the dead with safeguards against all emergencies. They profited well by the credulity of the ignorant. This accounts for the large number of magic texts found in tombs on coffins and mummies. By these incantations the mummy itself could be resuscitated and provided with a soul. This change was also partially effected by the food and drinks deposited in the tomb, which not only restored life, but made the one thus restored strong and powerful enough to overcome all obstacles and dangers.

The soul did not confine itself to natural food, but literally fed upon the very bodies of the gods. The hearts of the gods were choice morsels, and afforded both physical and mental nourishment. The heart was regarded as the seat of the intellect; the eating of the heart could therefore not fail to make men wise.

The texts tell us, too, that the souls of the deceased became stars in the heaven, where they shone in glorious brightness. In other words, the blessed dead ruled above with Re. To reach the sky was no easy matter, and yet it was possible. There is depicted on the monuments an immense ladder and a stairway reaching from the netherworld to the heavens. There are many references to this mode of ascent in the texts. According to one of these, the ladder is in charge of Set. Breasted quotes from an inscription in the Pyramid of Unis (*ca.* B. C. 2750): "How beautiful to see, how satisfying to behold when this god ascends to the sky, when Unis ascends to the sky!" And again, "King Unis ascends upon the ladder, which his father Re made for him." The ladder may have been suggested by the slanting rays of the sun, which seemed to connect earth with heaven. We are also told that the soul flew like a bird, or was wafted like a cloud on the wings of the wind. The flying

of birds and the ceaseless moving of clouds, no doubt, helped the imagination to such a belief.

Many tombs have pictures of boats in which the blessed dead were taken over to the larger boat of Re, which sailed over the celestial waters. Petrie reproduces one such scene. On this we see, "Nut, the starry goddess of heaven, overarching Geb, the earth, covered with reeds. She is supported by Shu, space. Over her back rises and sets the boat of Re."

The wickedness and righteousness practiced in this life could not, in the very nature of the case, remain unpunished or unrewarded. There was to be a judgment day. This took place very soon after death. Such a judgment is depicted in a very realistic manner in many tombs and on papyri. "The Weighing of the Heart," as shown in the Papyrus of Ani, is very complete. Here we have a full company of gods acting as judges. Below these and under some hieroglyphics is a large scale. On the left of the scale stand Ani and his wife, who bring their hearts to Anubis. The heart is placed in one pan of the scale and the feather of Maat in the other. They balance exactly. It was not necessary that the heart should outweigh the feather. The god Thoth stands to the right of the scales, and records the result. Just back of Thoth is Amam (eater of the dead). This monster, part crocodile, part lion, and part hippopotamus, stands ready to devour those whose hearts fail to stand the test. Such are the main facts in connection with the judgment scene. It is certain, however, that different views prevailed at different periods in the life of Egypt. For there is no uniformity of details in these scenes as depicted in various tombs or papyri. "It seems," says Budge, "that every scribe or artist felt himself free to follow out his own ideas of its treatment." Sometimes the deceased appears all alone, sometimes in company with his wife. So, too, the number of gods or other figures vary greatly. When the heart has stood the test, it is presented to Osiris by Anubis or Horus.

Though the old Egyptian beliefs continued among the people through many, many centuries, it became at last necessary to give up many of the cruder doctrines which had held such sway. A little after the beginning of the last millennium before our era, "a new wave of influence spread over the world. The fresh movement was that of individualism, personal responsibility, and personal religion." It could not well have been otherwise, for Egypt was the gathering place of the nations. It was here that Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Persia, and Arabia, and even remote India, exchanged not only commercial commodities, but also ideas, political and religious. Petrie, in the lecture already mentioned, names several Egyptian documents which appeared between B. C. 510 and 200, and which must have influenced the common people of Egypt in its religious creed. Of these we name "The Virgin and the Kosmos" (B. C. 510), which teaches that the human soul is the breath of God, "blended with unconscious matter." This mixture of soul and matter is man. Though prone to sin, he may yet remain righteous, and if righteous may gain a home in heaven, but if he deteriorate he will be changed into an animal. Then

there was "The Discourses of Isis to Horus," which proclaims the doctrine of metempsychosis. About B. C. 340 appeared "The Perfect Discourse." This teaches that animals have souls and spirits as well as bodies, but no sense and reason like men. At death the human soul may pass into a higher state of rest and happiness, or "if soiled with evil, it is driven out into the depths." The farther down we come, the nearer does the Egyptian approach solid ground, for in "The Secret Discourse" it is clearly taught that the rebirth makes man immortal. "The natural body must be dissolved; the spiritual birth can never die."

Truly, they groped in darkness dim and dreary, and yet through the twilight dull, in search of truth and light, they caught a glimpse of the glorious morning which our Saviour, Jesus Christ, has revealed to us in the gospel.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Christian Tradition and Its Verification. By T. R. Glover, Fellow of Saint John's College, Cambridge, University Lecturer in Ancient History. 12mo, pp. xvi+229. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

The scientific method is to get all the facts and let their complete appeal be made without the interruption of prejudice. In this volume Mr. Glover aims to familiarize his readers with the mass of experience which the Church of Jesus Christ has had of him during the centuries. He is historian enough to know that the Christian faith has always been challenged, and even demonstrated again and again to be ridiculous, from Celsus down to the present day. He also recognizes that there never was a period when it was easy to believe the Christian gospel or to live the Christian life. With it all he is also assured that the future of Christianity will not be a repetition of the past. Just here he strikes a needed note when he insists that the contribution of the past must necessarily be the basis of all future advance and progress; that man is most himself when he uses the solidarity of human experience in the particular sphere in which he works, whether of boat-building, or character-developing, or what not. The experience of the race is an aid to the experiment of the individual. In applying this principle to the religious life, Mr. Glover does justice both to the inheritance of the Christian believer and to his independence of faith. First-hand experience is permissible, yea, even necessary, but it must not discard the testimony of the Christian centuries. Mr. Glover's associations have been with the Quakers, and notable as have been the contributions made to the spiritual interpretation of Christianity by this people, they have often been tempted to speak of the inner light as though the approach of God in Christ to the soul disregards all his previous appeals. This author therefore does well to insist that the Christian experience of any individual is true only as it

is in harmony with the experience of the historic church, that is, the Christian community, regardless of all denominational symbols. This is a buoyant book and the subject is handled with extraordinary freshness. The reader has pleasant experiences as he comes across pertinent allusions and references to literature. In this connection one is strikingly reminded of Professor J. Rendel Harris, one of the leading authorities and translators of post-apostolic writings, for many years librarian of Clare College, Cambridge University. Mention must be made of his course of Angus Lectures, entitled "Side-Lights on New Testament Research," which deal with questions of live interest. Mr. Glover's book also belongs to this series. The following titles of the lectures will give some idea of his volume: "The Challenge to Verification," "The Use of Tradition," "The Significance of the Christian Church," "The Experience of the Christian Church," "Jesus in the Christian Centuries," "The Criticism of Jesus Christ." In a previous volume on The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire, the emphasis was laid by him on the significance of men rather than of church or sacrament in the Christian movement. "The gospel set fire to men's hearts and they needed to do nothing but live to spread their faith." It was the experience of the reality and supremacy of Christ that gave them the power to overcome the world. This writer has a keen appreciation of the religious instinct and he speaks a strong word in favor of the rich deposit of religious truth in the non-Christian religions of the world. That only prepares him to note the wide difference in experience and outlook between Christian and non-Christian lands. "For example, deplorable as things are in European and American society, they are bad, nevertheless, with the continual correction of a Christian background. There are men and women leavening these societies, in whom burns a passionate devotion to the person of Jesus Christ and his ideals for mankind and for the individual. There is the public recognition (whatever it is worth) of religion, and there is in all educated persons some slight knowledge—very vague and inaccurate as it may be—of the principles of that religion which touches their lives, if nowhere else, in most of their weddings and funerals. But imagine the background removed, and industrial enormities, flagrant cruelty, and open uncleanness continuing unchecked, and gaining rather than losing in volume, as they would." This is well said; it is not a familiar argument, but it is a very strong one on behalf of foreign missions. Imagine what the situation would be if the great Chinese Republic could have a Christian background. Toward the close of his book Mr. Glover mentions four qualifications for one who proposes to make some judgment on Jesus Christ. (1) The knowledge of the plain facts of our Lord's life as recorded in the Gospels, and of the facts of the church's history. This may appear to be a trite remark, and yet it must be confessed that many who give days to the study of the great religious systems take for granted that they know all about Christianity and its Founder, and so do not give his message intelligent and adequate consideration. (2) The historical imagination. (3) Some natural or cultivated sympathy with the fundamental ideas and feelings of Jesus

Christ. (4) The sense of insufficiency. One who has this equipment will not fail to see how indispensable has been the living personality of Jesus Christ in every phase of the Christian movement. Mr. Glover is quite right when he says that: "Whenever the church at large, or any church in particular, has committed itself to any scheme of thought that has lessened the significance of Jesus Christ, it has declined. Error always tells; and the error of over-estimating Jesus Christ ought to have told by now, but the experience of the church so far suggests that it has no real reason to dread any danger from overestimating him, but rather that the danger has always come from obscuring or abating his significance." Elsewhere he quotes with approval the ringing words of Luther—*Nos nihil sumus; Christus solus est omnia.* The origin of creeds is well described: "In doxology we come nearer to fact than in dogma, for it is out of doxology that historically dogma has grown. The primitive Christian first went through an experience; then he broke out in thanksgiving and doxology for it; and finally he and other people began to speculate on the relation of the experience so stated to the general sum of human experience and knowledge; and the result of this speculation was called, in the language of the day, dogma." The importance of the church as a witness needs to be reiterated again and again. Indeed, a weakness from which we suffer to-day is that we do not bear our testimony to facts, but to quotations. As one has truly remarked: "The world is sick of authorities; it wants authority, the authority of conviction and real knowledge." For instance, what will it profit us to be told that the fathers knew God, if we, their sons, do not enjoy the privilege and blessing of a like personal knowledge? Mr. Glover has rendered timely service in reminding us of the passionate convictions and the impressive conduct of the Christian Church which were occasioned by the glowing experience of Jesus Christ. Herein consists the inspiration of the church to-day and forever.

The Historic Jesus. Being the Elliott Lectures Delivered in the Western Theological Seminary, Pittsburgh, Pa. By the Rev. David Smith, M.A., D.D., Professor of Theology in the McCrea Magee College, Londonderry. 12mo, pp. 128. New York and London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1, net.

Unwritten Sayings of Our Lord. By the Rev. David Smith. 12mo, pp. x+151. New York and London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1, net.

Those who are familiar with Dr. Smith's life of Christ entitled The Days of His Flesh know what to expect from his trained pen. These two little volumes of lectures are a welcome sequel to his better known work. The Historic Jesus is an important contribution to Christian apologetics. Its appearance is most timely, in view of books, like that of Professor Royce, already noticed, which attempt to idealize Christianity away from the facts of gospel history. The first chapter considers the contention of radical critics that the Gospels are idealizations of a later generation, and that the only residuum of historic material consists of nine fragmentary sentences which may be attributed to Jesus. The historical veracity of the evangelists is then impressively demonstrated by

a comparison with the *Protevangelium Jacobi* and the *Evangelium Thomae*, both apocryphal gospels which circulated in the second century. The elements of the grotesque, the abnormal, the stupendous, and the irrational prove conclusively that poetic fancy had free play in these writings. None of these things appear in our evangelists. They were not creators, but historians, and were therefore free from apologetic solicitude. Two rivals of Jesus are next introduced. What offended the Greek mind in Jesus was his gravity, his constancy of purpose, and his strenuous devotion thereto, so unlike the frivolous and superficial Greek. Lucian's life of Demonax, an eclectic philosopher, and the life of Apollonius of Tyana, are found to be insipid by the side of the supreme Teacher of eternal truth. The evangelic portraiture is self-attesting. Here is a paragraph worth quoting: "Whatever its explanation, the fact stands that, so far as the record extends, there is nothing in the teaching of Jesus which implicated it with the notions of his day or—which is still more remarkable—has brought it into collision with the later discoveries of science or criticism. It was to the book of Joshua, and not to the Gospels, that appeal was made in vindication of the Ptolemaic astronomy; when the evolution hypothesis was propounded, it was with the cosmogony of Moses, and not with the teaching of our Lord, that it seemed to conflict; and there is no pronouncement of his which prohibits criticism from determining on proper evidence the date or authorship of the documents of the Old Testament." After guarding against the dangers which threaten the appeal of experience from unreason and fanaticism, Professor Smith lays full emphasis on the evidence of experience, which is amply demonstrable and thoroughly scientific. Experience carries conviction even to those who are strangers to it, and the personal testimony of Christian people from age to age concerning what the living Christ has been to them is an irrefutable argument. The wealth of learning and the impartial discussion of the relevant issues render this volume exceptionally valuable. The same marks of careful scholarship distinguish his other volume. Instead of agreeing with Schmiedel in his erratic conclusions that there are only nine sayings of Jesus, a study of patristic literature and the remarkable discoveries of papyri have brought to light certain *logia* of Jesus which are very welcome. It is interesting to read what Dr. Smith has to say about the extra-canonical book of Ecclesiasticus, as exercising an influence on the thought of our Lord. An excellent commentary by W. O. E. Oesterley on The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirath appeared last year in The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. The introduction is a mine of invaluable information. A few of the sayings of Jesus are expounded in several chapters in the light of their historical context. Their exegetical and devotional treatment is very suggestive. "Acting rightly from a wrong motive" is the subject of a saying found in the Codex Bezae: "On the same day He beheld one at work on the Sabbath, and said to him: 'Man, if thou knowest what thou art doing, blessed art thou; but if thou knowest not, thou art accursed and a transgressor of the Law.'" The test at our Lord's coming again is seen in the

following sentence, found in Justin Martyr's Dialogue with Trypho: "In whatsoever employments I may surprise you, in these also will I judge you." Our Lord's presence with lonely toilers is comfortingly illustrated by the saying in the Oxyrhynchus papyrus: "Jesus saith: 'Wheresoever they may be, they are not without God; and where there is one alone, even thus I am with him. Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and I am there.'" This saying beautifully supplements the promise in Matt. 18. 19, 20. Jesus is present not only where his people meet, but he is also with the quarryman and the woodman, who are types of lonely laborers everywhere. The sense of responsibility is enforced in the saying, "Show yourselves approved bankers," found in the Clementine Homilies. Limitations of space prevent our considering the other chapters, but they are all rich in helpful material. Both these books are of the utmost value to the preacher.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

A Bookman's Letters. By W. Robertson Nicoll. Crown 8vo, pp. 438. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.75.

Forty-eight selections from "The Correspondence of Claudius Clear," long familiar to and popular with readers of the British Weekly, together with some extracts from articles in the North American Review, Blackwood Magazine, and the Contemporary Review; beginning with Memories of Meredith, and ranging through fifty-seven varieties of subjects, literary and other, and through great galleries of interesting human pictures, and closing with The Acacias of Lausanne. Dignified and legitimate gossip, concerning notable persons and things, apt and ready and well-informed, and penetrating comments, opinions, criticisms, reminiscences, inside views—all lively and beguiling: a readable book, indeed. A gathering of authors at the Omar Khayyam Club celebrated George Meredith to his face. L. F. Austin spoke of the gallery of women drawn by Meredith in his books. "Meredith saw that the highest charm of woman is her womanhood; not her gifts, nor her beauty, nor even her virtues, but her womanhood. Among Meredith's women some of us will prefer the wild sweetness of one, the purity as of fire of another. And others of us will choose as our herone Cecilia, that pure and proud lily with a heart of gold." One of Meredith's favorite passages, often quoted by him from Tennyson, was this in "In Memoriam," in reciting which he stressed with vehement emphasis the two lines here italicized:

> Be near me when my light is low,
> When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
> And tingle; and the heart is sick,
> And all the wheels of Being slow.
>
> Be near me when the sensuous frame
> Is racked with pangs that conquer trust;
> *And Time, a maniac, scattering dust,*
> *And Life, a fury slinging flame.*

Be near me when my faith is dry,
  And men the flies of latter spring,
  That lay their eggs, and sting and sing
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,
  To point the term of human strife,
  And on the low, dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

When Professor Saintsbury named in a list of the great biographies the following, Lockhart's Scott, Boswell's Johnson, Moore's Byron, Carlyle's Sterling, and Sir George Trevelyan's Macaulay, Robertson Nicoll struck out Byron because, for one reason, Byron was not a great man—he was, as Macaulay said, "a bad fellow and horribly affected." Also he struck out the Life of Sterling. Then he adds Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë, Froude's Carlyle, and Morley's Life of Gladstone. Of this last he says: "It is, so far as I remember, the only good political biography in the English language. It is almost the only book written about our own times which has any literary importance. Written with gravity, dignity, distinction, and even with solemnity, it must be pronounced a great book." The keynote of all Emerson's writings was struck, it is said, in this passage in his essay on "Nature": "The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us and not the history of theirs?" Let physicists and naturalists ponder this Emersonian bit: "Far be from me the impatience which cannot brook the supernatural and the vast. Far be from me the lust of explaining away all that appeals to the imagination and the great presentiments that haunt us. Willingly I say, 'Hail!' to the unknown, awful powers which transcend the ken of the understanding." Emerson does not reason systematically; he pictures, states, sketches. His style is Orphic, mystical, Runic, aphoristic. His qualities were defined by Carlyle as "brevity, simplicity, softness, homely grace, with such a penetrating meaning, soft enough to be irresistible, going down to the depths and up to the heights as silent electricity goes. His phrases are rammed with thoughts." Robertson Nicoll says: "Emerson did not believe in system. He knew that the system-makers die. Who will ever reprint the whole works of Sir William Hamilton, or John Stuart Mill? Are the prose works of Matthew Arnold really alive?" This is a fair sample of Emerson's lofty and prophetic vision out of a scientific age: "The next age will behold God in the ethical laws. The eternal creative and informing force is itself moral and ideal. The moral life is not something into which we drift. It is that whereto we are sent. The moral life is the center, the genesis, and the commanding fact. Morality, then, is the conscious adoption of the Universal as the controlling presence of the Universal in the individual:

But love me, then, and only, when you know
Me for a channel of the rivers of God
From deep, ideal, fontal heavens that flow.

Yes, any human personality is really to be commended and loved only when it makes itself a channel through which divine influences flow from heavenly fountains to human lives. To be loyal to the soul's conviction, regardless of consequences, was a point of honor with Emerson. There was one simple old Quaker lady whom he specially honored. He made it manifest to her, and she said, honestly enough, "I cannot think what you find in me worth notice." Upon which his comment was: "Ah! If she had said, 'Yea,' and the whole world had thundered, 'Nay,' in her ear, she would still have said, 'Yea.'" And that was why Emerson honored her. The upright, independent soul will call no man "master." Emerson said: "The soul is impatient of masters and eager for change. We touch and go and sip the foam of many lives. We cloy of the honey of each peculiar greatness. Every hero becomes a bore at last." This is true of every master except one, the one who is Maker as well as Master of men. You remember Sidney Lanier's exquisite lines to the race's prophetic poets:

> Ye companies of governor-spirits grave,
> Bards, and old bringers-down of flaming news
> From steep-wall'd heavens, holy malcontents,
> Sweet seers, and stellar visionaries, all
> That brood about the skies of poesy,
> Full bright ye shine, insuperable stars;
> Yet, if a man look hard upon you, none
> With total luster blazeth, no, not one
> But hath some heinous freckle of the flesh
> Upon his shining cheek, not one but winks
> His ray, opaqued with intermittent mist
> Of defect; yea, you masters all must ask
> Some sweet forgiveness, which we leap to give.

And then he runs over a list of earth's famous teachers, pointing out some imperfection in each, and at length turns from them all and concludes:

> But thee, but thee, O sovereign Seer of time,
> But thee, O poets' Poet, wisdom's Tongue,
> But thee, O man's best Man, O love's best Love,
> O perfect life in perfect labor writ,
> O all men's Comrade, Servant, King, or Priest—
> What "if" or "yet," what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
> What least defect or shadow of defect,
> What rumor tattled by an enemy
> Of inference loose, what lack of grace
> Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's, or death's—
> O, what amiss may I forgive in thee,
> Jesus, good Paragon, thou crystal Christ?

Margaret Fuller used to say that she could not keep up an intimacy with any one book. She might love a book dearly for a while, but as soon as her fondness reached the point where she began to plan a new nice morocco cover for it she was sure to experience a revulsion and take a disgust to it. She had many book-loves that mastered her for a while, but even the greatest wearied her finally. For years Shakespeare was her very life; but she tired even of him at last. One can exhaust any

and every book except the Bible. The word of the Lord is inexhaustible. Countless millions testify to that. Its mastering hold on the world increases with every decade, every year. The word of the Lord endureth forever. In the letter of Claudius Clear on "The Conversation of Edmund Burke" we read that, when Boswell spoke of Croft's Life of Dr. Young as a pretty successful imitation of Dr. Johnson's style, Burke said: "No, no, it is not a good imitation of Johnson. It has all his pomp without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength; it has all the contortions of the Sibyl without the inspiration." We are told what Thomas Guthrie said of Andrew Thomson: "I have never passed Andrew Thomson's tomb. I know not what is on it, but I know what *ought* to be inscribed on it—the words the Carthaginians wrote over the grave of Hannibal: 'We vehemently desired him in the day of battle.'" Professor David Masson described the poet Clough thus: "A man of very shy demeanor, of largish build about the head and shoulders, with a bland and rather indolent look, and a notable want of alertness in his movements." Here is a bit in a letter from Samuel Brown to George Gilfillan: "I actually met a scoundrel in a publisher's shop here in Edinburgh the other day who was o'er-raving the town with an idea on the salvation of infants. He could and did demonstrate to every unfortunate button-wearer he could seize that there are more heathens saved than professing Christians. Thus: infants are saved; a vast majority of infants perish among the heathen; argal the majority of the heathen are saved! Well, that monster cherishes that jewel of thought, that spangle of gold-bright theology—*and* performs his office as a deacon in the Free Church—Doctor George Bell!!!" This is a description of George H. Lewes: "I find Lewes to be what I expected: vain, confident, shallow, flippant, ungenial, unlearned, and ugly by reason of the expression in his face of these qualities." In the letter on "Gravy," meaning metaphorical gravy, gravy in literature, sloppy stuff, it is said that our ancestors were very fond of gravy, and then comes this: "It is an evil thing to nurse and fondle and cultivate pathos. The pathos of a strong nature comes without any parade of preparation. Also the clumsy voluptuousness of many love scenes is positively nauseous. Sermons used to contain too much gravy. There were days when this kind of thing was admired. It is from a sermon on the 'Ascension of Elijah,' by the Rev. J. W. Boulding: 'At last, when the darkness began to fall, and the forms of the prophets faded from their view, suddenly the snorting of horses was heard in the distance and the rumbling of wheels, like the murmur of a storm, and lo! when they looked, the mountains seemed to burn as in a furnace, and all the sky was red as blood; for, rising out of the sea, a chariot came, and the breath of its steeds was smokeless flame, and its living wheels were a rolling blaze, and, swift as thought, the whirlwind on which they swept in their pauseless course caught up the prophet into the mantling fire; while, standing in the midst of the burning car, his own wild heart became the center of the blaze, fanned by the whirlwind and kindling in the flames, till the lightning's rapture was but the reflection of his own, and, streaming with the trail of a comet through the night, he faded

among the stars into the depths of heaven; while the mantle wearily floating to the earth was the proof that the prophet's recompense was rest, and the whirlwind's history the peace of God.' Does any one wonder that a generation subjected to this sort of stuff became sick of gravy?" Robertson Nicoll tells how he learned to read with appreciation. He had a severe illness when a lad, and was allowed to read in bed while slowly convalescing. There he made certain great discoveries. One was the existence and spell of poetry. He felt a thrill at Tennyson's lines:

> I have heard
> Time flowing in the middle of the night
> And all things floating to a day of doom,

and recognized that he, too, had heard the rushing of time break the silence of midnight, and that thus far he could understand the poet. The second discovery came from the reading of Quentin Durward. A passage in that story taught him that the world was beautiful, and that Nature was a minister of happiness. This is the passage: "The moon, which had now extricated herself from the clouds through which she was formerly wading, shed a full sea of glorious light upon a landscape equally glorious. They saw the princely Loire rolling his majestic tide through the richest plain in France, and sweeping along between banks ornamented with towers and terraces, and with olives and vineyards. They saw the walls of the city of Tours, the ancient capital of Touraine, raising their portal towers and embattlements white in the moonlight, while from within their circle rose the immense Gothic mass which the devotion of the sainted Bishop Perpetuus erected as early as the fifth century, and which the zeal of Charlemagne and his successors had enlarged with such architectural splendor as rendered it the most magnificent church in France. The towers of the church of Saint Gatien were also visible, and the gloomy strength of the Castle, which was said to have been, in ancient times, the residence of the Emperor Valentinian." He had known that there was a moon, but had not known the enchantment of moonlight. After that he knew it, and has had endless joy in seeing the "holier day," as Shelley calls it, on cities and rivers and seas. We are told of Swinburne's admiration of Browning, and are given this passage: "If there is any great quality more perceptible than another in Mr. Browning's intellect it is his decisive and incisive faculty of thought, his sureness and intensity of perception, his rapid and trenchant resolution of aim. To charge him with obscurity is about as accurate as to call Lynceus purblind, or complain of the sluggish action of the telegraphic wire. He is something too much the reverse of obscure; he is too brilliant and subtle for the ready reader of a ready writer to follow with any certainty the track of an intelligence which moves with such incessant rapidity, or even to realize with what spiderlike swiftness and sagacity his building spirit leaps and lightens to and fro and backward and forward as it lives along the animated line of its labor, springs from thread to thread and darts from center to circumference of the glittering and quivering web of living thought woven from the inexhaustible stores

of his perception and kindled from the inexhaustible fire of his imagination. He never thinks but at full speed; and the rate of his thought is to that of another man's as the speed of a railway to that of a wagon, or the speed of a telegraph to that of a railway." Swinburne singled out two lines from "Sordello" as the finest in the English language:

> As the king-bird with ages on his plumes
> Travels to die in his ancestral glooms.

To us the most interesting of these letters is on "The Spiritual History of Mark Rutherford." One of the evils deplored is that with many the purely intellectual, with no reference to the ethical, is the sole object of research; and that men are found devoting all their lives to the anatomy of lepidoptera, and never giving an hour to a solution of the problem how they may best bring insurgent and tyrannous desires under subjection or face misfortune; and that our schools to-day are so destitute of religious and even of moral instruction. A teacher says, "In my classes, and they are large ones, there is not one girl who would not, on the slightest pressure, tell me a lie." Our greatest danger is the divorce of the intellect from its most important use, so that it spend itself upon trifles, the fine arts, or science, or business, and never in ethical instruction and emphasis and service. The need is to teach Duty and invest it with divine authority. We are told what Christianity was to Rutherford: First, *a law*. He insisted passionately on the vital and eternal difference between right and wrong. He believed in divine law and he took the law from Jesus. When in doubt or difficulty he summoned up before him "the pure, calm, heroic figure of Jesus," and asked, "What would Jesus do?" and when that was answered he was no longer perplexed. Second, Christianity was to him *a gospel of consolation*. It alone has the remedies against great sorrows. It alone can save life from the dullness and weariness which oppress us when nothing seems satisfying or worth while. In face of the awfulness of death it reveals the glory of immortality. It declares that spirit cannot die. We are told of the last hours of a poor servant girl. She knew her Bible and she chose to have read to her, not anything from the prophecies or psalms or epistles, but the last three chapters of Matthew. "She perhaps hardly knew the reason why, but she could not have made a better choice. When we come near death, or near something which may be worse, all exhortation, theory, promise, advice, dogma, fail. The one staff which, perhaps, may not break under us is the victory achieved in the like situation by one who has preceded us; and the most desperate private experience cannot go beyond the Garden of Gethsemane. . . . Catharine read through the story of the conflict, and when she came to the resurrection, she felt, and Phœbe felt, after her fashion, as millions have felt before, that this is the truth of death." Of the consolations of Jesus Rutherford wrote: "Every one who has walked in sadness because his destiny has not fitted his aspirations; every one who, having no opportunity to lift himself out of his little narrow town or village circle of acquaintances, has thirsted for something beyond what they could give him; everybody who, with

nothing but a dull daily round of mechanical routine before him, would welcome death if it were martyrdom for a cause; every humblest creature in the obscurity of great cities or remote hamlets who silently does his or her duty without recognition—all these turn to Jesus and find themselves in him." Rutherford's constant fear was lest the human race should throw away the one medicine for their ills. To those who turned from it he cried:

> The souls of now two thousand years
> Have laid up here their toils and fears,
> And all the yearnings of their pain;
> Ah, yet consider it again.

Great was his faith in conversion and in prayer. "To be born again is to awake to the reality of spirit and the spiritual world." He knew that the only gospel for Drury Lane and White Chapel, with their multitudes sunk beyond any ray of sun or stars, is the Good News that the Divine Spirit is a Spirit of love and that there is no human heart so hard that a redeeming spark cannot penetrate it. Great was his sense of God as a refuge and defense, looking up to whom he could say, "He whose name is Legion is at our doors deceiving our intellects with subtlety and flattering our hearts with beauty; and we have no trust or defense but in Thee." Precious to him was the text: "From the horns of the wild oxen Thou hast delivered me." On this he commented: "When I was almost pinned to the ground, and when help seemed too late, one cry to God brought succor." Emily Dickinson wrote, "For when it is too late for man, it's early yet for God."

Crowds, Jr. By GERALD STANLEY LEE. 16mo, pp. 145. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

IF this small book were not cleverer than its title it would be scarcely worth noticing. It seems to be 145 pages culled from "Crowds," which was a previous book of 595 pages. To call this Crowds, Jr., is as if you should excise portions of a father's anatomy and call the severed parts his son. If you amputate a leg, an arm, and three fingers of the other hand from Jones, and stitch them together, is it correct to call the result Jones, Jr? But why be a "carping critic"? Whether its title indicates unclear cerebration or not, the little book of selections before us is bright, clever in Gerald Stanley Lee's way which half a dozen previous volumes have made familiar. He has a style of his own. Just after his style had made us wonder if he and Charles Ferguson are half-brothers, we found Dr. Richard C. Cabot coupling the two together, because of a certain brilliancy and epigrammatic pungency. The crisp, incisive, vivid epigrams of both recall one feature of the style of Bishop W. F. McDowell. Mr. Lee having been a preacher before he was a professor of literature and a maker of books, his books naturally enough have something to say about ministers and churches and preachers' themes, and occasionally do a little preaching, direct or oblique. Here is a sample: "A man's theory as to why people do or do not do wrong is not a theory he might in some brief disinterested moment, possibly at luncheon, take time to discuss. His

theory of what is wrong and of what is right, and of how they work, touches the efficiency with which he works intimately and permanently at every point every minute of his business day. If he does not know, in the middle of his business day, what his theory of the world—of human nature—is, it would save his time to stop and find out. Here is one that does for some of us: If the men who were crucifying Jesus could have been suddenly stopped at the last moment, and if they could have been kept perfectly still for ten minutes and could have thought about it, some of them would have refused to go on with the crucifixion when the ten minutes were over. If they could have been stopped for twenty minutes, there would have been still more of them who would have refused to go on with it. They would have stolen away and wondered about The Man in their hearts. There were others who were there who would have needed twenty days of being still and of thinking. There were some who would have had to have twenty years to see what they really wanted, in all the circumstances, to do. People crucified Christ because they were in a hurry. They were all thinking about the thing they were doing at the moment and the way they felt about it. But The Man was thinking, not of his suffering, but of the men in front of him, and of what they could be thinking about, and what they would be thinking about afterward—in ten minutes, in twenty minutes, in twenty days, or in twenty years—and suddenly he made that great cry to Heaven, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!' Most of us assume that when people do us a wrong they know what they are about. They look at the right thing to do and they look at the wrong one, and they choose the wrong one because they like it better. Nine people out of ten one meets in the streets coming out of church on Sunday morning, if one asked them the question plainly, 'Do you ever do wrong when you know it is wrong?' would say that they did. If you ask them what a sin is, they will tell you that it is something you do when you know you ought not to do it. But The Man himself, in speaking of the most colossal sin that has ever been committed, seemed to think that when men committed a sin it was because they did not really see what it was that they were doing. They did what they wanted to do at the moment. They did not do what they would have wished they had done in twenty years. I would define goodness as doing what one would wish one had done in twenty years—twenty years, twenty days, twenty minutes, or twenty seconds, according to the time the action takes to get ripe." Nobody but a preacher wrote this: "The Bible of the Hebrews (which had to be borrowed by the rest of the world if they were to have one) is the one great outstanding fact and result of the inspired Hebrew genius. They did not produce a civilization, but they produced a book for the rest of the world to make civilizations out of, a book which has made all other nations the moral passengers of the Hebrews for two thousand years. And the whole spirit and aim of this book, the thing about it that made it great, was that it was the sublimest, most persistent, most colossal, masterful attempt ever made by men to look forth upon the earth, to see all the men in it, like spirits hurrying past, and to answer the question, '*Where are we going?*'" And

this is what ministers and church members should say: "We will knock on every door, make a house-to-house canvass of the souls of the world, pursue every man, sing under his windows. We will undergird his consciousness and his dreams. We will make the birds sing to him in the morning, '*Where are you going?*' We will put up a sign at the foot of his bed for his eyes to fall on when he awakes, '*Where are you going?*'" What have church people to say to such talk as this: "The word Goodness spoils a thing for people—for many people. Possibly it is because we are apt to think of the good people, and of the people who are being good, as largely *keeping from* doing something, or as *keeping* other people *from* doing something—as negative. Their goodness seems to consist in being morally accurate, and in being very particular just in time, and in a kind of general holding in. We do not naturally or off-hand—any of us—think of goodness as having much of a lunge to it. It is tired-looking and discouraged, and pulls back kindly and gently. Or it teases and says, 'Please'—God knows how helpless it is, and I for one am frank to say that, as far as I have observed, he has been paying much less attention to good people of late. I do not believe I am alone in this. There must be thousands of others who have this same half-guilty, half-defiant feeling of suspiciousness toward what people seem to think should be called goodness. Not that we say anything. We cannot see what it is, exactly, about goodness that should make it so depressing. In the meantime we hold on. We do not propose to give up believing in it. Perhaps after all, all that is the matter with goodness in the United States is the people who have taken hold of it. They do not seem to be the kind of people who can make it interesting. We cannot help thinking, if these same bad people about us, or people who are called bad, would only take up goodness a while, how they would make it hum! I can speak for only one, but I do not deny that when I have been sitting (in some churches), or associating, owing to circumstances, with very good people a little longer than usual, and come out into the street, I feel like stepping up sometimes to the first fine, brisk, businesslike man I see going by, and saying: 'My dear sir, I do wish that *you* would take up goodness a while and see if, after all, something cannot really be done. I keep on trying to be hopeful, but these dear good people in here, it seems to me, are making a terrible mess of it!'" When the author is talking about religion in business, he says: "The Metropolitan Tower, with its big clock dial, with its three stories of telling what time it is, and its great bell singing hymns above the dizzy flocks of the skyscrapers, is the soul of New York, to me. To me, the Metropolitan Tower, sweeping up its prayer out of the streets the way it does, and doing it, too, right beside that little safe, tucked-in, trim, Sunday religion of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, lifts itself up as one of the mighty signs and portents of our time. Have I not heard the bell tolling to the people in the midst of business and singing great hymns? A great city lifts itself and prays in it—prays while it sings and clangs so absent-looking below. I like to go out before going to sleep and take a look at it. It is a kind of steeple of the business of this world. I would never have said that business needed a steeple before

until I saw the Metropolitan Tower and heard it singing above the streets. But I had always wanted (without knowing it), in a modern office building, a great solemn bell to remind us what the common day was. I like to hear it striking a common hour and what can be done in it. I stop in the street to listen—to listen while that great hive of people tolls—tolls not the reveries of monks above the roofs of the skyscrapers, but the religion of business—of the real and daily things, the seriousness of the mighty street and the faces of the men and the women." Speaking of Fear and Business, Mr. Lee writes: "We have stood by now these many years through strikes and rumors of strikes, and we have watched the railway hold-ups, the Lawrence Mill strike, and the great English coal strike. We have seen, in a kind of dumb, hopeful astonishment, everybody about us piling into the fray, some fighting for the rights of labor and some for the rights of capital, and we have kept wondering if possibly a little something could not be done before long, possibly next year, in behalf of the huge, battered, helpless Public, that dear amorphous old ladylike Person doddering along the Main Street of the World, now being knocked down by one side and now by the other. It has almost looked, some days, as if both sides in the quarrel—Capital and Labor—really thought that the Public ought not to expect to be allowed to be out in the streets at all. Both sides in the contest are so sure they are right, and feel so noble and Christian, that we know they will take care of themselves; but the poor old Lady!—some of us wonder, in the turmoil of Civilization and the scuffle of Christianity, what is to become of Her? Is it not about time that somebody appeared very soon now who will make a stand once and for all in behalf of this dear old ladylike Person? Is it really true that no one has noticed Her and is really going to stand up for Her—for the old, gentle-hearted Planet as a Whole? We have our Tom Mann for the workers, and we have the Daily Newspaper—the Tom Mann of Capital—but where is our Tom Mann for Everybody? Where is the man who shall come boldly out to Her, into the great crowded highway, where the bullies of wealth have tripped up her feet, and the bullies of poverty have thrown mud in her face, where all the little mean herds or classes one after the other hold Her up—the scorners, and haters, and cowards, and fearers for themselves, fighting as cowards always have to fight, in herds . . . where is the man who is going to climb up alone before the bullies of wealth and the bullies of poverty, take his stand against them all—against both sides, and dare them to touch the dear helpless old Lady again? When this man arises—this Tom Mann for Everybody—whether he slips up into immortality out of the crowd at his feet, and stands up against them in overalls or in a silk hat, he will take his stand in history as a man beside whom Napoleon and Alexander the Great will look as toys in the childhood of the world. We are living in a day when not only all competent-minded students of affairs, but the crowd itself, the very passers-by in the streets, have come to see that the very essence of the labor problem is the problem of getting the classes to work together." Attention, preachers: "Preachers can be put into classes only in a general way. They often overlap. But at least as

regards emphasis, preachers divide off into three classes. Those who tease us to do right. Those who make us see that doing right, if anyone wants to do it, is really an excellent thing. Those who make us want to do it. I never go to hear a second time, if I can help it, a preacher who has teased me to do right. Why get hundreds of people to come into church on a Sunday morning and seat them all together in a great room where they cannot get out, and then tease them and tell them they ought to be good? They knew it before they came. They are already agreed that they want to be good. They even want to be good in business—as good as they can afford to. The thing that is troubling them is the technique. How can they be good in their business—more good than their employers want them to be, for instance—and keep their positions? I know two kinds of men who believe that honesty is the best policy. These two men use exactly the same words—'Honesty is the best policy.' One man says it. The other man sings it. One man is honest because it pays. The other man is honest because he likes it. 'Honesty is the best policy,' as a motive cannot be called religious, but 'Honesty is the best policy' as a Te Deum, as something a man sings in his heart every day about God and about human nature is religious, and believing it the way some men believe it, is an act of worship. Any man who is seen acting in this world with a thing, as if he believed in the thing, as if he believed in himself and believed in other people, is singing. . . . Tunnel McAdoo, when he lifted up his will against the sea and against the seers of Wall Street, was singing. When he conceived those steel cars, those roaring yellow streaks of light ringing through rocks beneath the river, streets of people flashing through under the slime and under the fish and under the ships and under the wide sunshine on the water, he was singing! He raised millions of dollars singing. He tried not to look as if he was singing, but there it all was singing inside him, the seven years of digging, the seven years of dull thundering on rocks under the city, and at last the happy steel cars all green and gold, the streams of people all yellow light hissing and pouring through—those vast pipes for people beneath the sea!"

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, enlarged from original MSS., with notes from unpublished diaries, annotations, maps, and illustrations. Edited by Nehemiah Curnock, assisted by experts. Standard edition, Vol. V, no date (1914) 8vo, pp. viii + 526, $3 per volume for set of 6 volumes. London: C. H. Kelly; New York: Eaton & Mains.

Though already familiar with the famous Journal, this reviewer has prepared himself for the work by reading through every line of the successive volumes as they have appeared, and has been specially instructed by the invaluable notes of the editor, which throw welcome light on many things in the life of Wesley as well as the history of his movement. Although no unpublished shorthand journals have been discovered for the years of this volume (1763-1773), unpublished materials are used in the notes, which are both interesting and full, though they

are not as full as we wish they were. As to the sturdy narrative itself, we might mention a few impressions we could not escape. There were, first, the fearful storms through which Wesley traveled. The climate of the British Islands is variable and rainy, and the wonder is that Wesley, who was not naturally robust, never flinched from rain, hail, wind, and snow (for he had several times to encounter snowstorms, and waded through drifts almost waist-deep). The marvel is that, wet to the skin, as he frequently was, he went through so scatheless and was not killed by pneumonia. Did his constant outdoor life make him almost immune to colds? Connected with this were the atrocious roads (see pages 346, 370, 451, etc.). If Wesley could have had decent weather and decent roads, he would have doubled his efficiency. Even in London itself we read that in 1736 the roads were so bad that in wet weather a carriage could not be driven from Kensington to Saint James Palace in less than two hours, and sometimes stuck immovably in the mud. It was not until 1803 and 1816 that Telford and Macadam respectively began to construct passable roads. Probably to-day no country in the world has better roads than England, but they were a caution in the eighteenth century. Wesley's method of getting about was by horseback, or his own wagon, or by public coach. He frequently uses the word machine for his chaise, a use known in England, but not in this country. We note his indifference to numbers. There was nothing of the propagandist or revivalist in the professional sense in Wesley. Of course he desired large congregations and to do all the good he could, but he was neither elated by a crowd nor cast down by a handful, and went straight on with his work and his message. He relentlessly canvassed the members of his societies as to their character and experience, and never hesitated to prune his rolls. And when he found, as he often did, that the hundred members that he left had dwindled down to fifty when he returned six months or a year after, he notes the fact, but indulges in no disappointed ambition. Perhaps this also explains his very plain dealing with his congregations. Though he never scolded, and believed there ought to be wisdom and care in rebuke ("The people of Canterbury have been so often reproved, and frequently without cause, for being dead and cold that it has utterly discouraged them and made them cold as stones. How delicate a thing it is to reprove! To do it well requires more than human wisdom," page 294), he was most frank in what he said in public and even in publishing criticisms of men and places in the Journal, which was issued in serial parts only about four years after the time recorded. If these issues were read at all widely, it is a wonder Wesley was not mobbed if only for his plain truth-telling. There must be fifty places in this volume alone where he makes the skin of contemporary congregations and individuals wince by his outspoken characterizations. Of course, there is also loving appreciation of devotion on their part. Frequently they stand in large numbers in the rain and cold to hear him who also preaches in the rain. But the speaker can endure that much better than passive listeners, who must frequently, one supposes, have gotten their death of cold. We should say here, too, that half a dozen times in this volume Wesley not only

highly praises field preaching, but says that it was the indispensable condition of his success and the success of his movement. Though he acknowledges it was a cross for him ever to speak in the open air, he disliked the stuffy rooms of his societies for preaching, though he and the people were often driven to them by the weather and he was glad (even though a cross) to publish his tidings in what he calls the "open face of the sun." This volume also reveals that although Wesley was the absolute ruler of his movement, and he believed thoroughly in monarchical government in both church and state—the more monarchical the better—both his people and preachers kept their independence in thought and action. Sometimes this last led to schism, but not always, as Wesley allowed in practice much freedom and did not at all insist on his own views except in matters fundamental. In a former review we noticed his concern for the main Christian doctrines, and this volume confirms that (see pages 47, 61, 69, note 2, 254; but compare 116). Speaking of mobs, Wesley was treated much better in poor Catholic Ireland than in England, and in Scotland he went abroad like a king. There is only one account of fearful mob treatment in Ireland in this book, and that was in Enniskillen, a Protestant town, and not upon himself, but his preachers. Of course, Catholics were often rude and disturbing, but for the reign of the mob commend us to the sodden, drink-crazed populations of England. By the time this volume opens, however, magistrates had interfered; and there is no better lesson the people and police of New York could take to heart than the fact revealed everywhere in the Journal, namely, that resolute dealing by the authorities stamps out crimes of violence. It also speaks volumes for the larger evangelizing and civilizing agency of Presbyterianism that in Scotland we do not now remember a single mob formed against Wesley and his preachers, much less a single minister who personally incited the bludgeon. But that argument of the superior religious power of Presbyterianism did not affect Wesley's ingrained preference for his own church, though ministers and adherents of the latter persecuted Methodists literally to the death. We have space for only one more impression: Wesley's continued emphasis on perfect love. We have indexed about twenty places in this volume alone where he utters himself in this sense. It was certainly an element in his movement that Wesley was vitally concerned in. But our notes reveal many more interesting things than we have touched here. Buy this book, gentle reader, and get in authoritative text this immortal diary illuminated by Nehemiah Curnock's wide research and multifarious reading.

The Real Billy Sunday. By E. P. Brown, D.D. 12mo, pp. 285. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, with portraits and many illustrations, $1.15.

Billy Sunday is the most powerful and popular Presbyterian preacher in America. What is his preaching like? It is as lively and intense as this: "We played the old Detroit team. We were neck and neck for the championship, and four games were going to settle it. That club had Thompson, Richardson, Rowe, Dunlap, Hanlon and Bennett, and they could play ball! I was playing right field. Mike Kelly was catching

and John G. Clarkson was pitching. He was as fine a pitcher as ever crawled into a uniform. I think he could put more turns and twists into a ball than any pitcher I ever saw. There are some fine pitchers to-day—Bender, Wood, Matthewson, Johnson, Marquard, and others—but I don't believe any of them stands in the class with Clarkson. They had two men out, and they had a man on second and another on third, with Bennett, their old catcher, at the bat. Charley had three balls and two strikes on him. He couldn't hit a high ball, but he could kill them when they went about his knee. I called to Clarkson, and said, 'One more, John, and we've got 'em!' You know every pitcher digs a hole in the ground where he puts his foot when he is pitching. John stuck his foot into the hole, and he went clear back to the ground. O how he could make them dance! He could throw overhanded and the ball would go down and up. He is the only man I ever saw do it. He could send a ball so swift that the batter would feel the thermometer drop as it whizzed by. John went clear down, and just as he let the ball go his right foot slipped, and the ball went low instead of high. I saw Charley swing hard, and heard the bat crack as he met the ball square on the nose. As I saw the ball rise in the air I knew it was going clear over my head, into the crowd that overflowed into the field. I could judge within ten feet of where a ball would light, so I turned my back to the ball and ran, and as I ran I yelled, 'Get out of the way!' And that crowd opened like the Red Sea for the rod of Moses. I ran on and as I flew over the dirt I made a prayer. It wasn't theological either, I tell you that. As near as I can remember, it was something like this: 'O Lord, if you ever helped mortal man, help me to get that ball!' I ran and jumped over the bench when I thought I was under the ball, and stopped. I looked back and saw it going over my head, and I jumped and shoved my left hand up, and the ball hit it and stuck! At the rate I was going the momentum carried me on, and I fell under the feet of a team of horses. But I held to the ball and jumped up with the ball in my hand. My! how they yelled!" That was Billy Sunday on the baseball field, as one of the crack players on the famous old Chicago White Stockings team of the National League. Young Billy, the ballplayer, sat on the curbstone one Sunday afternoon, while a little band of Mission workers were praying and singing at the corner of State and Van Buren Streets, Chicago. Presently they sang some of his mother's hymns, and that went to his heart. One of the workers spoke to him, sitting on the curb, and invited him to a meeting at the mission, two blocks away. His mother's hymns, singing once more in his soul, carried him to the hall, where he gave himself to his mother's Saviour. He joined a live Presbyterian church and went to work like a live Christian who meant business. The Y. M. C. A. soon set him to talking in public. That was the beginning of this Baseball Evangelist. Billy came off the athletic field and doesn't know any better than to bring all the intense energy and enthusiasm of a ball field into his religious work. Something very like a ball game is going on upon the platform when he is preaching: the activity, the lunge, and the lingo of the field. He is running or sliding for base, he is pitching the ball swift and skillfully,

or leaping off the ground to catch it, and he is using some amazing language. O horrors! He uses slang, the rough speech of the man on the street, in talking about sin and salvation. And this offends some dainty and sensitive good people. He startles and jars almost everybody at first; he makes folks wince and shiver; but this is not all he does: before he gets through he masters them. A vast audience in Minneapolis sat waiting for him to arrive. Some of them expected to see something rough, or careless, or sporty, or pugnacious in his looks when he came on the platform. But no! There he was, smooth, clean, clear-complexioned, shapely, and lithe as a fleet Arabian, sweet and wholesome, manly and good to look upon, sitting beside that fine, strong, wise woman, his wife. When the time came, Billy sprang into the game with eager zest, impetuous vigor, and terrific earnestness, which would have been all right, of course, on the ball field, where big money was staked on the result—but—but here, where only souls were at stake, it seemed to some not quite the thing for a man to astonish and agitate his audience with such unchurchly language as he used. A bishop and ex-university president with brains in his head who listened to Billy that day, being asked what he thought of it, said, "At first he disgusted me with his slang, but the last half *shook the life out of me*." The bishop's experience represented that of the audience. The close of that Minneapolis address was so overwhelming, from every point of view, that it is difficult to imagine any human being standing up against it. In Pittsburgh the Episcopal churches held aloof in disapproval of Billy Sunday's Evangelistic Campaign. But after it was over a writer in The Churchman (Protestant Episcopal, New York) made this confession: "Billy Sunday has come to Pittsburgh and gone. Whatever he accomplished, he did it without the help or even the assent of the Episcopal Church. More: he did it in the face of the church's public criticism. Undoubtedly to many outside the church her attitude toward the Sunday revival appears inexplicable, or worse, which is a grave statement. . . . This buffoon of an evangelist made religion a subject of ordinary conversation. People talked about their souls as freely as about their breakfasts. He went into the homes of the rich, dropped his wildness of speech, and made society women cry with shame and contrition. One's eternal welfare became the topic of the dinner-table, not only in the slums, but in the houses of fashion. It sounds incredible, and it is not a fact to be grasped by the mere reading about it, but the citizens of Pittsburgh forgot to be ashamed to mention prayer and the forgiveness of sins, and the name of Christ began to be used with simpleness and readiness and reverence by men who two months ago employed it only as a by-word. City politicians came forward at the meetings and asked for prayer. The daily newspapers gave more space to salvation than they did to scandal, not for one day, but day after day and week after week. As a mere spectacle of a whole modern city enthralled by the gospel it was astonishing, unbelievable, unprecedented, prodigious." A newspaper man, sent from New York to investigate the results of Sunday's meetings in Pittsburgh, wrote, "Try every way I could and in many

directions, I could not find any adverse opinions. 'I am strongly for him,' said the editor of a prominent daily, and that seems to be the general feeling." The big stores sent their employees in a body to the meetings. One establishment sent eleven hundred. Working girls and factory operatives attended the noon meetings in crowds. The police on duty in the tabernacle succumbed to the spiritual power of the services, and one day ten of them at once walked to the front and before the crowd of fifteen thousand declared themselves on the Lord's side. The saloon keepers were dismayed at the effect on their business. Two of them said, "If this thing lasts two weeks longer we'll have to go under." The checkroom boy in the hotel said, "All the fellers go to the meetings," and went on to tell of boozers and gamblers who had been converted. For eight weeks this tide of moral power flooded the city and held its attention. Every daily newspaper published Billy's sermons in full every day. Such are the facts reported by observers on the ground. One of them says: "Vital religion; man's personal responsibility to God; a Bible that reveals the mind of God; salvation through the cross of Christ alone; a life clean in all its bearings—these are the core of Sunday's messages." The Lutheran churches in Pittsburgh declined to participate in the campaign; but the Lutheran Observer (Philadelphia), hearing the wild false reports in circulation about the cost per convert of Billy Sunday's services, took the trouble to collect and publish the figures, the result showing that the cost for 167,036 converts in eighteen towns and cities was one dollar and fifty-nine cents per convert. A New York secular daily, commenting on the attempt to figure out the cost of saving each soul, remarked rebukingly that even if the highest figures named by the critics were correct, *only the children of this world would think the price too high.* When some were saying some time ago that Billy Sunday would do in the Middle West and in small towns, the New York Sun remarked: "So said the wise men. Thereupon Billy Sunday betakes himself to the towns and cities that rejoice to call themselves urban, and turns them upside down, repeating with their smug populations his successes with the supposedly less alert ruralists." When a university president was in agony of soul over the moral condition of his students, three of whom had committed suicide in one week, he sent for Billy Sunday, introduced him to three thousand of them packed into the gymnasium, and before this Baseball Evangelist left, hundreds of the students had pledged themselves to a Christian life. Billy Sunday is a phenomenon, an unparalleled "surprise party," all by himself, but his ministry, startling and eccentric as it is, is not unauthorized. A Roman Catholic priest in New York says: "Mr. Sunday is making religion ridiculous. Saint Paul said of preachers, 'How can they preach except they are sent?' Well, who sent this man Sunday?" Well, if fruits are any proof, it looks as if God sent him, and that is what hosts of the Catholics of Pittsburgh believe and thankfully acknowledge. "Who sent this man Sunday?" That great, wise, intellectual, able, dignified, solid, and powerful body known as the Presbyterian Church, toward which even the pretentious Papal organization may well stand somewhat in awe, has "sent this man Sunday," for he is a minister

in good and regular standing in that great church, clothed with all the dignity and authority of its solemn ordination. Blessed is the church which sees its God-given opportunity and uses the God-given man. The Church of England did not, and crowded out the Wesleyans. The Wesleyans did not, and failed to make enough room for William Booth and his Salvation Army methods. Both bodies lost a quickening spiritual force and an arm of tremendous power. Recognition of the exceptional man and giving him free chance to run and glorify God by saving men in his own way, no matter how unusual and innovational, is no disparagement of "the regular ministry." The church of Charles H. Parkhurst and Henry van Dyke is wise enough to send out William Ashley Sunday, who brings as much credit as they to the church of his choice. God brings great evangelists like Wesley out of Oxford University, and President Finney from Oberlin, but he also brings William Carey from the shoemaker's bench and makes mighty preachers out of colliers digging in English mines, from Wesley's day to ours. He give divine ordination to soldiers like Chinese Gordon and General O. O. Howard, to a sailor like Father Taylor, to a Bohemian like Gipsy Smith, to a physician like Grenfell, of Labrador, to drunkards like Francis Murphy and Jerry McAuley and Sam Hadley and John Callahan, and to a barkeeper like John Masefield, who quits mixing drinks and sings divinely of "The Everlasting Mercy." It is a grand thing for a great university when the captain of its football team is president of its Y. M. C. A. And it is a glorious thing when God finds a young fellow on the athletic field out of whom he can make an evangelist who will "stand upon his feet and play the game" to beat the Devil's team, a captain of salvation who can shake a city and rally the Christian forces to storm the gates of hell. And if he can do such things, give him right of way, even if his ball-field lingo doesn't wear evening dress nor part its hair in the middle; even if he jumps on a chair and waves his arms and shouts like a man in a political nominating convention, appealing to the crowd to save the country by nominating his nominee; or even if he throws off coat, collar, and vest as if about to plunge in and save somebody like a sailor who hears the cry, "Man overboard!" The saving of this world from sin is a grim task. Daintiness and dignity cannot do it. The religion of the Crucified is not here to invent or protect forms and conventionalities. The church is not out for a holiday to pick flowers in the fields, but to pluck men as brands from the burning. The church needs books of tactics more than it needs books of etiquette. Our enemies are not elegant and suave and polite. Look at Anthony Comstock's scarred face, wearing as a decoration of honor the gashes given him by the human fiends he fights—the dirtiest, meanest, most malignant and venomous devils that ever crawled up like vipers over the edge of the world out of the cesspools and sewers of the horrible pit of hell. Ask Anthony Comstock what kind of a job the church has on its hands. A high-browed editor looks out from his lofty conning-tower on Billy Sunday's gestures and writes superciliously of "Religion With a Punch." Is there not too much "religion" *without* any "punch," without stroke

or movement, too feeble or inactive to make a dent or any impression on the community? A man who has hunted up some facts answers the writer of the "Religion-With-a-Punch" editorial thus: "You criticize Billy Sunday's vulgarisms and the narrowness of his message; but, in spite of all that, he is reaching, influencing, and helping more men than all the 'liberal' churches in America. He is getting drunkards out of the gutter, roués out of the houses of debauchery, gamblers out of the gambling-hells, and bringing a host of careless men and women to lead earnest and consecrated lives." Excellent things to do, no doubt; but how much more decorous and seemly it would be if Billy did all these wonderful works as you and I do them! Only, come to think, you and I don't do them very much; which, perhaps, is that much against letting Billy do them. Strange to say, Billy goes on doing them without asking our permission. In the business world to-day the "efficiency test" rules, and business men are applying that test to the church. They say sharply, "Show us your results—their variety and volume and value." When they hear that thirteen hundred churches in our Spring Conferences report not one probationer on the books, they think that several hundred ministers and churches need to catch some of Billy Sunday's intense zeal and energy. It is "dead earnest" that tells. "It's 'dogged' as does it." The men of business have their own good reasons for standing by Billy as they do. It is the *efficiency test* that puts Billy Sunday at the top. He is beyond dispute a master of assemblies. Apart from his slang and his gestures, he can give theological students and many preachers lessons in public speaking. His utterance is clear, natural, manly, effective. When he reads or quotes Scripture, he gives the spirit and the meaning; the words quiver and tingle and burn on his lips. His expression and delivery are telling. Before we lay down this book which aims to give us The Real Billy Sunday, we express the conviction that in this alert and intensely active age the ministry and the church need a greater variety of men and methods, more fertility of invention, more elasticity and flexibility of adaptation, more freedom and daring in making experiments, more tolerance of individual peculiarities, ideas, and plans. To fight everywhere and with all sorts of weapons, and to enlist everybody who is willing to fight, is our necessity in the present emergency. Browning tells a thrilling story about that day when the Greeks at Marathon beat back the barbarians, stemmed Persia rolling on, did the deed and saved the world. The great poet tells how each trained soldier did his manliest, kept his place, and fought all day in his proper rank and file, armed with helmet, shield, and spear. But one strange figure was seen dashing here and there and yonder, a man without spear or shield or helmet, but a goat-skin all his wear, a rude tiller of the soil, a rustic clown with his brown limbs broad and bare. Seeing the fight, he left his furrow unfinished, and, with no weapon except his plowshare, rushed to the field of battle. And wherever the need seemed greatest, there he appeared. Did the steady phalanx falter, or the right-wing waver, or the weak left wing give way, to the rescue came the peasant; there that clown was plowing Persia, clearing Greek earth of weeds as he routed

through the Sakian and rooted up the Medes. And down to the dust went Persia's pomp as he plowed for Greece, that clown! "Praise to the Holder of the Plowshare!" cries Browning justifiably. Billy Sunday uses his own peculiar weapons, fights in his own peculiar, dashing way, but he is doing mighty execution on the field in the Marathon of the world. Prim and dainty proprieties sometimes have a troubled time of it in this rough-and-tumble gusty world, as plumes and draperies have abreast of the Flatiron Building on a windy day. Even religious decorum is not safe in its own sacred citadel. One fine evening H. R. Haweis preached in New York in one of the fashionable churches, the temple of highly finished forms, a drawing-room in which the Almighty is supposed to give an "At Home" to elegantly dressed and wealthy folk. The church was filled to hear the noted English clergyman. The rector being absent, a nice, neat-looking curate had charge of the service. Now, Haweis, of London, was a man of brains and culture and fire, not a man-milliner nor a manicurist of morals. That night his brain was incandescent—the phosphorus blazing brightly. He announced for his text these words: "Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel; whereunto I am appointed a preacher." A kind of thrill ran through the wonderful words as he read them. For the next hour that audience-room seemed a wind-swept place, with something like a gale from the hills of glory blowing. The gospel of the life eternal was given a field-day then and there. But Tennyson's Clara Vere de Vere, had she been there, would have been as unhappy and displeased as the dapper curate seemed, for the preacher's movements had not the composure nor his manner of speech the reserve that marks the caste of Vere de Vere; and one almost wonders if even the lions on her old stone gates could have maintained their stony calm under the pelting of such a storm. The preacher disregarded the customary poses and proprieties. He was awkwardly lame and one would suppose that for his own comfort's sake he would stand still, and that for the sake of hiding his deformity he would stay in the pulpit. On the contrary, he stepped out into the open; he leaned forward and backward over and against the reading desk from all four sides of it; he limped to and fro, across and around, pounding over the platform, thumpity-thump with that lame leg, mostly along the platform's edge as near as possible to the front seats. He made those people laugh and cry. The reverent ladies of the vested choir in their conspicuous chancel-seats strove commendably to maintain their gravity, but even their self-control gave way and they, too, were shaking presently with soft and holy laughter, and after that they laughed happily and unashamed, until later their sobered faces trembled into tears. The little curate looked worried, perhaps offended. The great preacher made it seem a glorious thing to be a living spirit dowered with immortality. His sermon was the revel of a winged and far-sighted soul, like the flight of an eagle aspiring to all the sky there is, the unrestrained and holy frolic of a royal mind. Nor was it a mere flight. He buttressed solid arguments with firm facts. He brought the richest treasures of philosophy, and

history, and poetry, and science, and piled them in splendid heaps upon his subject. He used logic and ridicule, made the rationalist look irrational, satirized the skeptic, hustled the denier in a way resembling Chesterton's, lashed and scarified the creatures who desecrate and degrade the form of man by groveling on all fours like beasts as if they had not been given the sublime start of being made in the image of God. And now and then, especially toward the close, strains of exultation sounded in the high arches of his discourse as noble and stately and rapturous as the Hallelujah Chorus. No one there had ever heard a mightier meditation on the Life that is Real and Eternal, but the platform which this awkward but inspired lame man paced was strewn with the wreck of conventional pulpit proprieties, and, in a church expecting a tabloid sermonette of fifteen minutes on Sunday evening, that terrible man went on regardless for an hour and five minutes. Do you wonder the poor little curate looked sick and disgusted?

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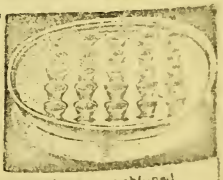

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